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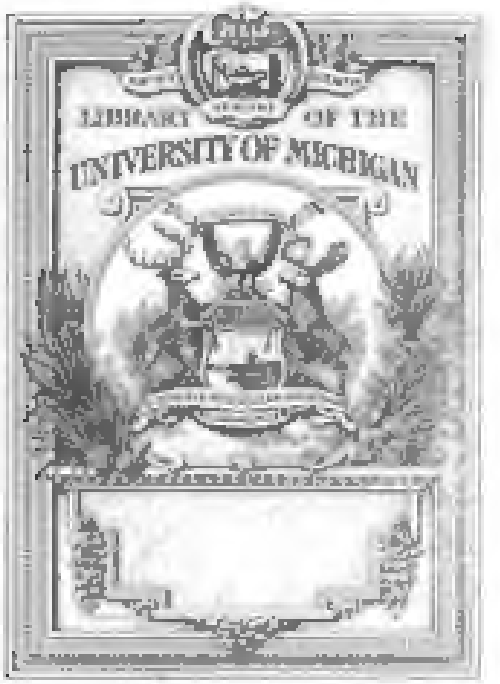

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS

IT is an old trouble, this difficulty of the portrait, and never commoner than in our own time. Of all the full-lengths, half-lengths, miniatures, studies, and family groups painted in England during these last two hundred years, how many have brought satisfaction to their first possessors? No other form of speculation is so attractive as the commissioning of a portrait, none could be more desperate: only a people like our own, with fond traditions and invincible hope, could be tempted year after year to try in undiminished numbers this unconscionable hazard. For it is a lottery in which a prize of any value is a thing almost unknown. You may indeed win a masterpiece for your money, but it is ten thousand to one that you miss the face you know, the look you most desired to have commemorated; or you may have the very features, staring photographically from the canvas, a portrait with every truth but that of art, an exposure rather than a revelation, a skeleton for your darkest cupboard: never the miracle, the life you loved, the beauty you believed in, seen with your eyes and recorded with the skill you lacked, but thought to hire and harness to your own purpose.

Yet we persevere, for we are driven by a mortal necessity. Since the things that are seen are temporal, man, to whom the forlornest hope is ever the dearest, must set himself to make them, after his own little measure, eternal: he will have his beloved, his great ones, at least as indestructible as paint or

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marble, as unforgettable as the printed word. Something of them shall survive in definite material shape: he will not trust himself, he will have a record that shall both renew and outlast memory. What then shall be preserved, and how? The question is hard enough where merely private affections and a living subject are concerned; if we consider the dead, the princes of a great society or a great literature, we may well be confused with doubt. Must we and our descendants be content to see our heroes as it were by proxy, whole indeed and in the form and proportion of humanity, but perhaps a little larger than life and more splendid by reason of the "many-coloured glass" through which the painter sees his work? Or should we rather insist on a minute and manifold accuracy, and give up the unity of the figure in exchange for a chaos of fragments, some noble, some ignoble, but all within our reach to handle, weigh, and measure?

Happily the choice is not often thrust upon us: the decision is made by others or by accident: the great mass of the dead man's admirers are called to view a representation—portrait, bust or biography—on the making of which they have not been summoned to council, and as to the sufficiency of which they are but imperfectly qualified to judge. Some degree—a considerable degree—of accuracy is guaranteed, if the picture does not jar with the common memory; but this will be a general and not a particular likeness, and the nearer the subject to our own time the less satisfying a simple outline, however broad and well presented, is likely to appear. There will be an eagerness for more ample detail: there may even be a voice or two heard to say that studies or measurements exist which would fatally contradict the accepted portrait.

Such a voice, crying aloud in piercing tones, has lately disturbed the public peace: Mr. W. E. Henley has protested against the acceptance of the well-known portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. Well known, because Mr. Graham Balfour's book is only nominally here in question: it is, on the critic's own showing, only a replica, an official copy, of a picture

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already famous. "He has done his best," says Mr. Henley, "for the Stevenson of legend and his best for the Stevenson of life. So far as I can see, he does not distinguish the one from the other; his predilections are all with rumour and report; and if they be not, at least he can govern his tongue." We are not concerned then with Mr. Balfour so much as with the legend, the rumour and report, with which have been for many years not only our predilections, but the predilections of the better part of Britain and America.

To begin with, let us say plainly that we are not of those who deny the right of criticism or of protest altogether; those who talk about the rule *De mortuis* in a manner which would reduce all biography to a mere absurdity. "If a man is to write *A Panegyrick*," said Dr. Johnson, "he may keep vices out of sight; but if he proposes to write *A Life*, he must represent it really as it was." Mr. Henley comes forward with a claim which we respect, a claim to do a public service. We owe him a hearing for his evidence, painful or the reverse: only he must remember that he is not the only witness, and in case of conflict the main question, of the truth of what he says, will involve cross-examination: his qualifications, his manner, his motives, will all be held up to the light. If to dispassionate judges he should appear to be one who was incapacitated from criticising impartially on certain points, and should further be shown to have spoken neither in the right way nor for right reasons, his evidence may kick the beam when weighed against testimony not so reproachable.

Let us then hear Mr. Henley's statement: a little condensed, if he please, and rearranged; for speaking, as he evidently does, under strong excitement, he is somewhat voluble and chaotic. "I am oppressed," he says, "by the thought that here is Lewis Stevenson very much as he may well have wanted to be, but that here is not Lewis Stevenson at all. At any rate, here is not the Lewis Stevenson I knew." This is "a very feminine view of a very masculine creature." "For me there were two Stevensons: . . . the first I knew and loved, the

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other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem." He married, and became "somewhat stricken with respectability." He spoke of Jack Fletcher as "a dirty dog," and "I do not for one moment think he would have relished Fielding. . . . The Shorter Catechist, already detested by more than one, was fully revealed to me. . . . I do not love the Shorter Catechist in anybody, and I loved him less in Stevenson than anywhere that I have ever found him. He is too selfish and too self-righteous a beast for me. . . . At bottom, Stevenson was an excellent fellow. But he was . . . incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it. . . . No better histrion ever lived." Egoism such as his "is uneasy, troublesome, searching; it can do good, but not handsomely; it is uglier, because less dignified, than selfishness itself. . . . Mr. Balfour notes with tender admiration that, when Stevenson had quarrelled with anybody, he was always trying to do that person a service in secret . . . salving his conscience for a possible injustice, done in heat and apprehended too late for anything but a frank avowal and a complete apology; which in the circumstances the Shorter Catechist finds abhorrent, and therefore immoral. . . . And in the manner of his giving . . . the Anxious Egotist is characteristically and not pleasantly apparent. 'I hereby authorise you,' he writes, 'to pay, when necessary, £—— to Z.; if I gave him more, it would only lead to his starting a gig and keeping a Pomeranian dog'; . . . it scarce becomes the lips of a man who had several kennels of Pomeranians, kept gigs innumerable." In Stevenson's world "the gigs and the Pomeranians went all one way; and that, despite all Stevenson's protestings, was not the way of Stevenson's *bénéficiaires*." He "ended by spending something between £4000 and £5000 a year. How he spent it Heaven and Mr. Baxter alone know. . . . I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein." Then, he was a poor musician, "for at the best he

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could never have been anything but . . . a plodder equally uninspired, uninteresting, and superfluous. . . . Also, was he 'a wit'? I do not think he was. . . . Come to him suddenly . . . and he was tame. . . . On occasion . . . he became a buffoon, and a buffoon to whom you could not show the door. . . . I have said nothing of Stevenson the artist . . . I have nothing to say. To tell the truth, his books are none of mine . . . I am not interested in remarks about morals . . . if I crave the enchantment of romance, I ask it of bigger men than he, and of bigger books than his." As for "the Henley-Stevenson plays," that is different. "In those days . . . we —I and Lewis—knew nothing" about plays. "All the same, it was a golden time." But "Stevenson's interest in other people's writing—writing well or writing ill—was small."

So far Mr. Henley himself as witness: but he adds three passages, none of them evidence. He thinks Stevenson's courage, though undoubted yet unworthy of praise; he asks (speaking, it would seem, of literary style), "is there not something to be said for the person who wrote that Stevenson always reminded him of a young man dressed the best he ever saw for the Burlington Arcade?" And he tells us that "there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters." The first of these remarks is a mere general opinion, on which we may say something later; the second and third are attempts, not very courageous, to drag in "what the soldier said"; to wound without incurring the penalty of striking. But, apart from these weaknesses, the charge is a direct and terrible one; it needs an answer more convincing than mere abuse.

We have claimed to cross-examine; the right is indisputable, the material is ample. But since Mr. Henley has for the moment left the court after delivering himself, we can only take note of certain admissions on his part, not insignificant, and set forth certain points on which, if he wished to convince us, he would have done well to make his own position clear beforehand.

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First, we note the Titanic nature of Mr. Henley's self-confidence. The public, following certain authorities and its own recollections, conceives a picture of Stevenson; Mr. Balfour takes the same view; it is also the view which Stevenson took of himself. Mr. Henley will not have it. Has he forgotten that analysis of man into "three Johns"? Will there not be besides the world's Lewis (a thing of actions and appearances), Lewis's own Lewis (a thing of secrets and of aspirations), and behind them both the real Lewis, known only to his Maker? And in our attempt to shadow forth to ourselves something of that unapproachable reality, are we to regard only the outward Lewis, and not the inward at all? Granting, as we are prepared to grant, that the man's life was often inconsistent, full of acts which rudely jarred with his ideal, are we to believe that that ideal was no true part of him? Strictly, no doubt, we can hardly claim that we know what a man knows of his own character; but there are exceptional cases, and surely if a man ever let the world into his confidence, Stevenson did so, intentionally and unintentionally.

"Make-believe," says Mr. Henley. "No better histrion ever lived." Is this serious? Human nature is a various thing, but have we any record of a man, passionately interested in himself, who throughout his life was much before his fellows' eyes, and always acting a part which had no connection with any aspect of that self? Can we not guess something, even from the choice of clothes?

But, we are told, he did not act one part throughout; he changed: there were indeed two Stevensons, one before '87, one after; Mr. Henley loved the first, did not esteem the second. And then we have an admission: "My relation to him was that of a man with a grievance." Is a grievance, in Mr. Henley's opinion, a safe standpoint from which to judge of changes in the griever's character? That character changes, no doubt, to the grieved one's view; but is not this well-known phenomenon generally regarded by the rest of the world, who do not share the grievance, as a subjective illusion?

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"This change," says Mr. Henley, "was visible to more than one before it was fully revealed to me." As the more than one are not called by name we will not stop to inquire whether they, too, had grievances. We will rather look into the nature of the alleged change. It is this. Stevenson, who had been a very masculine creature, became a Shorter Catechist, an Anxious Egotist, one who would do good unhandsomely; who, to salve his conscience for an injustice done by him, would give money in place of an apology; who, even in giving, would be mean enough to limit his gift. Have the cases here hinted at any connection with the grievance already mentioned? Did they, at any rate, occur within Mr. Henley's own experience? Did his view of Stevenson's manner of giving change at the same time as his view of the whole character—at the time, in fact, of the grievance?

Finally, Mr. Henley asks to be allowed to "live and die uninsulted, as we lived and died before Stevenson's books began to sell and his personality was a marketable thing." What was the nature of these insults, by whom offered, and to whom? and in what way did the launching of these insults coincide with Stevenson's success as an author and an earner of money? Is it possible that Mr. Henley wishes to contend—we can see no other way of taking his words—that the popularity of Stevenson's books with the public in some way constituted an insult to Mr. Henley and those whom he groups with himself under that mysterious "we"?

These are pregnant questions, and upon the answer to them hangs in a great measure our belief in Mr. Henley's credibility as an impartial witness. They arise so naturally, and indeed inevitably, out of a close consideration of his own words, that we can but wonder at his leaving his readers under the necessity of putting them. How much more convincing he would have made his evidence if he had prefaced it by a plain affirmation that in all this tangle of conflicting moralities his personal feelings were nowhere involved. We do not say that Mr. Henley could not make such a statement, or that he

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cannot still make it: we do say that until he has given a satisfactory answer to the doubts which he has himself raised, the public has the right to consider the value of his evidence as seriously discounted.

Further—though this is less important—we believe that Mr. Henley would have been listened to with greater respect if he had refrained, in discussing Stevenson's wit, from using of his dead friend the word "buffoon" and those which follow it, and if, in speaking of Stevenson's music, he had not gone far out of his way to describe in harsh terms a hypothetical failure which Stevenson never risked. The words "uninspired, uninteresting and superfluous" seem less applicable to Stevenson's music than to a criticism of what it would have been under purely imaginary circumstances. It is in the same uninspired vein that Mr. Henley protests on his last page against "this crawling astonishment—this voluble admiration" with which the world praises Stevenson "for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life." A shirtmaker who works to the last is more than his equal, says Mr. Henley. Surely this is less than fair. In praising Stevenson we do no wrong to other stout souls who die in harness; but he did more than struggle to the end for daily bread or for love of his work. Not merely at the moment of his death, but for years before, he stood as it were in the flame, playing the man, and speaking words of great encouragement to all who must suffer. The candle that he lit is not our only light of courage; it is not perhaps so bright as others in our history, but it is one which will not easily be put out, though all the dead man's friends stood round it blowing hot and cold.

Such then is Mr. Henley's case: the witnesses for the defence are many, but we need not call them, for they have given their evidence already, and Mr. Henley has himself admitted the competence of some at any rate among them. "Mr. Sidney Colvin," for example, "contributed to *The Dictionary of National Biography* a model summary of Stevenson's life and achievement." We may add that he also gave to the

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world in the last sixteen pages of his "Introduction" to Stevenson's Letters a less summary but still more subtle and exhaustive account of Stevenson's character: an account which is much to the point here, for while it clashes with Mr. Henley's very little on points of fact, the result of the interpretation differs as cloudy opal from common soot. Now in a letter to the Press dated November 30, 1901, Mr. Colvin adds to his previous testimony these words:

> Later on, when the present dust has died down, I shall have my last word to say. It will be that of both an earlier and a later friend of Stevenson's than Mr. Henley was, and one whose intimacy with him was at no time broken by misunderstanding. Meantime, the public will do wisely not to let the image they had previously formed of him from his books and his letters be disturbed.

This is our hope also, and our sole object in treating of a painful question in which we have no personal interest. It is no part of our case to defend one man of letters by attacking another: we have sought only to show that Mr. Henley's evidence is weakened by his own admission of a grievance, his own complaint of insults received but not specified, his own manifest prejudice and irrelevancy, which appear, to us at least, no less evident because mingled here and there with laudatory phrases which even "the worser spirit" has been unable to refuse. Whatever may have been the causes which prompted him to come forward on this occasion, we feel sure that one among them—and it is the one on which we prefer to dwell—is an erroneous idea of what the public estimate of Stevenson really is. Not one man or woman in a thousand, we venture to think, looks upon Stevenson as a second Shakespeare, or his books as superior to "Esmond" or "Pickwick"; not one in a thousand is under any temptation to regard him as "an angel clean from Heaven," not one but knows well enough that of his life, as of all lives, a great part "will never get written—even by me" as Mr. Henley says; but though we may agree that the unwritten and unwritable part is very possibly "the most interesting," we do not think the verdict of his fellow

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men would ever pronounce it "the best." It has long since been noted that, in the analysis of character, love will sometimes give truer results than a more acid test: the English-speaking world loved Stevenson, of whom it sufficiently knows the best, and can sufficiently infer the worst: as to both best and worst it will probably continue to disagree with Mr. Henley.

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ON THE LINE

The House with the Green Shutters. (Macqueen. 6*s*.) —The mediæval foreigners who travelled in Scotland spoke of the Scots as an envious people. This feature of the national genius is illustrated by Mr. George Douglas's tale, "The House with the Green Shutters." The book takes a hold of the right reader with such vigour that he can hardly escape from the air of Barbie, and seems to be "an auld residenter" in that unholy rendering of Thrums. The Scot is of his nature a sentimentalist; he loves the tearful death-bed, the virtuous deed, the brave but breaking heart, the glinting burnie, the purple hills:

> The auld Scottish kirk, and the bonnets blue,
> The peppermint, the plate, the precentor, and the pew,
> And to —— wi' the Paip in the morning.

Mr. Douglas appears to be intent on showing quite another side of Scottish character than those depicted so tenderly by Mr. Barrie, so tearfully by Mr. Ian Maclaren, "sae rantingly" by Mr. Crockett. He gives us the envyings, jealousies, hatreds, and bitter wounding ironies of a small rural burgh just waking into commercial life. The Black Laird of Ormistoun saw "not two good men nor one good deed" in seven long years in Teviotdale. There are no good men and no good deeds in Barbie. We have here the tragedy of a dull, devilish, yet "Titanic" carrier, John Gourlay, of his slattern wife, his plain "dwining" daughter, and his neurotic son, one-tenth

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of him genius, the rest all cowardice, conceit, and sensuality. The "bodies," the small tradesfolk, play the part of Chorus, and are rather more detestable than the protagonists in the green-shuttered House of Atreus. All this does not sound enticing, and the students at Edinburgh University are repulsive in their peculiar brutal way; yet the novel is, in a manner, attractive. Once embarked on it, you go on to the end, so unusual and original is the genius of the author, so intensely vivid is his power of presentation. The book is antagonistic to the endless romances of the briar-bush and the kailyard. Mr. Douglas can obviously enjoy and depict characters and scenes less detestable than those which here he has drawn so well. His is the work of a humorist who is also a scholar, and his next book ought to establish him in a rank of his own, for his first work is almost as rich in promise as in performance.

Sons of the Sword: A Romance of the Peninsular War. By Margaret L. Woods. (Heinemann. 6*s.*)—Mrs. Woods has chosen a period rich in romance. Her novel deals with the adventures of Angela Dillon—a light-hearted little British subject, detained with others of her fellow countrymen in France, by the orders of Napoleon. Her misfortunes force her to go on the stage and to proceed to places even less fitted to her fortunes. She is a sylph, half-child, half-woman, and even at the close of the book we are not yet sure if she has a soul. Perhaps the author's best passages are those that bring the horrors of war before our eyes, and the descent of the French by night on a small Spanish village is a powerful piece of writing. Mrs. Woods belongs to the scientific rather than to the poetic order of the tellers of romance. Her story depends on outline and accuracy more than on colour and atmosphere. You could have no greater contrast than that between "Sons of the Sword" and "The Fiery Dawn"—the poetic romance which Miss Coleridge has just given us. Miss Coleridge's method of creating truth is to mix it with fancy, and thus unite past and present. Mrs. Woods, in this story

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at least, makes truth and reality synonymous and even in the wildest adventures her men and women keep their feet solidly planted in fact. Napoleon figures prominently in her pages and is, indeed, the Destiny of the drama; but perhaps the time has come for the passing of a law against the appearance of the Bonaparte family in fiction. Mrs. Woods' Napoleon is of the revengeful, irritable sort, with the sweet, magnetic smile in which we cannot possibly believe. Sir John Moore, who is also introduced, has far more vitality. But, happily, the interest centres round the minor and unhistoric characters and there is no one who will not rejoice when Angela is finally rescued by her brother.

He that would not only hear but see **The Seven Lays of Marie de France**—(done into English by Edith Rickert. Nutt. 8s. net.)—let him walk with this charming little book in the Tapestry Court at South Kensington. There—if he stray long enough—if he read at once close and loose enough—he will be carried back into that strange within-doors world, without light, without air, without movement, in which the lady of the Middle Ages lived, to which her lord returned when he was weary of the battle, the chase and the tourney. The scentless flowers grow there; the deer, the weasel and the falcon, creatures loved of the loom, disport themselves; pale semblances of men and women, in gorgeous robes, labelled with knightly names, clasp their thin hands. There are no windows in this world; we never see the sky, and "no birds sing." Only a nightingale is ill-advised enough to do so—and a jealous husband kills him directly. The husbands are always jealous or else faithless; the wives are faithless but not at all jealous. They are ever kind and loving to the beautiful ladies who supplant them in their lords' affections. When the lovers die, they are buried thus:

> On this same day after dinner [it was "the feast of St. Aaron, which was celebrated in Caerleon and many other cities"], they went to the monastic buildings, and first of all to the chapter house. Here they found a great tomb covered with a spangled silk all bordered with costly gold embroidery. At the

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head, at the feet, and at the sides were twenty lighted tapers, in candlesticks of fine gold. The censers, with which for great honour they clouded that tomb all day long, were made of amethyst.

Who was Marie de France? She was a fine lady who knew Latin, English and French. She dedicated her Lays to a "noble King," who may or may not have been Henry II. She translated Æsop's Fables for the benefit of "Count William," who may or may not have been William Longsword, son of Fair Rosamund. She seems to have lived at one time in or near Normandy, at another time over in England. Now and then she smiled at monasteries when she was young, but the smile vanished as she grew old. She says she worked hard, "waked many a night." She says those who were envious of her good work often slandered her. Very likely they did. Across the ages the tinkle of her laughter comes like the sound of the sea in a tiny shell. She had no need to fear her critics. Counts, barons, and knights greatly admired her rhyme, and "held it dear."

They love her writing so much, and take such pleasure in it, that they have it read and often copied. These lays are wont to please ladies, who listen to them with delight, for they are after their own hearts.

Erewhon Revisited. By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards. 6*s*.)—The first thing to be said about Mr. Butler is the last thing that is ordinarily said about a contemporary author: he is original. He has something to say and he says it—with sincerity, with simplicity, with considerable subtlety. Readers of the first "Erewhon" will remember Mr. Higgs and his discovery of the Erewhonians. In "Erewhon Revisited" Higgs, after twenty-two years, goes back to Erewhon to find that he himself, since his departure, is worshipped as the divine child of the sun. His sayings have been distorted and added to, and what is now called Sunchildism is generally the exact opposite of all that he taught. He arrives *incognito*, just as a new temple is about to be dedicated to him, is present at the dedication and, unable to endure the lies he hears, interrupts

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the preacher, Professor Hanky, and delares himself to be the Sunchild. His imprisonment and the results of his declaration fill the rest of the volume. If Mr. Higgs and his adventures had no inner meaning, they would still hold and absorb us, because, apart from his power of satire, Mr. Butler has the power of telling a story, and because Yram (Higgs' first love) and their son George are fascinating characters. But their creator makes no secret of his intentions and his allegory is as evident as it is biting. He possesses, indeed, an almost classical gift of irony and wields a sharp sword of wit, the more formidable that it is sheathed in a scabbard of amiability. Sometimes he compresses his sarcasm into an epigram, sometimes he allows it to become exuberant. Take, for instance, his description of the Mayor's guests, among whom was:

Dr. Downie, Professor of Logomachy, and perhaps the most subtle dialectician in Erewhon. He could say nothing in more words than any man of his generation. His text-book on the "Art of Obscuring Issues" had passed through ten or twelve editions, and was in the hands of all aspirants for academic distinction. He had earned a high reputation for sobriety of judgment by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject. So safe a man was he considered that while still quite young he had been appointed to the lucrative post of Thinker in Ordinary to the Royal Family.

Mr. Butler's wit often takes a graver form, as in the "parable about the wisdom of the children yet unborn, who, though they know so much, yet do not know as much as they think they do."

The unborn children in any city form a population apart, who talk with one another. . . . They have no knowledge, and cannot even conceive the existence of anything that is not such as they are themselves. Those who have been born are to them what the dead are to us. They can see no life in them, and know no more about them than they do of any stage in their own past development other than the one through which they are passing at the moment. They do not even know that their mothers are alive. . . . The great terror of their lives is the fear of birth—that they shall have to leave the only thing that they can think of as life, and enter upon a dark unknown which is to them tantamount to annihilation. . . . Some, indeed, among them have maintained that birth is not the death which they commonly deem it, but that there is a life beyond the womb of which they as yet know nothing, and which is a

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million fold more truly life than anything they have yet been able even to imagine. But the greater number shake their yet unfashioned heads and say they have no evidence for this that will stand a moment's examination.

The fantastic and the poet are not incongruous; but the author of "Erewhon" presents the far rarer combination of the fantastic and the man of science. He is a sceptic who wishes to preserve religious ideals, but there is a spring, a freshness—if we may say so—about his scepticism which removes him from his fellow thinkers. An intellectual Quixote, he slashes with his sword of wit in the cause of Truth, though on his way he sometimes knocks down a household god or two. If, as he says in his preface, he belongs to the Broad Church, he should have added that his Church is so broad that it has no boundaries at all. His book is not intended for the orthodox or tender-minded, and they would do well not to read it. But the audience to which it does appeal will not easily forget it.

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745–1826. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. (Murray. 32*s.* net.) It would be hard to find better company than Lady Sarah Lennox, as her letters reveal her to us. She dominates now as she must have done then, and gives us one more proof that death does not exist for fascinating people. She resembles her own "Little Madame Fitz" for she is "like nothing but herself." Tender, brilliant, impressionable, constant, humorous, serious and full of loving courage, she was, perhaps, the most unworldly woman that ever lived in the great world. She seems, indeed, like some meteor that soon grew tired of coruscating and settled contentedly in the heavens as a fixed star. Born in 1745, she was the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. The first Lord Holland, who had married her sister, was her uncle; Charles James Fox, four years her junior, was one of her nephews; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was another; she was the betrothed of George III.; she was the mother of the three great Napiers. In youth she lived at Holland House, and at fourteen she burst upon the town.

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"Of course one thinks the people sensible that like one," she once wrote, and she had reason to think everybody sensible. Her boon companion, then as later, was the lifelong friend, to whom from her seventeenth to her seventy-third year nearly all her letters were addressed—Lady Susan Fox-Strangways (the daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord Holland's brother and sister-in-law), almost as fascinating a woman as Lady Sarah herself. They went out together, "all bonneted and hooded up in public," to "giggle and laugh at the ridiculous people they saw," they discussed the Etonian, Charles James', Latin verses on Lady Susan; they acted tragedies and comedies, with "Charles as Anthony and the Copper Captain." At one moment Lady Sarah is deep in flirtation with her "Ajax," Lord Errol, at another she is deeper in the "Iliad." At fifteen she became engaged to George III., and in the middle of their engagement his betrothal to Princess Charlotte was announced. Lady Sarah, said Lord Holland, cared more for the death of her pet squirrel which occurred at the same time. "I did not love him and only liked him," she wrote, "nor did the title weigh anything with me." She never regretted the throne till the King went mad, when she thought she might have helped him by her devotion. But she often rejoiced she was not Queen, especially at the outbreak of the American war, because she could not have endured to be tied to one who promoted it.

At seventeen she married the handsome, horseracing Sir Charles Bunbury, but space fails to describe, first their happiness, then his repeated absences and Lord William Gordon's passion for her. She left home with Lord William in 1769, but misery of conscience and her friends' persuasions drove her from him and she returned to twelve years' retirement, with her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, in spite of Sir Charles' entreaties, even after their divorce, that she should marry him again. When she was thirty-six (in 1781) she became the wife of George Napier and at last found the real happiness of life—in London lodgings, with the husband

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she adored and with five children on £500 a year. The children increased to nine; Colonel Napier's military career was precarious; she lost three daughters and the husband who was more than all; blindness and poverty came upon her; but she felt, enjoyed, understood to the end, measuring the issues of life with a deep and just appreciation. Directly she became poor she gave up "society" for "company," indeed her immense family was a world in itself.

Most of her relations were important in public affairs. "Let us talk," she once wrote, "about that incomprehensible thing, politicks." But for all the "incomprehensible," no one can give a better account of the state of Ireland, or more acutely discern the qualities of the men she came across.

> I won't name my brother's politicks to you [she says] because I really do not understand them; but in my poor opinion he wants to *spin* sentiment, which does mighty well in *love*, but not in *politicks*, and he will try to be so very right that he will be *very wrong*.

She hated "Billy Pitt" as much as she loved Fox.

> 'Tis not possible to know him and not adore him [she writes] . . . Nothing but a supernatural *power* could, I think, make Charles the Guide of Administration, in spight of all the pains he takes to marr the genius that Providence gave him. I am so far from thinking he seeks greatness, that I am sure greatness pursues him into gaming-houses.

And later on: "I had rather be disappointed Sarah Napier than the Cormorant, Mrs. Bouverie, and I love Charles the better for being duped to the end of the chapter." That "end of the chapter" was spent with his wife and Lord Holland, "the Privy Council of his heart," as Lady Sarah calls them; and Mrs. Fox's simple account of her husband's last hours, published in the Appendix, is not the least moving page in these two absorbing volumes.

Lady Sarah confronted her blindness with serene gaiety. "Nor do I," she says, "dwell much on the charms of my cataract, tho' it is *just like the King's*." This was in 1806, two years after her husband's death. Her sons' glories and perils in

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the Peninsular war came to give her fresh life. Their subsequent marriages made her last years sweet. "Instead of doating in my old age, I grow wiser by living with young people," she wrote. She had conquered happiness and she kept it to the end; it came in 1826, when she was eighty-one years old.

Lady Ilchester's charming and lucid Preface to the "Life and Letters" adds to our debt of gratitude to her. So do Lord Holland and Mr. Henry Napier's Memoirs of Lady Sarah with which the book begins. So last—and also first—do the beautifully reproduced portraits of which the book is full.

Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan. 15*s.* net.)—Green's "Short History," if it has not "superseded Hume," has not been superseded, though Bright in his way and Gardiner in his have rehearsed the story of the English nation, and instructed and somewhat wearied their readers. Green never wearied us; and it is refreshing to be reminded, by the publication of his letters, of the indefatigable, unconquerable, cheery little hero, whose personality was as charming as his style, and his conversation as instructive and enlivening as his books, who worked as hard in an East End parish as in the field of history, who sacrificed to conscience the prospect of canonries and deaneries, who had no enemies but disease and a few critics, and whom every one loved that knew him.

Green was not exactly what is called a good letter-writer. He writes without premeditation and without thought of style; he is colloquial and condescends to slang; his facetiousness is sometimes tiresome, as facetiousness generally is; but now and then he warms into eloquence, and when he does so his writing has all the charm of his "Short History," with the added grace of an outburst of spontaneous feeling. Above all, he wrote as he felt and thought; and if he is too much occupied, for the ordinary reader, with questions of the crow-and-kite period, the virtues and vices—if they had any virtues—of the House of

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Godwine and the Angevin Kings, we must remember that his chief correspondent was Freeman, and that it argues great detachment of mind to be able to write to Freeman letters so perfectly free from pedantry as these; and, we may add, no inconsiderable courage to take Freeman by the beard so familiarly as he does, and rate him severely (as Mr. Barlow did the bear) about intolerance, wearisome repetition, and want of taste.

The letters give a delightful impression of a perfectly sane mind, full of the enthusiasm of humanity (a phrase not yet stale in the sixties and seventies), devoted to duty, a splendid worker, combining in wholesome proportion the types of the energetic clergyman and the devoted student, precocious and universal in knowledge but never cumbered with learning; a perfect friend, a lover of children, never complaining of labour or the "long disease" of life, nor "looking over the edge of his work," and sighing for a Chair or a Stall. Some of this we might have guessed from the animation and brilliancy of "Little Book" as he lovingly calls it, and from what we have heard of the devotion of such friends as Freeman, Stubbs, Boyd Dawkins, and Bryce; but it comes out with new freshness and reality in this record of a life spent in struggling with illness but never yielding to depression, disappointment, or cares of money, a life supported and exalted by lofty feeling, the love of all beautiful things, and a faith in the goodness that orders the world, and the dignity of human life. "You are a vivid man, as vivid as lightning," Tennyson, who usually hit a nail on the head, said to him; and vividness is his characteristic, in history, in letter-writing, and in conversation. Never was there a scholar with less pretension, never a historian with fewer crotchets or less of dryasdust heaviness. Freeman on the right, Stubbs on the left, *das Weltkind in der Mitte* kept his cheerful path, neither worshipping indifferent heroes like the one, nor enveloped in sheepskins like the other.

Green, like Freeman and Kingsley, to whom he extended more toleration than his severer brethren, believed in the

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interference of men and women in the course of history. He was not a scientific historian of the school of Ranke and Seeley. He believed in human beings as factors in the sum, as much as in tendencies and forces economical and social. In politics he was an ardent Radical and Democrat of the sensible sort; in religion, though in later years he seems to have lost courage, he believed much what Broad Church clergymen now believe without rebuke, thanks to the timely boldness of the "Seven against Christianity," Colenso, and Stanley.

The unhistorical reader will skip a good many pages, but he will not wish to put the book down till he has come to the end, and he will be well rewarded for his trouble.

It would be impertinent to praise Mr. Stephen's editing. It is enough to say that the occasional notes give just as much help as is required, and of the right sort, and that the introductory chapters form, taken together, a little masterpiece of biography.

The title of Mr. Bernard Holland's book, **Imperium et Libertas**—(Arnold. 12*s.* 6*d.*)—sums up happily enough two great ideas which have been the keynote to the history of the foremost states of the world, and which were never more prominent than they are to-day. Confining himself to the concrete instances of the American colonies, of Canada, and of the United Kingdom, Mr. Holland traces in historical detail the growth of the conceptions of autonomy and imperial connection during the past two centuries, shows how the problem of reconciling the two has been dealt with, and with what results, and finally discusses the question of Imperial federation. How shall the Colonies contribute to the cost of the Empire and take part in its councils?

This large subject is treated with admirable lucidity and definiteness. Beginning with the American troubles before the War of Independence, it is made clear how strong and reasonable at that point of history and experience was the English claim to the right of taxation of the Colonies. It

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required the eye of a statesman far ahead of his time to perceive the fatal defect in the case, namely, that the Americans had ceased to be Englishmen, barely conscious of the transformation as they were themselves. But the lesson of the struggle was taken to heart, and the constitutional history of Canada impressively illustrates the new phases of political opinion that eventually worked out salvation. The forced recognition of American Independence was followed by a long period of indifference to Colonial affairs. The Canadian crisis of 1838 found the Whig Premier, Lord John Russell, regarding the continuance of the connection with Canada as an open question dependent on certain contingencies. Bitter race hatred prevailed between the French and English. Everything on the Canadian side of the border was backward and lifeless in marked contrast to the flourishing American side. The picture became completely altered with the adoption of Lord Durham's bold reforms, including the principle of Ministerial responsibility to the Assembly, and with Lord Elgin's remarkable administration from 1847 to 1854. By his justice and fortitude Lord Elgin counteracted the movement towards annexation with the United States, and permanently secured the loyalty of the French. Hope and confidence in the future took the place of pessimism, and the doctrine of *laissez-faire* received a death-blow. With the federation of the provinces into the Canadian Dominion in 1867, Lord Durham's scheme was completed.

Fortifying his argument with the colonial example, Mr. Holland approaches the thorny question of Home Rule for the United Kingdom. He condemns both the Irish Home Rule Bills of 1883 and 1896 as hurriedly proposed and impracticable. But with much force and moderation he supports the case for the delegation of provincial business to legislative assemblies for England, Scotland, Ireland, and perhaps Wales.

Mr. Holland passes over well-trodden ground, but his treatment of the subject is fresh, original and suggestive. His

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historical narrative, embodied in a singularly attractive style, brings out the salient features of involved transactions with vividness and accuracy. There is nothing of the dry constitutional lawyer about him, and his reasoning is constantly reinforced by appeals to facts and broad human nature. His essential fairness and freedom from party spirit will commend his book to readers of all shades of political opinion. It should do real service in informing public opinion on the great questions with which it deals.

The first volume of **The Oxford History of Music**—(Clarendon Press. 15*s.* net.)—amply fulfils the promise of the prospectus, which explains the scheme on which the whole history has been undertaken. The custom of dividing the periods of general history according to the reigns of various monarchs has happily been almost entirely given up, and children are no longer led to think that when George III. dies the lesson is over, and a new epoch begins to-morrow morning with the new chapter on George IV. The history of pictorial art has been often treated on more modern principles, but there seems to have been no attempt to write the history of music on any plan but that of a series of biographies of composers, a plan which must lead the average careless reader into the impression that because, for example, we finish reading about Haydn before we begin reading about Beethoven, therefore Haydn's work and career were all over before Beethoven was born. The scheme of the Oxford History, of which Mr. W. H. Hadow is the general editor—both Haydn and Beethoven are to be dealt with by him—is a far more scientific one than this merely biographical plan. The whole space from the earliest times down to the middle of the nineteenth century, has been divided into five great periods, each treated by a different writer. The first of these periods is to occupy two volumes, each of the rest only one; the first, or "Polyphonic Period," is in the hands of Professor Wooldridge, who is no less learned in the older music than he is in matters relating to the sister art of painting; it is

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the first part of his work which is now before us, and it is mainly occupied with the close examination and explanation of the principles underlying the earliest specimens of concerted vocal music. The period is one in which many a historian has got hopelessly befogged; the early treatises, as Professor Wooldridge points out, rely in great measure upon their readers' assumed familiarity with a great part of practical music, and therefore much is left quite vague to the modern student. The careful scrutiny to which the treatises have been submitted, and the scholarly comparison of one with another has revealed certain things very remarkably, for one thing, that music which could be referred to some system of measure began in connection with the Church, far earlier than is generally supposed, and that the Reading *rota*, "Sumer is icumen in," is far from being an isolated specimen of antique music that can be appreciated by modern hearers. A most valuable discovery of compositions in various early forms hitherto only known by name, has been made in a MS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, the contents of which are proved to be identical with those of a series of six volumes which formed part of the musical library of Notre Dame of Paris in the thirteenth century. The identity is proved by an account of the Notre Dame series given by the anonymous author of a treatise *De Mensuris et Discantu* in the British Museum. A series of examples of such things as *Organum purum*, *Organum triplex*, *Conductus quadruplex* appears at the end of Professor Wooldridge's volume, and most interesting they are. It is not easy to make clear how the book has changed the whole aspect of the older music; in the future, specimens of music may be found which may be exceedingly difficult to translate into modern notation, but the system explained in this book is undoubtedly the right one, and the contrast with the vague suppositions of the earlier historians is of the sharpest. The second volume of Professor Wooldridge's portion will not be brought out until after the appearance of some of the volumes dealing with later periods, such as Sir Hubert Parry's promised

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treatise on the Monodic Period of the seventeenth century, the volume which is promised next. The book is printed and got up with all the care that we have a right to expect in a work of such importance as the first really scientific history of music the world has seen.

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ENGLAND'S ANTIQUATED FINANCE

THE meeting of Parliament in January this year will not, it may be hoped, be its last meeting at that early date. That the session of the House of Commons ends too soon when it closes in August is more than we should say; but it certainly begins too late, and for times crowded with business and disturbed by many anxieties, the conventions of the House are governed too much by the convenience of lawyers who must attend the courts, business-men whose afternoons are claimed either by their head-clerks or Society, and sportsmen who believe in their hearts that England is nowhere better served or more nobly represented than in the hunting-field. It is not, however, to begin a general reform that Parliament is to meet on the 16th of this month, but to deal with a particular need. The expenses of the South African war have continued at a high rate many weeks beyond the margin allowed for them; the war-chest gapes, and of course must be supplied. The call was expected long before it was formally made, and the response will be all the readier because the decline in trade that was looked for seems kindly reluctant. But as so many angry questions can be raised upon a money-vote for the war, we may expect a medley of passionate conflict on the Chancellor's demand instead of the great and necessary debate for which it would be the right occasion.

Yet, courageous as he is, and careful as no other Chancellor

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of the Exchequer has been to forewarn the country of its charges and liabilities, it is not unlikely that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach himself shrinks as yet from making a complete exposition of the change that has overtaken England's finance. He wants more money for a war which is enough for him that it is disappointing, becomes vexatious, has already cost an unthought-of number of millions, and still goes on. He may well think that these conditions, and the fact that in its most accessible and productive field taxation was carried very near to its limit last year, are troubles enough for his present occasions. It will hardly be possible for him to provide ways and means for the next fiscal year without opening to view the changed basis of our finance, and he may think no harm of putting off complete revelation and acknowledgment till the sabbath of the South African war arrives.

Yet we shall never get out of our confusions into good working order again until this same changed basis *is* acknowledged, and till all our policies and some of our habits are accommodated to it. Shortly stated, the difference is this. The national finance has passed through one set of conditions into another of a contrary description to which it is unfitted and unequal. For two generations or more our whole financial system, fiscal system, commercial system to a very great extent, rested on a presumption of peace. Not, of course, that the possibility of war was excluded at any time. But in the earlier years of this period we had the guarantee of a relative superiority of strength, an incomparable share of resource, a dominating prestige, and (therefore) an unequalled command of alliances. At a later date the presumption of peace was supported by a vast extension of trade, and favoured by the greatest of all the mistakes, many of them as they were, of philosophising England in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. This was the compound error of assuming as a blessed matter of certainty that the larger intercourse provided by steam would dissipate the animosity of nations, and that the appetite for commerce would banish war. Later, when these

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and other such beliefs themselves began to pale, the presumption of peace maintained a trembling existence by taking in the idea of "splendid isolation." For by this time the upgrowth of pushing military States, and of more than two or three ambitious navies where they were never dreamt of, had compelled England to renew her fleets. By so much the continuance of war on earth was acknowledged; but the fancy now was that, so panoplied, and yet quite withdrawn from all need and all desire of inclusion in the European system, Britain would serenely fill the round of her great destiny in an awed, unprovoked and unprovoking world. This, however, was not an illusion, like those others, which could be held without misgiving. It came too late to stay long, and went out of existence altogether at about the time of the Japanese-Chinese War. Then came the end of the presumption of peace. Every year since that time has shown more convincingly that a new age of conflict has begun in which every considerable Power in the world takes part or prepares to do so—a conflict which brings in Japanese and Chinese, calls out the great American States, and, so far from respecting England's splendid isolation, will have her for participant or victim as she may choose. It is a state of things in which the war that she is employed upon is but an accident, though an accident which, befalling at a most opportune-inopportune time, hastened the change and smoothed its way.

It would appear, indeed, from much of the controversial speaking and writing in England at present that a return to her old tranquillity is expected when the war is over, and South Africa is in the hands of its reconstructors. It is a vain expectation. The tranquil period was coming to an end when the war broke out. Its outbreak quickened the course of transition from one state of things to another, just as the sudden rise of Japan did more remarkably, and the Cuban expedition hardly less. Projects that were ready to start on all three occasions were put upon the road, and it is idle to suppose that so great and general a movement will be arrested when and

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because the South African fight has come to a finish. The presumption of peace breaks down, with every fact, every theory, every dream that sustained it. That it was acted upon till these facts and theories and dreams gave way is, of course, no matter for regret. We have seen that there was a long season, most fruitful in opportunities of prospering, when it was quite safe and immensely profitable to build on the presumption of peace. As long as it remained a secure basis of conduct in public affairs it had no fault, except its aptitude for passing into a religion and being thought meritorious to all who held to it. Outlasting the thing itself, these superstitions did a deal of harm, and linger still to little good. But even though the seas swarmed with home-coming troop-ships from the Cape, no British statesman in his senses would build now upon a presumption of peace. Its foundations have gone. In a survey of the whole world mortal eye can hardly find a nation or a people that is not preparing offensively or defensively for an era of contention. We have now to go upon a presumption of war, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and all.

But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is at the head of that department of State control which makes the least acknowledgment of this pregnant change. Recognising it more clearly, perhaps, than they choose to tell, the Governments (I say Governments because it is but fair to remember that a Liberal Administration did its part)—the Governments sanction great additions to the navy; and the ships being built, and the bills for them being sent in, Sir Michael pays the bills. Lord Wolseley's persistence brought about a certain strengthening of the army some time before it was unintentionally engulfed in South Africa; and the expense of that useful if insufficient improvement was defrayed by the Treasury—most likely without protest. Scores of millions have been provided for the actual operations of war extending over more than two years; and all this has been done under a financial system narrowed to suit perpetual peace conditions.

The Treasury still works by the machinery of Mr.

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Gladstone's finance, which from the first included war only as a diminished and diminishing contingency. Not the most useful but the most remarkable thing about his first great Budget (1853) was a scheme for extinguishing income-tax, which demanded for its completion (the plan, I mean) unbroken peace for seven years certain, and of course for some years afterward if there was to be any enjoyment of its benefits. In the following year (1854) the Crimean War broke out, to the immediate destruction of Mr. Gladstone's scheme but not of his prepossessions. Mr. Sydney Buxton, his historian as financier, writes: "He was, perhaps, too much inclined to believe that, as he said in 1862, 'we have sown our wild oats long ago,' and that the national debt would never be again appreciably increased." To his fancy, the Crimean War was the last wild-oat sowing of any breadth, and he had some reason for thinking so in the effect which the blunders and failures of that war, the disgrace and the punishment of them in high places, had upon official minds. Personal dread of responsibility for war, and the worry, the distress, the reproach that attends upon what is often a leap in the dark, had a strongly deterrent effect on British ministers long after the campaign was closed that inspired it; and this was not altogether a bad thing at a time when England had very little to fear from aggression, and might be tempted by the consciousness of superior strength to aggress. But the same shrinking, as a like consequence of a similar cause, would be a very different thing for an England surrounded by the friendly Powers that we see about us, all willing to apply the "squeeze" to any extent that a war-wearied Government is likely to endure.

Nothing of that sort, however, came into Mr. Gladstone's view in the sixties of the last century, when his political anticipations were embodied in our still-existing system of finance. Our wild oats had been sown; statesmanship had sickened of its wars of political strategy; commerce was in the way of abolishing all wars; and the financier could therefore go to work without much apprehension of those violent dis-

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turbances which strained taxation and piled up mountains of debt. When a multitude of petty unremunerative imposts had been abolished, and their vexation with them, others might be removed to simplify the work of the Exchequer; and when that was done, yet other channels of revenue might be closed for high moral reasons. These may be described as reserve-sources, which in peace-time might be drawn upon for no more than would keep them open profitably, but capable in war-time of rendering a considerable yield by means that the people were accustomed to. There lay the provocation to cut them off: "means that the people are accustomed to." In a speech addressed to a wise purpose (in 1854) Mr. Gladstone said: "The expenses of a war are the moral check which it has pleased the Almighty to impose upon the ambition and the lust of conquest that are inherent in so many nations." If so, a people should not be used to reserve-sources of war expense; for thus the appointed check is weakened. Wherever they exist they ought to be abolished, so that the nation shall feel the shock as of a new and strange impost if those channels of taxation are ever re-opened to feed a war. So as to the people; but their Governments should be similarly put in check. For (to repeat what I have said once before) since it is much more difficult to impose new taxes or to reimpose abandoned ones than to increase such as the people are accustomed to, closing up the channels of indirect supply would discourage the thought in Tory minds, put off its beginnings, embarrass its consequences, and so assist the precious influences of Trade to abolish war altogether.

Such were the conditions and assumptions, all changed or destroyed, which shaped the financial system in use to-day. In its first work of extinguishing a multitude of small vexatious taxes it remains good; and if England stood in the same conditions now as then, and if the belief in Commerce as peace-angel had not been a total mistake, it would be good altogether still. But the conditions have entirely changed; the belief proves to have been the reverse of true; and the

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complete inapplicability of the Gladstonian system of finance in our day appears from the fact that all provision for perilous wars of defence is absent. Inasmuch as it entered into the architecture of that system, Mr. Gladstone's idea of war seems to have been that England's position in the world made it for her a matter of choice, adventure, or at the worst of management. When he cuts off and otherwise embarrasses the supply of war expenses, he considers that he is aiding the operation of the moral checks appointed by Providence to cure passionate and aggressive impulses to war. He does not consider that he is also hampering the means of life-or-death defence against aggression, for that was nowhere in the prospect for England when he went to the Exchequer, and his theories forbade him to think of it as anything more than a perishing as well as an absent probability. And so we see that the foundations of his finance, or the main of them, have disappeared; a complete change of circumstance demands others such as he rejected; but still Sir Michael Hicks-Beach goes on upon his Gladstonian scheme of finance.

There are explanations of the fact, of course. We have named one in saying that the peace presumption passed into a religion, akin to which is the natural hesitation to act upon an appearance of changed conditions before they are well proved. It is a prudent hesitation, but I cannot help thinking that if politics were more a matter of business and less a matter of sentiment, it is a hesitation that would be ended by this time. Because the South African war has violently upset the national finance, there seems to be a common disposition to date our change of circumstances from two years since; and upon that, where that idea exists, it is reasonable to argue that two years of trouble with an exceptional event is not warrant enough for a financial revolution. But that is not the view that can be taken by anybody with a continuous interest in affairs and acquaintance with them. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's third war-budget, supposing it to be the last of the series, will bring him no nearer to a return to the peace budgets of a bygone day.

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As we have already said, England had lived for several years before 1898 in a presumption of war which the fighting in South Africa does not fulfil and will not put an end to when it terminates. This war is an affair entirely independent of a complex situation of uncertainty, of menace, sprung from the creation of new desires, needs, impulses, ambitions in all the greater nations, of which we were fully aware when Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kruger were only sparring in despatches. All that the war has to do with these wider troubles is to hasten their advance, deplete in some degree the treasury means of meeting them, sharpen the appetites of rivalry, and bring out the unfriendly *animus* of foreign peoples and Governments against this much too much-possessing empire.

But these consequences should determine the King's Government to put the country in a state of complete preparation to face the new future now begun; and this cannot be done with a financial programme framed upon assumptions of perpetual peace. It was laid out for peace budgets of the kind contemplated by Mr. Gladstone, and there can be no more of such budgets for an incalculable time, whether long or short by historical estimate. By no fault of her own—nor by any fault of her upstarting rivals, if it comes to that—England is in a state of war quite independently of the South African campaigning, and sure to outlast it. The multiplication of great States, each with a multiplication of domestic wants and "world-Power" cravings, and also with ever-multiplying ships and battalions to back their desires—these developments force England into a defensive position without choice and without power of avoidance; neither can she, by wish or will, limit the call it may make on her exertions and resources.

By that fact alone the unwisdom of still carrying on the financial government of the country by the choked and narrowed Gladstonian system is displayed. Fact it is, and, obviously, it signifies a state of things in which every convenient resource should be open, practised, freed as prudence dictates from the stoppage which may have been wholesome

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enough against wars of aggression but are not against wars of defence. Time was when, looking tranquilly across the narrow seas, we could pity the continental peoples for that war or preparedness for war was the predominant consideration in taxation and national finance. Whether we choose to acknowledge it or not, that is now England's situation. Events undreamt of till lately have drawn her into what we used to call the mad competition of armaments—not as choosing to compete but on compulsion, and not with any freedom to compete under reserves and limitations. There is no saying, for example, that we will not go beyond a hundred or a hundred and fifty millions worth of defence. The cost of preparing adequately for defensive wars is beyond our powers of determination. It must be whatever is determined by the forces that threaten attack. Since we cannot regulate the armaments of hostile nations we must allow them to regulate ours, and to do so without any limit of cost except such as a just calculation may suggest, that economy of means may contrive or the sum of our resources impose. Read these truisms into the facts and portents of the time; make all allowance for the verdict of experience (unconfirmed in South Africa, however) that things usually turn out better than they promise; at the same time remember that a policy of concession is no lasting substitute for defence; consider also that if we are to be treated to a general "squeeze" we shall be no more able to choose the times of application than to measure beforehand the necessary means of resistance, and then say if it is reasonable to continue for twelve months longer a presumption-of-peace system of national finance.

It should not be surprising if the hostility of many Englishmen to the South African war, or rather the regret and apprehension it causes them, is occasioned by the advantage it gives to rising, crowding rivalries far more menacing than any at the Cape. And if this feeling becomes stronger as the war grows longer, it is not so much because of the leakage from the war-chest by what may be considered a by-channel, nor the

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strain upon recruiting which may have other calls upon it, nor even the exhaustion of the first enthusiasm which carries a fighting people so far. What is feared, rather, is the wearing, worrying effect of such a war upon official personages—the engendering of a strong disposition before the end of it to endure almost any loss, make almost any concession, rather than take the risk of passing at once into another great conflict. It is not in human nature and a Constitutional Government to be free from such a disposition in such circumstances. It is insupposable that our foreign friends, who are human also, do not speculate on this effect and propose to trade upon it. They are even encouraged from England to do so, and that by some of her best Imperialists. See them, in the midst of our South African troubles, on their knees to the Czar for an impossible peace-agreement: what can be the Muscovite interpretation of such an attitude at such a time? Hear them declare England's satisfaction at the prospect when it is whispered that Russia intends to seize this excellent opportunity for planting herself on the Persian Gulf. What can be thought of such protestations in Russia (and in other countries) but that they are meant to forestall, by a display of pleased anticipation, "developments" which are felt to be irresistible? This is not the way to discourage the anticipated "squeeze," and we have no right to suppose that the Government takes to it, glad as any British Government would be of a long spell of tranquillity from this day forward if not too dearly bought. But even supposing England condemned for a time to a policy of concession (I do not say she is, but the conditions are such that the situation is conceivable), it must be carried on upon a changed footing or it will be a policy of concession for all time. So changed is the world we live in as a people that we can have no release from the obligation of concession, and again concession, unless by accepting the fate of the continental nations and becoming a militant Power such as we have pitied them for being. It must be the one choice or the other; and any man with an eye for affairs can see that what is in reality

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the only choice cannot be declared too soon, or demonstrated rather.

And who is to do that if not Sir Michael Hicks-Beach? We speak of demonstration because nothing less should be aimed at, and no minister can go so near the mark as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. War secretaries announce great reforms and promise extraordinary vigour; the foreign Governments are unmoved. The Admiralty adds fleet to fleet; at the same time concession follows concession. The Foreign Secretary, the Prime Minister himself, might issue the loftiest speeches, the most resolute despatches, and were there half a dozen such in a month they would not equal in effect a forty-minute discourse from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach announcing that the fiscal arrangements of Great Britain are to be modified, and precisely why. Dull as our British wits may be (says Sir Michael), and apt as they are to be blinded by self-confidence, we cannot fail to understand such times as these. Though slow to speak of it, slow to act upon our perceptions, we see as others do the working of a mighty change in all the four quarters of the world, and we understand as well as others do that England cannot escape its touch, because the foundations of her empire are laid in all the four quarters of the world. It is a change that has already gone far enough to assure us that a long day of conflict has begun—a fight of attack for most other nations, a defensive fight for England. As such it is every man's business: even a part of his own domestic affairs. Therefore it can be thought no hardship that all Englishmen must prepare to take a larger share in the war-charges of the Empire, and to this end a fiscal system which has definitely changed its character must allow itself to be improved. Good for peace times, bad and even impossible for prolonged times of conflict, we must begin to modify it. Nothing like the existing balance of direct and indirect taxation can be maintained if resistance to the attack prepared by circumstance and our neighbours is to begin hopefully and continue sturdily. Sources of revenue which were closed

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because they were not needed must be re-opened because they are needed, and because nobody in England is content that she should submit to the hustling and ousting appointed for her by the taller champions in the new struggle for empire.

Did Sir Michael Hicks-Beach speak in this tone when next he instructs the country in the state of its finances he would but anticipate the necessity of doing so, and meanwhile produce a better effect abroad than any other minister by any other sort of harangue. Possibly he may think as he goes through his accounts for Budget-night that the necessity of so speaking has already arrived. When he was similarly engaged last year it was thought that he would recognise that the time had come for "widening the bases of taxation" (quite a common phrase at that period), and the need of it was less apparent then than it is now. Under a far greater addition to debt than he calculated for, with a much enlarged bill to meet for civil expenses in South Africa (they constantly accumulate at home), we are moving into a year no less dark than that which we have just travelled through. Mr. Brodrick's army-reforms, or others more to the purpose, are as imperatively needed as before; every substantial reason for strengthening the navy becomes more impressive; and there are market-signs portentous of the inevitable time (for that is what a universal, science-aided competition for trade will come to), when the nations of the world will make a scanty living by buying each other's superfluous manufactures at a sacrifice. That Sir Michael Hicks-Beach can think of adding to the income tax in order to reduce debt, or that he can be content to carry this enhanced debt into a future so uncertain rather than revive some part of the supply that peace can do without, appears hardly credible. Yet we know that party-considerations will work upon even the best regulated Cabinets; we know that the economic doctrine which includes the suppression of indirect taxes remains a popular superstition feared by Tory Governments; and it is not known (or is not when this paper is written) that Liberals with Lord Rosebery's sense of the lurking troubles of the Empire are

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willing to unseal the fountains of supply which Mr. Gladstone closed, or any of them. Therefore we must be prepared to forgive Sir Michael if on this occasion also he puts off the day for attempting any considerable draughts from indirect sources of taxation. But if that must be his course we should look to our most serviceably candid of Chancellors for a clear expository warning, uttered at length, that unless the whole prospect of the time is illusion, the day is at hand when the finance of the country must be accepted as on a war-footing, and as demanding the proper reforms.

And we would have him do more than this; for he is a man whom the country will listen to on such subjects as it will to no one else, and it terribly needs the further warning that the conditions which compel so great an enlargement of State expenditure call loudly for certain economies. The Prince of Wales, in a speech at the Guildhall, uttered a most effective word in that way; for as we stand in the world nowadays it is not only "business," it is patriotic work to amend the economies of the factory. There is no better politician in private life than the man who does so, and does it well; and it is certain that at a fortunate moment when most British manufacturers had got an inkling of that circumstance, those few words from the Prince's lips gave the good work a telling impetus. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach might do the same thing with another order of economies. Placing in clearer view the fact that our whole system of finance is subject to the imposition of great, imperative, and unmeasurable charges, the wisdom of restricting all controllable expenditure should be an easy argument. At present the universal practice seems to be exactly contrary *because* we are at war. Recklessness of expenditure on the war has not only an air of patriotism, of greatness, but actually has those qualities; and the air and the actuality together have brought out the state of mind in which prodigality appears high and glorious. That is seen everywhere, I think, in all public and private undertakings, in the display of society in its higher ranks, and probably in the

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conduct of its lower ranks. We may almost take it for granted that the same spirit runs freely in most departments of the public service, and there is certainly no sign of a check upon the vast expenditure of municipalities. They borrow as gaily and spend as magnificently as ever—piling up, for purposes of use and benefit mostly, we must allow, but also for others which are luxurious or superfluous, millions of public debt under the gentle designation of local expenditure. In effect it is national debt, and it had risen at the close of 1899 to more than 276 millions, not far from half the amount of the National Debt of the United Kingdom in the same year. By this time probably a charge of 300 millions has accumulated in local loans, to be met as the King's taxes are, whatever the disturbance of trade, and whatever the demands of the Exchequer may be meanwhile. Take what view we may of the political outlook—and at any rate the actual addition to debt, an ascertained enhancement of current charges, are not matters of opinion—it should certainly teach the municipalities to withhold the borrowing hand till we see our way more clearly. And if, while urging this lesson, Sir Michael would preach to wealth the patriotism of moderating for a time its infectious habits of luxury and display, he might possibly fail in his first intention and yet find that his counsels had fallen by the wayside on more fruitful because more barren ground.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

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BRITISH COMMERCE
1881–1900

So many conflicting statements are constantly made with regard to the present condition of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, that readers who desire to know the truth must be considerably puzzled where to find it.

For example. The author of "Drifting" says that we are going fast along the road to ruin: Lord Salisbury quotes the opinion of "the merchant princedom" to the effect that British commerce is quite healthy. One writer asserts that the Americans and the Germans are taking our foreign markets from us: another pooh-poohs the statement and says that the advance of our rivals from a very backward trading-position does good to them without harming us. British consuls are constantly sending reports to the Foreign Office directing attention to alleged defects in our commercial methods which, they say, enable our rivals to take our trade: other writers point to the signs of increased ease and comfort in the life of the people, and insist that never were we more prosperous than we are now. And so the strife goes on between statement and counter-statement: both—usually—made with sincerity, but both, too often, mixed with exaggeration, with misperception of the facts of the case, or with inaccuracy, due to inexperience in handling a very complex problem. Energy is wasted, and much doubt is created as to our true position.

The present account is in no sense controversial. The writer of it has no initial desire to prove anything. He desires

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to state certain facts, truly and clearly, after having devoted more than one year to the examination of the trade-records of the United Kingdom and of the world's trading countries, and to the consideration of the whole matter. He is not inconsiderably guarded against error by the fact that, for more than twenty years, he has been accustomed professionally to handle many matters of actuarial or statistical complexity. These words, by way of justification for the present attempt to throw useful and truly focused light upon this important part of the nation's life—its foreign commerce.

The period chosen for observation consists of the twenty years 1881–1900. Writing late in the year 1901, the facts are not known beyond the year 1900, and a clear run of twenty years is chosen, without any selection of good or bad years (a common defect in many controversial statements), in order that the condensed results to be shown may rest upon a broad fact-base, and also because the commerce-extension of the United States may be said to date from about 1880.

A.—The Value of the Total Imports and Exports of Merchandise into and from the United Kingdom during 1881–1890 and during 1891–1900.

Period.	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports over Exports
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881–1890 . . .	3947	2970	977
1891–1900 . . .	4461	3005	1456
Increase during 1891–1900	514	35	—

The above exports include exports from the United Kingdom of foreign and colonial produce previously imported. They are termed "general exports," as distinct from "special exports," which mean exports of British produce only. No bullion is included.

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The excess of imports over exports was 97·7 millions per year during 1881–1890, and 145·6 millions per year during 1891–1900. This largely increased "balance of trade" is regarded by some eminent economists as a sure measure of our prosperity, while other discriminating persons doubt the validity of this statement.

Much vagueness seems to exist in many minds as to how the great excess of imports is paid for. Our imports have for many years been paid for by the following things:

(1) Our exports.
(2) Our income from investments of British capital in foreign countries.
(3) Our earnings as a sea-carrier.

Items (2) and (3) can only be approximately valued, and the large increase in our imports taken with the small increase in our exports causing the excess of imports to become larger and larger, many persons doubt whether we are still wholly paying for our imports by the three things named above, or whether a fourth way of payment has not become operative, namely:

(4) By realisation of our foreign investments.

Here again, a really conclusive test cannot be applied. As regards the large increase in the excess of our imports over our exports, from and to the United States, there seems to be some reason to believe that these imports from the United States have been partly paid for by realisation of some British capital invested in American railways. But taking our imports as a whole, it is not probable that item (4) has become operative.

Of course, item (4) above is not a legitimate way of paying for our imports. It would mean—if operative—that our consumption of imports is partly paid for out of capital, and not as it should be wholly out of earnings. Sir Robert Giffen has often stated that we do not pay for our imports out of capital. This authority is of excellent quality

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but, notwithstanding, there *is* a base of fact for the existence of reasonable doubt concerning the true meaning of the great and growing excess of our imports over our exports. The economic maxim that an excess of imports is a sure sign of prosperity is not universally true—the large excess of exports over imports in the United States is one notable contradiction—and, from the point of view of abstract consideration, the late Stanley Jevons wrote some luminous words concerning the unwisdom of assuming that what has been will continue to be.

Coming now to our exports of British produce—our special exports, with which we are more nearly concerned than with our general exports—the facts are as follow:

B.—The Value of the Special Imports and Special Exports into and from the United Kingdom during 1881–1890 and during 1891–1900.

Merchandise. (*No Bullion included.*)

Period.	Special Imports.	Special Exports.	Excess of Special Imports over Special Exports.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881–1890 . . .	3320	2343	977
1891–1900 . . .	3854	2398	1456
Increase during 1891–1900	534	55	—

Special imports are imports for home consumption. They are not separately shown in British returns, and the above special imports have been obtained by deducting from the total imports in A the "re-exports"—as they are officially termed—namely, the exports of foreign and colonial goods previously imported.

Thus, statement B shows our imports for home consumption, and our exports of home production, the excess of imports over exports being the same as in statement A, for

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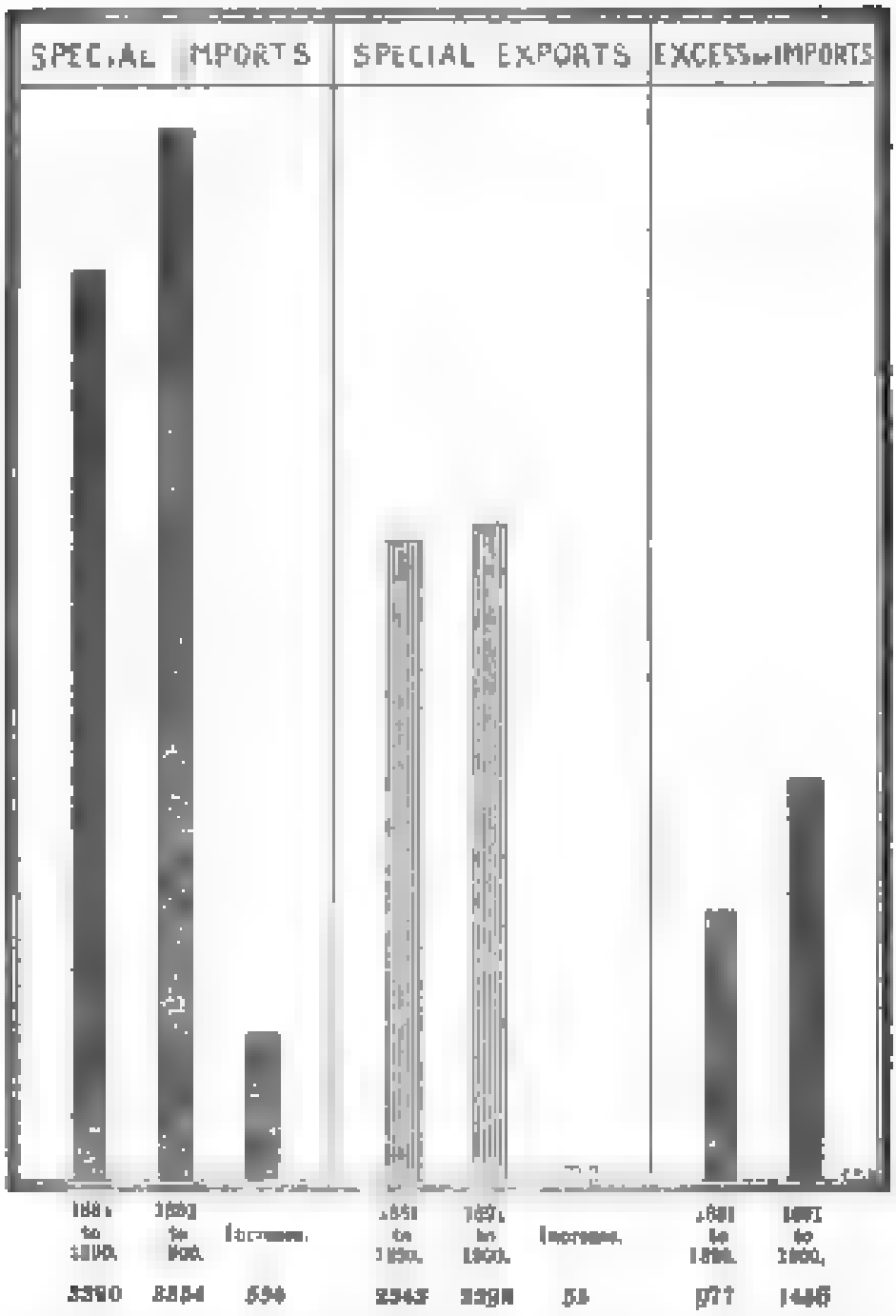

The Value of the Special Imports and Special Exports into and from the United Kingdom during 1881–1890 and during 1891–1900. Stated in millions sterling. Special Imports are imports for home consumption, Special Exports are exports of British production.

the same thing has been deducted from both imports and exports, namely, the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise.

But the excess of imports in B is greater than in A, relatively to the exports. During 1881–1890, the yearly excess of special imports was 97·7 millions, as compared with 284·8 millions of special exports. During 1891–1900, the yearly excess of special imports was 145·6 millions, as compared with 289·8 millions of special exports.

Such an excess of imports is not approached by any other country. If it is indeed "the measure of our prosperity," then must we be most prosperous and increasingly prosperous. But if we suspect that an economic maxim is being unduly stretched in its application, then the above results do at least suggest that we may usefully look into the details of our special exports. An increase in special exports, from 2343 millions during 1881–1890 to 2398 millions during 1891–1900, is a yearly increase of only 5½ millions per year; the corresponding increase in special imports being nearly 53½ millions per year.

And there is one very important fact to be observed in regard to even this small increase in our special exports, namely, the great increase in the exports of coal. If we deduct from our special exports, the exports of coal, the results are as follow:

C.—The Value of the Special Exports from the United Kingdom.

Distinguishing Exports of Coal.

Period.	Special Exports. (*See* B.)	Exports of Coal.	Special Exports, not including Coal.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881–1890 . . .	2343	125	2218
1891–1900 . . .	2398	210	2188
Increase during 1891–1900	55	85	—
Decrease during 1891–1900	—	—	30

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Thus, excluding coal, all our other special exports decreased by 30 millions during 1891–1900, as compared with 1881–1890; a yearly decrease of 3 millions in exports other than coal, against a yearly increase of 53½ millions in special imports; our imports of coal being a negligible quantity.

We may bear in mind that coal is really a part of our national capital which cannot be replaced; our exports of coal are not in the same category as the exports of our industry. And all these exports (excluding coal) were worth to us 30 millions less during 1891–1900 than they were worth ten years previously.

This fact points to the existence of some weak places in our articles of exports. The alteration in the selling price of this or that article does not account for this decrease of 30 millions. Even if it did, the fact would remain that the exported results of our industry during 1891–1900 were worth to us 30 millions less than during 1881–1890, while our home-wants (special imports) cost us 534 millions more than they cost us in 1881–1890.

Indeed, and as regards this matter of alteration in selling price (whether the price rises or falls), we ought really to let this factor come into the account in place of trying to eliminate it, when we are comparing our imports and our exports and and when we are comparing our foreign trade with that of other nations. In this connection, the alteration of the selling or the buying price of this or that article is one of the results of competition, and if we think carefully about this, we shall not improbably come to the conclusion that this factor of varying price ought to be retained, and not got rid of by the arbitrary economic device of "index numbers," &c. Persons who may still adhere to the plan of eliminating fluctuation in prices must bear in mind that our imports as well as our exports have fluctuated in price. And a comparison between the average price of our imports and the average price of our exports during 1881–1900, will not, it is suggested, be helpful in making out a strong case for those who are bent upon taking

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a controversial view of this matter of British commerce. Moreover, as we use our exports as payment in part for our imports, the fact, that, as regards certain articles, we now make a larger quantity than in earlier years, but which larger quantity is of less money-value to us than the smaller quantity previously made, this fact does not help us in any way in the actual payment for our imports, many of which have also decreased in price.

In other words, if we are to adjust the selling-value of our exports in accordance with fluctuation in price, we must also adjust the buying-value of our imports in accordance with fluctuation in price. But, as stated, thoughtful consideration of the matter negatives the wisdom of any attempt at such adjustment, as tending to eliminate one of the salient factors of commercial competition.

If, on the other hand, we desire to examine the quantity of this or that article exported during different periods we must regard quantity only, and ignore all money values. This is a useful procedure, but it is not nearly so important in connection with a comparison of imports and exports, and as regards a comparison of international commerce, as a consideration of the actual value of this or that commodity to the nation who bought or sold it—letting that actual value receive the full influence of any alteration in the buying or the selling price.

Both investigations have been made for the purpose of this account. First, our special exports are shown in detail as regards their value to us as sellers; and second (in the Appendix), our special exports are shown in detail as regards the quantity we produced. The facts for the whole twenty years have been tabulated for each article of export with regard to both value and quantity.

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D.—The Value of the Special Exports from the United Kingdom, during 1881–1890 and during 1891–1900.

Articles that Fell in Value.

Articles.	Export Value during 1881–1890.	Export Value during 1891–1900.	Fall during 1891–1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Cotton manufactures, including yarn and twist	727·79	666·96	60·83
Metals: Iron and steel	267·92	238·77	29·15
Woollen and worsted manufactures, including yarn	235·29	212·05	23·24
Linen manufactures, including yarn	64·90	58·76	6·14
Leather, wrought and unwrought	40·07	38·51	1·56
Machinery: Steam engines	36·45	34·18	2·27
Metals: Copper, wrought and unwrought	33·12	30·33	2·79
Hardware and cutlery	32·43	20·95	11·48
Jute manufactures, including yarn	25·87	25·59	·28
Silk manufactures, including silk thrown, twist, and yarn	29·56	18·62	10·94
Earthen and china ware, including manufactures of clay	23·26	21·80	1·46
Haberdashery and millinery	28·62	15·43	13·19
Alkali	19·16	15·18	3·98
Beer and ale	17·40	16·10	1·30
Paper and pasteboard, other than hangings	14·12	13·64	·48
Oil, seed	15·41	11·17	4·24
Hats of all sorts	11·92	11·31	·61
Skins and furs	11·92	10·86	1·06
Glass of all sorts	10·46	8·77	1·69
Cement	9·69	7·33	2·36
Wool: Sheep and lambs'	9·20	7·57	1·63
Bags and sacks, empty	9·20	4·84	4·36
Sugar, refined	8·11	5·68	2·43
Furniture, cabinet and upholstery wares	6·89	5·63	1·26
Metals: Lead, pig, sheet, and pipe, and other manufactures	6·20	5·89	·31
Salt	5·88	5·09	·79
Umbrellas and parasols	5·56	5·11	·45
Metals: Tin, unwrought	5·18	4·92	·26
Bleaching materials	5·13	4·46	·67
Wood and timber, manufactured; staves and empty casks, and unenumerated	4·50	4·34	·16
Rags and other materials for paper	4·76	3·32	1·44
Wool: Flocks and rag-wool	3·91	3·48	·43

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Articles that Fell in Value.—(continued.)

Articles.	Export Value during 1881–1890.	Export Value during 1891–1900.	Fall during 1891–1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Stones and slates	3·65	3·53	·12
Musical instruments . . .	2·19	1·82	·37
Clocks and watches . . .	2·05	·83	1·22
Butter	1·78	·81	·97
Cheese	·54	·40	·14
Total of the above Articles that Fell	1740·09	1544·03	196·06 (A Fall)
Total of the Articles that Rose, *see* E	602·97	854·26	251·29 (A Rise)
Total Special Exports, *see* B . .	2343·06	2398·29	55·23 (A Rise)

The above articles are arranged in the order of their export value during 1881–1900. They include all the articles whose export value fell during 1891–1900, the total fall being 196 millions, or nearly 20 millions per year.

It should be noted that the results in D have been obtained by tabulating the export value of every article of export during the ten years 1881–1890, and during the ten years 1891–1900. This plan is much more stable as a fact-base than the more common and much quicker method of comparing two years only, separated by an interval of ten years. Here, for each article, we have the results for the whole twenty years 1881–1900.

The articles of special export that rose in value are as follow:

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E.—The Value of the Special Exports from the United Kingdom, during 1881–1890 and during 1891–1900.

Articles that Rose in Value.

Articles.	Export Value during 1881–1890.	Export Value during 1891–1900.	Rise during 1891–1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Coals, &c.	124·71	209·92	85·21
Machinery: Other than steam engines	85·87	119·93	34·06
Apparel and slops	42·14	47·73	5 59
Chemical products and preparations and dye-stuffs	23·53	34·28	10·75
Manures	19·08	21·62	2·54
Fish	17·83	22·05	4·22
Arms and ammunition	16·70	19·80	3·10
Painters' colours and materials	13·54	16·34	2·80
Spirits	9·62	16·85	7·23
Yarn, alpaca, and mohair, and other sorts unenumerated	10·73	15·56	4·83
Pickles, vinegar, sauces, and condiments	12·57	12·93	·36
Carriages & waggons, railway, & parts thereof	12·51	12·70	·19
Books, printed	11·92	13·28	1·36
Telegraphic wire and apparatus	12·52	12·62	·10
Caoutchouc, manufactures of	10·46	12·62	2·16
Implements and tools of industry	9·05	13·25	4·20
Medicines	9·18	10·81	1·63
Provisions not otherwise specified	9·46	9·82	·36
Stationery other than paper	8·79	9·24	·45
Oil and floor-cloth	6·57	9·34	2·77
Soap	4·74	7·40	2·66
Biscuits and bread	5·80	6·01	·21
Animals: Horses	5·45	6 34	·89
Grease, tallow, and animal fat	4·12	6·54	2·42
Corn	4·28	5·19	·91
Metals: Brass of all sorts	4·09	4·90	·81
Cordage and twine	4·20	4·36	·16
Plate and plated ware	3·55	3·77	·22
Clay, unmanufactured	2·14	3·66	1·52
Pictures	2·86	2·89	·03
Candles	1·91	3·56	1·65
Seeds of all sorts	2·31	2·71	·40
Metals: Zinc, wrought and unwrought	1·16	1·50	·34
Total of the above Articles that Rose	513·39	699·52	186·13 (A Rise)
All other Articles that cannot be separately examined, not included in D or E	89·58	154 74	65·16 (A Rise)
Total of all Articles that Rose	602·97	854·26	251·29 (A Rise)
Total of all Articles that Fell, *see* D	1740·09	1544·03	196·06 (A Fall)
Total Special Exports, *see* B	2343·06	2398·29	55·23 (A Rise)

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The group "All other articles that cannot be separately examined" includes articles of small value, and articles whose export value is not separately recorded during the whole period 1881–1900. This group also includes the value of "ships and boats (new) with their machinery" which, prior to 1899, were not included in the exports: the value of this item was 18 millions. Thus, the rise of 65 millions in this group, during 1891–1900, is over-stated to the extent of 18 millions. This over-statement of 18 millions in the rise in export value also applies to the rise of 55 millions in the total special exports, *see* B.

These Tables D and E show in condensed detail all the articles of our export trade; whose export value during 1881–1900 was 4741 millions. Of all these articles, there were thirteen whose export value during 1881–1900 exceeded 50 millions. Here is a statement of these thirteen leading articles, extracted from Tables D and E:

F.—The Thirteen Leading Articles of Export, 1881–1900.

Articles (50 millions or more during 1881-1900).	Export Value during 1881–1900.	Fall during 1891-1900 as compared with 1881–1890.	Rise during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Cotton manufactures and yarn	1394·75	60·83	—
Metals: Iron and steel	506·69	29·15	—
Woollen and worsted manufactures and yarn	447·34	23·24	—
Coals	334·63	—	85·21
Machinery: Other than steam engines	205·80	—	34·06
Linen manufactures and yarn	123·66	6·14	—
Apparel and slops	89·87	—	5·59
Leather, wrought and unwrought	78·58	1·56	—
Machinery: Steam engines	70·63	2·27	—
Metals: Copper, wrought and unwrought	63·45	2·79	—
Chemical products, &c.	57·81	—	10·75
Hardware and cutlery	53·38	11·48	—
Jute manufactures and yarn	51·46	·28	—
Total of the above Thirteen Articles	3478·05	137·74	135·61
All other Articles	1263·30	58·32	115·68
		(Fall)	(Rise)
Total Special Exports, 1881–1900, *see* B	4741·35	196·06	251·29
		A rise of 55·23 millions	

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We see that nine of these thirteen leading articles fell, and that four rose in export value during 1891–1900. The largest rise or fall was the rise of 85 millions in coal, and we again note that but for this rise of 85 millions in coal, the rise of 55 millions in our total special exports would have been a fall of 30 millions in all exports other than coal.

But we have to consider also what the exports during 1891–1900 should have been had they advanced in accordance with the growth of the population of the United Kingdom. There is another gauge of "expected" exports, which is, perhaps, a better one than the population gauge, namely, the "expected" exports during 1891–1900, based upon the growth in imports of all other countries in the world during those ten years. If other countries, buyers, were not buying so largely from all sources during 1891–1900 as during 1881–1890, then we may reasonably expect to see our export trade flag during those ten years. For this purpose the imports of all nations of the world have been tabulated during two periods of ten years each. But first we apply the usual population test.

The population of the United Kingdom during 1891–1900 was 9 per cent. greater than during 1881–1890. Thus we "expect" a 9 per cent. rate of growth in the exports of 1891–1900 as compared with those of 1881–1890. Here are the results:

	Millions.
Actual special exports during 1891–1900, *see* B .	2398
"Expected" special exports during 1891–1900, based on the growth of our population . .	2554
Shortage in British exports during 1891–1900 .	156

Thus, applying the common population gauge to our exports during 1891–1900, we find that there was a shortage of 156 millions—15·6 millions per year.

Coming now to the other test—the more valuable test obtained by tabulating all imports by all other countries from all sources during twenty years—the results are as follow:

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—	During 1880–1889.	During 1890–1899.	Increase in Imports during 1890–1899.
	Millions.	Millions.	Per cent.
Total imports of merchandise into all foreign countries from all sources .	11,195	12,391	11
Total imports of merchandise into all British possessions from all sources	1,804	2,109	17

The above results relate to the twenty years 1880–1899, not to the twenty years 1881–1900. The reason of this is that the facts are not known for all countries for the year 1900, but this slight deviation is of no practical account. Imports of bullion and specie have been excluded.

We see that the buying-power of all foreign countries increased by 11 per cent. during the last ten years, and that the buying-power of all British possessions increased by 17 per cent. These percentages must now be applied to British exports during 1881–1890 in order to ascertain the "expected" British exports during 1891–1900, to foreign countries, and to British possessions respectively.

—	To all Foreign Countries.	To all British Possessions.	Total Exports, 1891–1900.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Actual special exports during 1891–1900 from the United Kingdom .	1592	806	2398[1]
"Expected" special exports during 1891–1900 from the United Kingdom, based on the growth of buying-power of all foreign countries and of all British possessions respectively	1700	950	2650
Shortage in British exports during 1891–1900	108	144	252

Thus, if we base our "expected" exports during 1891–1900 upon the rate of growth in the buying-power (imports) of the

[1] See Statement B.

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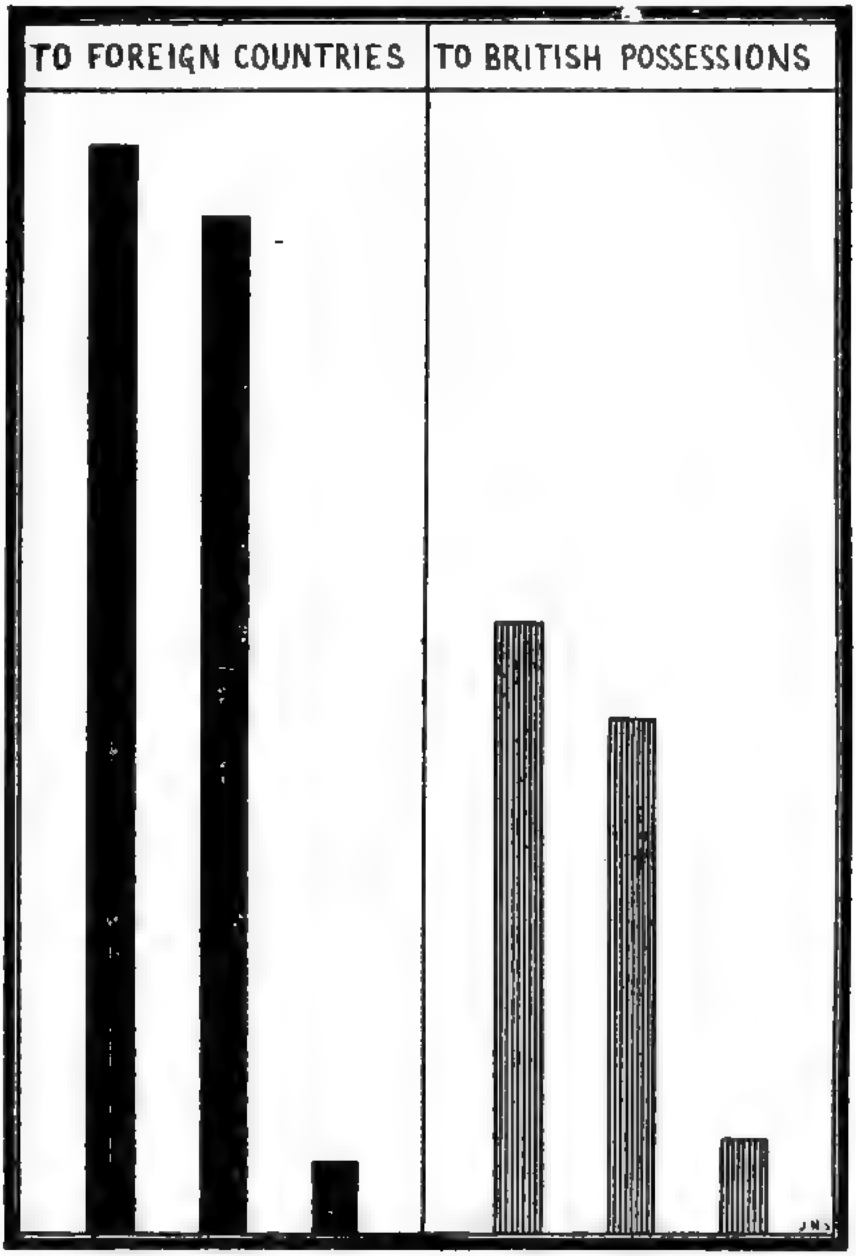

The Expected Exports and the Actual Exports from the United Kingdom to Foreign Countries and to British Possessions during 1891–1900. Stated in millions sterling. The Expected Exports are based upon the growth in buying-power of all Foreign Countries and of all British Possessions [*i.e.*, upon the growth of their imports from all sources] during 1891–1900, as compared with 1881–1890.

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rest of the world during the last ten years, we find that there was a shortage of 108 millions during 1891–1900 in our exports to All Foreign Countries, and a shortage of 144 millions in our exports to All British Possessions: a total shortage of 252 millions, or 25 millions per year.

The most notable feature in the above results is the very large shortage in our exports to British possessions. This is amply confirmed when the imports of each colony, &c., are examined separately: in nearly all British possessions the trade returns show an actual falling-off during the last ten years in purchases from the United Kingdom accompanied by an increase in purchases from all sources.

The comparison now shown between our exports and the world's imports casts a strong light upon the real condition of our export trade. No question of alteration in prices can come in, for in this world-comparison all nations are exposed to alteration in the buying or selling price of their articles of import or of export, and we obtain the evidence of the actual values of the world's imports and of our exports. The widely different rates of growth may be closely contrasted, thus:

During 1890–1899, as compared with 1880–1889, the rate of increase in the imports	
Of all foreign countries was . .	11 per cent. increase.
Of all British possessions was . .	17 per cent. increase.
During 1891–1900, as compared with 1881–1890, the rate of increase, or of decrease, in the special exports of the United Kingdom	
To all foreign countries was . .	4 per cent. increase.
To all British possessions was . .	1 per cent. decrease.

Thus, while all foreign countries increased their purchases from all sources by 11 per cent., we increased our sales to them by only 4 per cent. All British possessions increased their purchases from all sources by 17 per cent., and our sales to them declined by 1 per cent. This is the net result of twenty years of trade.

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The facts which have now been shown do not confirm the economic maxim that the excess of our imports over our exports is a sure measure of our prosperity in foreign trade. If they are looked at in the spirit with which they have been stated—without bias—these facts show that our export trade is weak: no other conclusion is possible.

We now come to an important issue. Many persons who rightly believe that our foreign trade is not prosperous, have jumped to the conclusion that we as a nation are in a parlous condition. To think this is to misperceive the meaning of facts, and this mistake has caused a large proportion of the conflicting statements referred to in the opening of this account. Two essentially different things have been confused —our foreign commerce and our internal trade.

In the first place, our foreign commerce is very small relatively to our internal trade. The proportions of the two cannot be exactly stated, but some years back Mulhall's estimate divided the whole trade of the United Kingdom thus:—

Internal trade	85 per cent.
Foreign commerce	15 „
Total	100 „

There are many facts which go to prove that our internal trade has been prosperous. If it has been prosperous, this means that (say) 85 per cent. of our whole trade has been prosperous, as compared with 15 per cent. of our whole trade which has not been prosperous. This is to differentiate the two issues—not to confuse them.

With a prosperous internal trade, with vast accumulations of capital invested here and in foreign countries, many years may pass before we begin to feel any effect of a non-prosperous foreign commerce upon our material signs of well-being. It is absurd to take the panic view of our foreign commerce that is often expressed.

We are compelled to admit that our foreign commerce is not flourishing, but in the light of the explanation now

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given, it becomes easy to see that we may still be quite prosperous as a whole. Our reserves of force are so great that there is time in front of us in which diligently to set about an improvement in our foreign commerce. Our energies may be more efficiently spent in this direction if we do now realise that our foreign commerce is weak. But as for the preposterous notion that we are on the road to ruin—that may be dismissed as a chimera bred out of a misperception of facts.

Hitherto this plain statement of facts has not been touched by any sentiment of optimism or of pessimism. But now that it is ended, we may rightly let a healthy and discerning optimism help us, in the full belief that we possess those qualities of mind and character which will enable us to put our foreign commerce into a sound condition. The dogged persistence of our race will serve us in this war of commerce as it has always served us in wars of blood. We may be slow to see realities, but when realities are driven home in us, our heavy energy quickens, the nation goes solidly at its goal—and reaches it.

J. Holt Schooling.

APPENDIX

Special Exports from the United Kingdom during 1881–1890, and during 1891–1900 (quantities only).

Articles that Fell in Quantity Exported.

Articles.	Quantity Exported during 1881–1890.	Quantity Exported during 1891–1900.
Alkali . . . . . (million cwt.)	64·8	51·2
Arms and ammunition:		
Firearms (small) . . . (thousands)	2135·0	1392·0
Gunpowder . . . . (million lb.)	129·1	83·7
Bags and sacks, empty . . (millions)	458·4	272·4
Bleaching materials . . . (million cwt.)	15·9	13·1
Butter . . . . . (thousand cwt.)	284·9	145·2
Cement . . . . . (million cwt.)	92·4	82·2
Cheese . . . . . (thousand cwt.)	134·7	104·9
Cotton yarn . . . . (million lb.)	2546·5	2290·1

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Articles that Fell in Quantity Exported.—(continued.)

Articles.		Quantity Exported during 1881–1890.	Quantity Exported during 1891–1900.
Cotton stockings and socks	(million pairs)	202·8	99·2
Glass: Plate	(million sq. ft.)	38·2	19·0
Other sorts	(thousand tons)	544·2	532·8
Hats	(millions)	141·6	140·4
Leather: Tanned, unwrought	(thousand tons)	82·4	73·4
Linen piece goods	(million yards)	1686·6	1664·8
Linen thread for sewing	(million lb.)	26·9	21·8
Metals: Iron and steel	(million tons)	38·5	32·1
Copper	(thousand tons)	562·5	544·0
Pictures	(thousands)	136·8	108·8
Salt	(thousand tons)	8751·0	6665·0
Silk broad stuffs	(million yards)	76·6	74·9
Skins and furs:			
Foreign, British dressed	(millions)	41·1	39·8
Slates	„	449·4	352·7
Stones, grindstones, &c.	(thousand tons)	327·1	315·8
Sugar, refined	„	455·3	430·6
Wool, flocks and ragwool	(million lb.)	154·9	145·8
Woollen and worsted manufactures:			
Cloths, coatings, stuffs	(million yards)	2436·1	1768·9
Flannels	„	116·8	106·2
Blankets	(millions)	27·3	23·1
Carpets and druggets	(million yards)	113·7	84·6

The above are the articles of special exports that fell in quantity exported during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890. The financial weight of these articles may be gauged from the following statement:

	Export Value in the year 1900. Millions.
Articles, as above, that fell in quantity exported during 1891–1900	71·1
Articles that rose in quantity exported during 1891–1900	123·0
Total	194·1
Articles that are not recorded by quantity, and whose fall or rise in quantity during 1891–1900 cannot be ascertained	97·1
Total special exports, 1900	291·2

About two-thirds of our special exports are recorded by quantity; many important articles cannot be so recorded. The whole of the machinery section is one of those that are recorded only by value.

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THE LANGUAGE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

AMONG the questions which must engage the attention of the Government in the settlement to follow the conclusion of peace in South Africa, the official recognition of the dialect of the Dutch language spoken by the Boers must occupy a prominent place. It has already aroused considerable interest at home as shown in the discussion of the subject in the Press. Mr. Sydney Brooks, for example, in a recent article has put forward the view that "our next blunder in South Africa" will be the encouragement which he fears will be extended to the preservation of the Taal in the new colonies and Captain Mahan in the *National Review* for December writes of the end of the war:

> I trust, however, that when that time comes, the Boer leaders and the Boer language will receive no recognition, save banishment, in the official organs of the Empire. A foreign tongue in Parliament and Courts of Law is a disintegrating influence which perpetuates race rivalry in its worst form. There is no single social or political environment so powerful as that of a common tongue.

It might perhaps be enough for those differing from such a view to urge that the policy of endeavouring to suppress the vernacular of the Boers is one which the British Government is "estopped" from adopting. During the negotiations that preceded the war, one of the points urged as imperative by Sir Alfred Milner, and peremptorily rejected by Mr. Krüger, was a stipulation that members of the Volksraad should be at liberty

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to address the Raad in Dutch or English at their option; and the refusal even to consider this point as open was—ostensibly at least—one of the most important of the differences which rendered the negotiations abortive. The precedent of Cape Colony was strongly pressed at that time in favour of the proposal, which was described in more than one of the despatches as "vital." Under these circumstances it would seem impossible for us now to refuse to the Boers in the territory which they have lost, a liberty which we claimed as a natural right for ourselves in it while it was theirs.

But beyond and behind all this the expediency of suppressing the language of the conquered people seems to me opposed alike to the dictates of sound policy and the teaching of history. I am not concerned to vindicate the "insensate generosity and purblind sentimentality" complained of by the first of the writers already quoted, of which I admit we have shown only too much in the conduct of the present war; and I heartily concur in welcoming the blindness which induced the Boer leaders to reject the terms of peace offered, and to leave us an opportunity of rectifying our blunders in the final settlement. But the particular point with which I am now concerned is not, I think, one of those blunders; and it appears to me that the very instances adduced by Mr. Brooks, and by others who have discussed the subject, go far to disprove their case. As regards the attempted Russification of Finland, or the less harshly oppressive but equally arbitrary conduct of the Prussian Government in Posen, it is enough to say that high-handed measures of that nature, if sufficiently relentless, *may* succeed (as the Inquisition succeeded in Spain), but that, carried out under the limitations imposed by even the mildest forms of constitutional government, they are not only doomed to failure, but are an inevitable source of intestinal discord. The present state of Bohemia is an object-lesson on this point.

The case of Ireland is even more conclusive; and I may be excused for examining it at some little length. It is admitted by the writer to whom I have referred above, that "a practical

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identity of language has not prevented a bitter and lasting antipathy between ruler and ruled," but he goes on to question

> whether that antipathy would not have been greater, whether the Irish would not have been more hostile and had a yet keener sense of separateness, if Gaelic had been preserved as the national tongue; whether, in short, they do not know more about England and the English through being able to speak and read and write our tongue.

The last point may be conceded; but the earlier and more pertinent question is negatived by the dates, as well as by the general consensus of those who have studied the subject. It is, I believe, common ground even with writers of the most opposite tendencies, that the prohibition of the use of the Irish language by the Elizabethan reformers was one of the principal causes of the rejection of the reformed liturgy by the bulk of the Irish people (Norman and Keltic alike) with the consequent perpetuation of religious rather than racial animosity from which we have been suffering ever since. It does not seem possible to account otherwise for the remarkable manner in which the lines of political and religious cleavage in Ireland coincide with one another, and with the linguistic antecedents of the people. This, at least, is clear, that no such animosity existed in the Plantagenet period, and that its rise was synchronous, or nearly so, with the inauguration of the policy in question. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* is not *always* unsound logic, and there are independent reasons for accepting the connection in the present instance. During the three hundred years, or thereabouts, that elapsed between the original invasion and Tyrone's rebellion, although the independent chieftains were always, of course, at feud with the conquerors—and for that matter with one another—the Keltic populations of the conquered districts lived in the greatest harmony with their Norman rulers, between whom and them a spirit of clanship had sprung up which has not entirely disappeared even among the dissensions of the present day.

And apart from this question of language it is not easy to account for the different reception of the Reformation (and

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this is, as I have said, at the root of the Irish difficulty) in Scotland and in Ireland. The new doctrines were eagerly accepted by the Keltic populations of Wales and the Scottish Highlands, and as passionately rejected by the Kelts in Ireland —and not only by them, but also by the descendants of Norman conquerors and Danish settlers, whose congeners in their original homes were among the warmest champions of the change. Why? I can see no answer except the one. It was because the new doctrines appealed to one set of men in the language which they loved, and with which they were familiar, and were forced upon the others in a foreign, and to them meaningless, guise. At any rate this remarkable divergence cannot be accounted for either by racial differences, for none such existed, or by any substantial diversity in the political conditions of the time. If a considerable part of Ireland had been but recently reduced to submission, it was but a few years since the saying that "Forth bridles the wild Highlandman" had lost its forcible application; and the Saxons of the Lowlands were at least as obnoxious to the Gaels of Scotland as the English of the Pale to those of Ireland. Nay more; Ireland under the Anglo-Norman chiefs was rapidly becoming, not indeed Anglified, but assimilated; and although these chiefs themselves, under the "prepotent" influences of their Keltic surroundings, had in many ways become *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, their loyalty to the Crown and the English connection (which is the point here) was never in question. It is true that, having been strongly attached to the Yorkist cause in the Wars of the Roses, they acquiesced but slowly and sullenly in the Government of Henry VII., and were only too ready to welcome the imposture of Perkin Warbeck; but even then they never dreamt of "breaking away," and the memorable Act of Parliament deliberately designed to consolidate the Union was passed in that reign. That this was sought by way of vassalage, and not, as now, of partnership, had an important bearing on the subsequent history, but is foreign to our present purpose. Nor was this feeling confined to the Pale proper, or

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even to the districts which, though outside the Pale, were subject to the influence of the Norman Lords. Tyrone and Tyrconnel, though still independent, were—at least in the next reign—not unwilling to "make their submission," if only the O'Neils and O'Donnels could have been guaranteed the same measure of internal autonomy as was then, and for long afterwards, enjoyed by the McIntoshes, the McKenzies, and the McPhersons. Yet before the end of Elizabeth's reign all Ireland was in flames, and although the rebellion was stamped out by measures very different from those now meted out to the rebels in Cape Colony, the hostility then generated has lasted to the present day, and has long outlasted, as might have been expected, the causes that originally produced it. Whence this widespread outburst of animosity, which extended, be it observed, even to the Fitzgeralds of Desmond the De Burgos of Clanrickard? That it arose contemporaneously, or nearly so, with the attempt to force the reformed ritual upon the people, and manifested itself, among other ways, in pronounced sympathy with Spain in her quarrel with Elizabeth, can be accounted for by religious fervour, but does not account for the existence of that fervour itself. And the Reformation, in its early stages, met with less opposition in Ireland than in England. All the bishops except two, and the great bulk of the clergy, conformed at once, apparently without any reluctance on the part of their flocks; and it was not until the proclamation was issued prohibiting the Gaelic services, and directing, with almost superhuman fatuity, that where English was not understood the service might be read in *Latin*, that there was any extensive manifestation of dissent from the new Order. It need hardly be said that English was then, to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Irish people, an even more "unknown tongue" than Latin itself; or that, for all the information they conveyed, the services might as well have been read in Sanscrit as in either. What wonder then, that the people turned rather to the *unauthorised* priests who spoke to them words which they understood, than to those who

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either could not, or dared not, address them in the only tongue they knew anything about.

The writer I have quoted seems to assume that but for the suppression of Gaelic the Irish people would not have been able to speak and read and write our tongue. But that was not the alternative; no one, so far as I know or believe, has ever suggested that Gaelic ought to have been then, or that Taal or Dutch ought to be now, made an exclusive language; the most vehement opponents of the Elizabethan policy never contended, nor do the advocates of the revival of Gaelic now contend, that the people ought not to be taught to speak and read and write English. In point of fact, the use of English as a vernacular in the west and north-west of Ireland has extended more rapidly during the last sixty years, since the revival of Keltic scholarship, than in the previous two centuries and upwards, during which the Irish language was practically tabooed. Within my own personal memory but few of the elders in the glens of Antrim could speak English with fluency, and the young people were for the most part bilingual; now there is not, I believe, a single person there who does not speak English preferentially, and it is the sole tongue of the great bulk of the population.

I have dwelt specially on the case of Ireland: first, because it is so precisely in point, and secondly, because it is pre-eminently one of those historical examples mentioned by Livy, *foedum inceptu, foedum exitu, quod vites;* but the argument to be adduced from it is considerably strengthened by the present troubles in Austria as between the Czechs and the Government. It is not too much to say that the people of Bohemia might have continued to submit to their existing disabilities (which are not so unsubstantial as some people seem to suppose) with patience, if without contentment, for many years to come, as they have done for so long in the past, if they had not been lashed into fury by the recent resistance to the recognition of their language on the part of the Germans. Nor do I doubt that the remarkable subsidence of

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disaffection in Lower Canada, a disaffection which within the memory of men still living was a source of serious anxiety in this country, is greatly due to the equality of treatment granted to the French-speaking population in the matter of their language. Those who recollect the discussions which took place at the time when the federation was in contemplation will have no difficulty in accepting this view.

The case of Malta further supports my contention. I maintain, indeed, that the use of English ought always to have been admissible there, and that the Order in Council of March 1899 did no more in that respect than remove an indefensible monopoly; and even the supersession of Italian can be justified on the ground that Italian has no greater hold on the inhabitants than English itself. Even if the language so preferred had been the local vernacular, that would not have justified the preferential treatment accorded to it by Sir G. C. Lewis; the utmost that such a vernacular can reasonably look for is equality of treatment; but I fail to see how the admitted evils produced by one monopoly can furnish any ground for the imposition of another. Nor can any argument be deduced from the conduct of the United States. The foreign element there consists of voluntary immigrants, who must take the country of their adoption as they find it, and have no more right to carry with them their own language than any other of their home institutions. Let us wait and see how the United States will deal with the use of Spanish in the Philippines; it needs no prophet to foretell a great aggravation of their difficulties there in the highly improbable case of their refusing to recognise in their official dealings in the islands the only language that is "understanded of the people."

So far I have considered this question in the light of history and precedent only, but the conclusions of *à priori* reasoning seem to me to point in the same direction. For this purpose, however, we must distinguish between three cases, which lie in essentially different planes, and are subject to

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very different considerations—I mean the question of the language to be employed in the schools, law courts, Legislature, and Government offices of the South-African colonies. Whether it is or is not advisable to restrict the Legislature or the Government offices to the use of a single language is a question depending largely upon local or temporary considerations. It is certain that the language of the "predominant partner" will always, if left to itself, establish eventually its own supremacy—a result which could hardly be retarded, and would even presumably be accelerated, by the fact that that supremacy was due to economic causes merely, and not to any arbitrary enactment.[1] The case of the Legislative Council in India is directly in point. There it is admissible for any Native member to address the Council in Urdu if he pleases, though in such cases his speech would be recorded in an English translation, not in the original; and I believe that in the early history of the Council such speeches were not uncommon; but the practice has completely died out. During my tenure of office there no such speech was ever delivered, though I was more than once requested by members who could not speak English readily to read out their speeches for them, the MS. being supplied to me in an English translation which they had procured for themselves. When a man comes to feel that he is only wasting his time and energy in "speaking ten thousand words in an unknown tongue" he will not continue the practice, unless it is made a point of honour with him to do so by way of protest against a restriction which he feels to be oppressive. I recently had an opportunity of consulting on this point a gentleman who has been for some twenty years a member of the Dominion

[1] The case of the English language itself seems at first sight opposed to this view, but the Saxon (or rather, British) element was, in fact, the "prepotent" one in the England of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, just as the Keltic element was in Norman Ireland during the same period—the rulers were *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. There is no similarity in the conditions of South Africa.

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House of Commons in Canada. He said that by their constitution every question has to be put both in French and English, and that this involved a certain waste of time; and that all votes and proceedings were printed in both languages, which caused a slight increase in expenditure; that the right of addressing the House in French was not very extensively used, and was not, he thought, productive of serious inconvenience; though he added, rather to my surprise, that the practice was not on the decrease; the only practical effect of it, however, was that, as almost all the Quebec members understand English, while many of the others do not know French, speeches in the latter language failed somewhat—at least potentially—in influence. In my opinion, it is rather a pity that Mr. O'Donnell was not allowed to air his Gaelic in the House of Commons last Session; no harm would have been done beyond a little waste of not very valuable time, and any repetition of the performance would have been simply ridiculous; whereas the refusal to hear him has lent in certain quarters a sort of halo to the incident.

The case of the courts of law stands on a totally different footing. Advocacy, to be of any value at all, must be expressed in a language familiar to the judge or judges, and it must depend on the constitution of the particular tribunal what that language ought to be. In the case of the South African Colonies I "should be surprised to hear" that any one was appointed to a judicial office, however subordinate, to whom English was not familiar; yet there might well be cases there in which the power of addressing a jury—I presume there *will* be trial by jury there—in Dutch, or even in Taal, would be of the highest importance in the interests of justice. Here again it may be worth while to look at the example of India. In all the High Courts, and in the district courts, at least in the "Regulation Provinces,"[1] English is the accepted language of

[1] I have been told that in Oude, Urdu is the exclusive language of the courts, and that English barristers are liable to be silenced if they attempt to address the courts in English; but that the judges never take the objection

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advocacy, though I know of no rule which would preclude a vakeel from the use of Urdu or Bengali except that he would know that his argument would be more likely to be effectual if delivered in English. Indeed, I have reason to believe that in up-country places this course is often adopted. But the evidence of witnesses is in every case taken and recorded in the local vernacular, unless the witness himself prefers to testify in English. That in cases of revision or appeal an English translation accompanies the record for the use of the superior court does not affect the present question. To require that English only should be recognised in the courts is sometimes productive of inconvenience even in England in the case of foreign witnesses, and I have more than once seen both judge and counsel considerably handicapped by the incompetence of an interpreter whom they were personally able, but officially forbidden, to correct; but in a country the majority of whose inhabitants are unfamiliar with the language it would constantly operate as a complete denial of justice. The same principle which produced the Maltese Order in Council in favour of English ought to be applied in favour of the local vernacular wherever there is a population of any appreciable magnitude who habitually use that tongue.

But whatever may be said in favour of the exclusion of local vernaculars from the Legislature and the courts of law, it would be nothing short of suicidal folly to exclude them from the schools. How can any one expect to teach a child anything, unless by explaining it to him in *the language in which he thinks?* The attempt to teach through the medium of a foreign tongue is *ignotum per ignotius*, and puts one in mind of the antiquated plan of teaching Latin in Latin, the latest embers of which were still smouldering in my own school-days. Here again we may usefully refer to our experience in India. The endeavour to teach English to Bengalees through the medium of English, only partially successful even at the Uni-

unless it is pressed by the adversary. I had no opportunity of verifying the statement.

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versity, has, as I was informed, been practically abandoned, not only in the primary schools but throughout the province, with a partial exception in the case of Eurasians; and this although a considerable and increasing minority of the pupils are able to understand, and even to express themselves to a certain extent in, English. On the other hand, English books are extensively read and eagerly sought for by the more advanced students, such as the members of the Chaitanya Library and other similar institutions, who have learned English as a foreign tongue, but who often show a knowledge of the language and an appreciation of its literature calculated to put to shame the average output even of our public schools.

Again, it is practically impossible to eradicate *brevi manu* the language of any people or district in favour of any other, however superior that other may be, either in the extent of its vogue, the character of its literature, or its general utility. Where anything of the sort is desired, the most direct (and the *only* rational) course is to introduce the wished-for language side by side with the other, and to trust that eventually through one or more bilingual generations the superior language will assert its superiority. This is the more feasible in South Africa, as the majority of the Dutch population is bilingual already. And such superiority, where it exists, will make itself felt all the more readily if adherence to the inferior tongue has not been made a point of national conscience. The latest reports from the annexed districts show that this is taking place already.

A recent writer in discussing this question urges three points he would have us bear in mind. First, "that the Boer Taal—a clipped and barren dialect, as useless outside South Africa as it is inadequate for the purposes of twentieth century speech inside—has no sound claim even in philology to be placed on an equality with a great literature and a great commerce." All the more reason for leaving the competing languages to fight out the battle on economic grounds alone, and all the more ground for confidence in the ultimate victory of the superior

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tongue. Not that the extinction of a dialect can ever be a rapid process. For generations, perhaps for centuries to come, traces of Taal may linger in South Africa, as traces of Armorican and Basque are found to this day in Brittany and Northern Spain; but just as English has practically superseded Gaelic, in spite of its extensive and valuable literature, not only in Ireland but throughout the mainland of Scotland, and is steadily, if slowly, pushing on one side the vernaculars in all the principal towns in India, so we may reasonably expect that—given fair play—it will in due time assert its supremacy over Dutch and Taal in South Africa.

The second contention is that, "by allowing the dual system in Cape Colony, we have put a weapon of disaffection in the hands of the Afrikander Bond which they have deliberately used as an instrument of treason." I see no ground for this assertion. It is indeed probable that so far as the Bond or some of its members have been guilty of treason (or sedition) they have used as their instrument the language most readily accessible to the understandings of their readers or hearers; but they would have done this in any case, and no official proscription of the language would have checked them in the least, unless, indeed, we had prohibited all printing and public speaking in the language—an excess of tyranny quite inconceivable on our part—and the only effect of such official proscription would have been that rather fewer of our *friends* might have been able to understand and expose the seditious utterances.

The third point is that "any settlement of the language question in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to be complete should be made to apply also to Cape Colony." In that I agree; and the fact that it would now be impracticable as well as tyrannical to retrace our steps in Cape Colony is a cogent—though not the most conclusive—argument against the course of action advocated in the article from which I have been quoting.

At the same time let me not be misunderstood. I am as

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anxious as the writer of that article can be "to ensure the supremacy of our language by making it worth the while of the Boers to learn it"; but I think that we can do this better —more honestly, and even more rapidly—by not exciting deservedly or undeservedly a feeling of injustice or hardship in their minds.

I should be sorry to see any language—Taal, Dutch, Kaffir, or any other—given any privilege or preference over English anywhere. In the Legislature I do not doubt that the same causes which have produced the practical monopoly of English in India will operate similarly in South Africa; in the Government offices we should obviously require a competent knowledge of English in every officer not merely ministerial, and even then in all above the rank of clerk; in the courts, the records should naturally be kept in English, or where in Dutch, accompanied with an English translation, while every suitor or advocate should of course be at liberty, and should be encouraged, to address the court in English; in the schools we should make familiarity with English, both literary and colloquial, a *sine qua non* to the appointment of teacher in any school subsidised or recognised by Government, and should make English a necessary part of the curriculum of every such school and the medium of instruction to all children whose natural language it was, or whose parents desired it. And the success already attained by the English schools lately started in Orange River Colony shows how little we should have to fear failure in such a course of action. In fact it is already apparent that unless we ourselves provoke a recrudescence of the hostility to our language which was artificially produced by the Boer Government in the Transvaal, no difficulty will be met with in securing, almost at once, for the use of English in every corner of the Colonies, not merely equality but preference.

Our aim should be such a complete amalgamation of the contending races in South Africa as was effected between Norman and Saxon in England. That process took upwards of two hundred years; but does any sane man believe that it would

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have been better or more speedily effected if the use of French had been given a monopoly by law? On the contrary, it had barely begun to make itself felt after the use of English had become common. The question is a vital one, both from its intrinsic importance, and the fact that a wrong step taken now may have far-reaching consequences, consequences that will last—as we see to our cost in Ireland—long after the error has been recognised and deplored, and the wrong step as far as may be retracted.

ALEXANDER E. MILLER.

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OUR GERMAN ALLY

THE storm of vituperation of England which has recently swept across Europe, and apparently culminated in Germany, seems to have taken this country by surprise, and to have been received with a growing feeling of bewilderment, but there are very few people who would dissent from Lord Rosebery's statement that in the whole history of England "there is no parallel to the hatred and ill-will with which we are regarded almost unanimously by the peoples of Europe." Various causes are assigned for this state of affairs, but the majority of us have now settled down to the comfortable belief that it is our wealth, greatness, and power that alone excite envy and malice.

The extreme confusion of the public mind on the question of our relations with foreign Powers is only to be explained by our singular inacquaintance with foreign affairs, and the fatal habit of ignoring all unpleasant truths and refusing to recognise the changed conditions of the world. Were it not for this fatal blindness we sho 'd have realised for years past the steady growth of an anti-En lish feeling in Germany, and should not wake up suddenly to find ourselves confronted by a hostility which, despite all assertions to the contrary, extends to all classes and ranks of German society. It is no artificial movement, as we are assured by our statesmen, but embraces every rank and profession—the Press, the University, even the women, whose influence is considerable in a country which,

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despite its pursuit of material wealth, is still largely governed by sentiment. As for the Press, it is a fact that at no time—not even during the most scurrilous attacks of the Paris Press—did the excesses of the Continental journals equal those of Germany in sustained depreciation of this country. Notwithstanding all this, we have been assured by our statesmen that the movement was artificial, and when this position became a little difficult of tenure we were told that the movement was one of those uncontrollable sporadic waves which are beyond the control of Governments, and that the Kaiser was friendly to us and the attitude of official Germany strictly correct.

The attitude of the Kaiser and his Government must be considered later, but the contention that the lucubrations of the Press could not be controlled, or even influenced by him, is incredible to those who know anything of Germany. The Teutonic Press is not muzzled like that of Russia, but at the same time it by no means enjoys the liberty accorded to that of the United States, France or England. The licence allowed in the two Republics, where we see a Yellow Press and a Gutter Journalism rioting unchecked, is vastly greater than in this country, but the gulf between liberty of the Press as understood here and in Germany is even greater. If any one doubts the control exercised over the German Press by the Government, let him try to imagine the journals which abuse England bestowing a fifth part of such abuse on Russia, or even criticising their own Government in equally frank terms. Such a thing is unheard of, and no student of German journalism can fail to have noticed, synchronous with the attacks on England, the careful manipulation of public sentiment through the Press as regards France and Russia. It must be remembered that the attacks come from semi-official and reputable journals, and that, moreover, papers by naval and military officers continually appear demonstrating the practicability of an invasion of England, and advocating naval expansion as the necessary means for destroying the British command of the sea. It is as well to get rid of both these delusions—that the anti-British

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feeling is artificially stimulated, and that it is an affair only of the Press and lower orders, and does not affect politicians. We have to face the fact of this antagonism—"this great smouldering and even sometimes flaming ill-will, full of contingent peril, if not of immediate danger," in Lord Rosebery's words—and it is the gravest mistake to impute this widespread feeling to no sounder basis than that of envy.

There are many reasons, little understood, why Germany should regard this country with feelings of antagonism. Ever since 1870 she has devoted herself with increasing energy to the development of her commerce, her industries, and latterly her sea-power. To forward these aims she embarked on a colonial policy—too late in the day to secure anything of really great value—first in Africa, then in the Pacific, and lastly in China. To support this policy she has yearly devoted an increasing attention to all questions connected with the sea; for, debarred from expansion on the continent of Europe, for the present at least, and with a large surplus population, she was compelled to look seawards. "Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser" became the national cry. Unsuccessful in her acquisition of colonies, she has made enormous strides in her commerce and manufactures, and in a very short time will have been transformed from an agricultural into an industrial country. Already we find German shipbuilding-yards turning out the biggest and fastest Atlantic and Far Eastern steamers, Hamburg surpassing the shipping of London, the Atlantic trade passing into German hands, and British ocean steamer lines being transferred to them in the Far East. German foreign trade is greatly stimulated by the heavy subsidies granted to her shipping. The exact extent of the protection granted cannot be estimated, for it consists largely in protection afforded by exemption from payment of customs duties and by preferential railway rates. Under this system German foreign shipping in every quarter has been increasing by leaps and bounds. For instance, German exports to East Africa have increased in eight years nearly 500 per cent., and the

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tonnage 600 per cent.; while the North German Lloyd service to Asia increased in five years 250 per cent., and the Australian traffic is also rapidly increasing. The German companies are all thoroughly organised and work in the closest co-operation with their Government.

While making such material progress abroad, it must be remembered that internally Germany is passing through a severe industrial crisis. Much of the state of affairs is, no doubt, due to the artificially stimulated movement by which she has so rapidly been pushed into the ranks of manufacturing and industrial countries. The slump is the natural consequence of the boom, and may also be considered as part of the general depression which has swept over industrial Europe. It is a well-known phenomenon that such waves do occur without any tangible cause at different periods of Continental history.

The feeling of rivalry by which Germany, with her naval and commercial aspirations, has been actuated, has been rendered more acute by her successes and embittered by her financial difficulties, but the spark which fired the mine has undoubtedly been the long-protracted Boer war. During that war the anti-British feeling has increased from envy and rivalry to one of dislike and bitterness. Sentiment at first played a large part—a not unnatural sympathy with the weaker side—but had the war been brought to a speedy and brilliant conclusion we should have heard little of sentiment and a great deal of admiration for our prowess, as on the occasion of the Sudan campaign, when the German Press were loud in their laudations, and the Kaiser sent one of his famous telegrams to the successful commander. Nothing succeeds like success—nothing commands so much love and respect in international as in social life.

The misrepresentations of the South African War in the Continental Press have added fuel to the fire, and to the charge of incapacity has been added that of monstrosity, but the true reason for the torrent of abuse which has been poured out lies in the current belief among other nations that England has

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lost her masterfulness. Rich still, and capable of a certain reckless daring, she fails to command the respect which is born of fear in the bosoms of those Powers who are her natural rivals. We have always earned for ourselves a measure of unpopularity by our airs of superiority—mental, moral and physical—and there is besides a deeply-rooted feeling in Germany, voiced even by such temperate statesmen as Von Brandt, that we have shown a most sordid selfishness and callous indifference to the interests of others in our international relations. There is a certain irony in this statement from the lips of German statesmen, but the effect on the people is the same as if it were altogether deserved, and there is a general impression that our foreign policy is as unscrupulous as it is opportunist.

To understand clearly the present position of Germany and other Powers as regards ourselves, it is necessary to give a brief retrospect of the past thirty years. The broad lines of European policy must be brought to mind and clearly held in view. The Triple Alliance, between Germany, Austria and Italy, inaugurated some dozen years after the Franco-German War—an alliance whose object was the protection of the central European States against Russia and France—has for many years past been losing its effectiveness. The reasons lie partly in the many differences of race, religion, and diverse interests which make Austro-Hungary a country "with two bodies, two wills and one head." Only the consummate tact of the present Emperor could hold together this amalgamation of Slav, Teuton and Magyar. Already a weak partner in the Triple Alliance, with the death of the Emperor, who can foresee the result? The third, Italy, suffers also from internal dissension, and is in grave financial straits through the crushing military burdens imposed by the Alliance. The desperate adventure embarked on by Italy ended in disaster, and she is to-day an almost negligible quantity in the calculation of European forces. Meanwhile Germany was developing at an enormous pace, and becoming a great commercial and naval

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Power. Russia, too, was consolidating herself and waxing more and more powerful. Advances made by France ended in 1891 in the long-desired *entente*, and it became apparent that the Triple Alliance was not a sufficient protection for Germany against two such powerful neighbours, one of these, too, animated by the desire for revenge. She was between the upper and nether millstone, and a secret understanding was therefore effected with Russia by Bismarck. There followed soon after a *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia, an evident necessity in view of the growing ambitions of Russia in the direction of the Balkan States. Italy was thus left isolated, and with her long sea-coast and her peculiar situation in Europe, and with grave political and financial difficulties, she has found it no easy matter to provide the necessary naval defence.

Friendly relations, if not active alliance, with Russia have been the keynote of German policy throughout the nineteenth century. It was the corner-stone of Bismarck's policy during the critical period when modern Germany was being made. Interrupted by the events of 1878, and subsequently revived, it underwent another shock on the death of Bismarck, to be restored only on the retirement of his successor, and cemented apparently on a firmer basis still by the arrangement between the three Powers after the Treaty of Shimonoseki. Across the Rhine the relations of Germany with her old enemy were improved, the old *revanche* feeling giving way to a less bitter spirit, a disposition cleverly manipulated on many occasions from Berlin. This new development was evidently necessary in view of the relations of Germany with Russia and the growing strength of the Franco-Russian alliance.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, especially since 1870, which gave so powerful a position to Germany in Central Europe, the Continental Powers became infected with the rage for colonisation. They looked round the world, to find most of the white man's countries occupied, and even the better of the tropical regions, but in Africa, the Far East and

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the Pacific there still remained certain fragments to be picked up. The scramble for Africa came first, then the Pacific, then China. Africa was soon parcelled out, the Pacific islands annexed, and in China the process of acquisition, though still in its infancy, is in active operation. The chief motives of colonisation—an overflow population and the need for new markets—added to the spirit of adventure which runs strong in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, have carried him to all quarters of the globe, but different motives were also at work in the colonisation of Germany, Russia and France.

Germany and Russia have an overflow, and the former has been obliged to watch the assimilation of her best material by countries like the United States. France has a stationary population, and her colonisation is purely for political purposes. Russia was able to use her overflow for political purposes while giving them white men's countries to colonise. All three, however, followed the same policy of expansion, and were bound together by a thread of mutual interest, half defined, which was to prevent the further encroachments of the Power which had licked up already so much of the habitable globe.

Under such circumstances took place the Chino-Japanese War, and at its conclusion the common action of Russia, France, and Germany in evicting Japan from the Liao-tung peninsula made it evident that in the Far East, at all events, a new Triple Alliance was in force. This action of protecting China from Japan is considerably illuminated by the events that followed, in the course of which Russia obtained a firm hold on Manchuria, and Germany Kiaochau and a dominant position in Shantung, while France obtained her reward later on in the shape of concessions in Southern China. It is true that Great Britain joined in this not very reputable game of grab, but in every case her action was taken on the principle, of which we have heard so much, of "counter-strokes."

It will be remembered that not long after the expulsion of Japan from the Liao-tung peninsula by the action of the three Powers, with the tacit acquiescence of this country, there came

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a bolt from the blue in the first days of 1896 in the shape of the famous Kaiser-Kruger telegram. The telegram aroused a great storm of indignation at the time, but after the explosion and the inevitable reaction there began to be apparent an increasing tendency on the part of our Government, supported by the Press generally, to lean more and more towards Germany, and the evident results of this policy were the acknowledgment of the German action at Kiaochau in 1897 (the first territorial acquisition in China made by any Power), the Anglo-German Agreement of 1898 regarding South Africa, and another in 1900 concerning China, or rather regarding the Yangtsze Valley, as has since transpired. The first was meant as a check to Russia, and was the initial step taken by this country to make use of Germany as a buffer against Russia. The second was with the purpose of avoiding any interference, in which Germany might possibly participate, in South Africa —this in view of certain contingencies, for which a heavy price was probably paid. Within a year of that Agreement the misunderstanding between the Boer Republics and England culminated in war. From that time the attitude of the German Government has varied little; officially correct, public opinion has, to say the least of it, not been influenced in our favour, and the feeling against this country has grown in intensity as time went by. About a year later, in the autumn of 1900, England again found herself in a position—this time in the Far East—to need support from Germany, something more than mere abstention from joining in any active policy against us. We needed solid support against Russia, and thus the Anglo-German Agreement was concluded. In the sequel it appeared—what might have been foreseen all through—that Germany was not at all prepared to assume a position which would in any way antagonise Russia, and with a frankness so brutal that it must have been calculated, it was explained that the Agreement had no reference whatever to Russian claims in the north, which possessed no possible interest for Germany. At the same time, the whole conduct

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of Waldersee in North China favoured Russia in a most marked degree, and finally it became clear that the result of the Agreement was merely to give Germany a reversionary claim to half the Yangtsze Valley whenever the question of that region should arise, Germany meanwhile covertly supporting the diplomatic position of Russia in Manchuria, while England was vainly opposing the conclusion of a convention which would give the Czar that territory outright. So far did Germany go in this direction that Russia was actually encouraged to swallow Manchuria at one bite, but the *rôle* was overdone; encouragement from such a quarter enjoined a policy of extreme prudence, and thus was brought about the apparent retreat of Russia and nominal handing back of Manchuria to China under a new convention—signed or unsigned matters very little indeed.

In judging the conduct of Germany, and our own complaisance so far as she has been concerned, we must remember the sequence of events, which may be briefly recapitulated. In 1897 she obtained the acknowledgment by this country of her occupation of Kiaochau (the first active foreign aggression in China). In 1898 she obtained an agreement regarding Portuguese territory in South Africa, the character of which has never been made public though there is reason to believe that the price paid by this country was considerable. Finally, in 1900 came the agreement regarding China already described. This *aide-mémoire* will establish how extremely rapid was the conversion of this country, especially of the Government, from an attitude of extreme resentment and suspicion (after the telegram of 1896) to one of growing reliance, and eventually dependence on Germany.

Having roughly brought affairs up to date, and demonstrated that from a variety of causes, popular feeling in Germany is strong against Britain and Government support as bestowed by agreements worth exceedingly little, let us see what are the proposals for the future guidance of our relations with our German ally.

It is just now a favourite argument with a certain school

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that a readjustment of our foreign relations is necessary, and that an opportunity offers itself in connection with recent developments in the Persian Gulf. In view of the conduct of Germany in the Far East despite her agreements with this country, and of the undisguised enmity displayed by her press and people towards this country, it is argued that we should seek to ally ourselves with Russia, and use her as a buffer against Germany, just as we recently attempted to utilise Germany against Russia. We are to transfer our insurance policies from the *Germania* to the *Rossia* company.

It is now said that Germany constitutes our great danger, and not Russia, as has hitherto been argued, and proposals have been appearing in favour of an understanding with the latter. The methods suggested by which that "consummation devoutly to be wished" may be obtained vary in detail, but all bear the same general character—that of yielding voluntarily in advance what Russia is supposed to want, viz., freedom of action in the Persian Gulf and tacit opposition on our part to the ambitions of Germany in that sphere.

In order to appreciate this proposal, let us see how affairs stand at present in what has hitherto been considered a British sphere. The trade of the Persian Gulf amounts to about five millions sterling, of which nearly three are British and Indian, the German share being some £38,000, and the Russian only about £570. Four-fifths of the tonnage is British, Germany and Russia possessing no shipping in this quarter. Although the present share of Germany in the trade is so small, she is determined to increase it, and with that end in view has for some years past been endeavouring to secure from Constantinople the concession for a railway from the Mediterranean to Baghdad, and thence to Busrah or Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. This very important line of communication between the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, the principal section of the future Indo-European overland route, was taken up by German financiers, who are perfectly aware of the future value of this great world-highway.

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It may be noted that this is one of the many routes which have been pioneered by Englishmen to be afterwards taken up by the Governments of foreign nations. Until lately the attitude of Britain towards Germany in this part of the world has been one of encouragement, and the connection of the proposed German line with the extension of the Indian system through Beluchistan and Southern Persia has been looked upon as desirable in itself, and affording at the same time an effective bar to Russian ambitions in the Gulf. Even if the junction of railways was not effected, it was argued that the presence of Germany would act as a hindrance to Russia.

As already pointed out, the underlying idea of the proposals now made is that, Germany being the greater danger, we should strike a bargain with Russia, just as hitherto, considering Russia our chief stumbling-block, we have turned to Germany. It is claimed as among the advantages of an agreement with Russia that the existing alliance between Russia and France would not be disturbed thereby, nor would an *entente* between Japan and Britain be in any way prevented. It is said that these proposals have been well received in Paris and Tokio. As regards the first contention it is difficult to pronounce judgment, but, so far as Japan is concerned, it must be remembered that it is not long since we tried to employ her as a buffer against Russia, and, in view of the necessary divergence of views on Far Eastern questions at St. Petersburg and Tokio, it would be an extremely delicate office for a self-elected intermediary to hold the balance. If Japan and Russia succeed in establishing a *modus vivendi* it will not be due to European intervention.

The points in the policy of Russia at the present time which give a favourable opportunity for a *rapprochement* with Britain are stated to be as follows. First: a desire for peace, in order to work out her railway and economic schemes. Of this it may be remarked that although it is perfectly true, Russia having swallowed so much that a short period of digestion is necessary, yet the peace of Russia in no way depends on us, nor are we in a position either to guarantee or disturb it. Secondly: access to

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the sea on the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf. As regards the Mediterranean the question is extremely involved, other European Powers having equal interests there with ourselves, and in this sphere Russia will meet with active opposition from Germany and tacit opposition from France. In any case we are not in a position to forward materially the ambitions of Russia, even had we the desire to do so. There remains, therefore, the Persian Gulf question, and it is here that the suggested concessions are to be made, always, however, with certain restrictions to protect our own interests. The advocates for this policy declare that we shall be killing two birds with one stone in that we gain the quiescence of Russia at other sensitive spots where her empire is in contact with ours, while by inviting her to the Persian Gulf we checkmate the ambitions of Germany in that sphere.

It must be understood, however, that in granting Russia what she wants in the Persian Gulf it is out of the question to attach any stipulations to the "free hand" which we propose to give her, for it is clear that if she has railways they must be fortified, and the hinterland must fall consequently under her control.

What would be the advantage to Russia of such a concession on our part, and what should we gain by it?

It is maintained that the Persian Gulf is now the focus of all the dangers threatening us at the hands of Russia, that she has set her heart on this fresh outlet to the sun and sea, and that it is necessary for the economic development of her Central Asian possessions. If we yield to her in this matter, we are told, as has already been said, that we shall secure relief from pressure elsewhere—in the Far East, on the Afghan frontier, and so forth. It is not, however, very long since we were told that if we yielded in the Far East Russia would not press us elsewhere, since her one ambition was ice-free ports on the Pacific. Clearly it is not safe to base any argument on the limitations of Russia's ambitions. The advocates of this policy have never yet been able to advance any tenable reason for her desire to establish

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herself on the Gulf *except a political one.* She has no trade, and no prospect of trade, except such as may ultimately be developed in the hinterland, but once she has run her lines south to the Gulf, and has established another Port Arthur there, she will be in a position to cut our communication between India and the Mediterranean—a matter of the gravest importance to this country. There are other considerations in connection with the defence of India which cannot be dealt with here.

The bribe which we are to offer Russia for the hypothetical advantage of her "non-pressure" in other parts of the globe involves, then, a sacrifice wholly out of proportion with the benefits to be received. It is, however, pointed out that it is merely proposed to make a virtue of necessity, since Russia intends to come down to the Gulf whether we will or no. This *pour-boire* policy is not one for a great Power. At the same time it is clear that we cannot apply the Monroe doctrine to the Gulf as the United States succeed in doing on the American continent. We cannot exclude other nations from a region which we decline to occupy or accept responsibility for. For these reasons I have continuously advocated the construction of an All British railway from the Mediterranean or from Egypt to India.

Having seen the breakdown of the argument in favour of an understanding with Russia to be bought by concessions, we are face to face with what seems a most unpleasant alternative, in that we cannot be friends with Russia, and Germany will not be friends with us! There is a great outcry about our friendless position, and a general indulgence in those hysterics which are becoming more and more frequent in the press and public life of this country.

We have lost prestige—it is a fact to be faced—and not merely in the streets and *cafés*, but in the *chancelleries* of Europe. It is true, however, that we are stronger than we were a few years back, because we have discovered our own weak points and have realised the importance of cementing our scattered Empire. The self-sufficient and lofty attitude

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of the mother-country is a thing of the past, and the British dominions beyond the seas must in the future be taken into account in all considerations affecting the Empire. There is another element in the future of the world of which little notice has been taken in this discussion. The Power of the future is the United States, who, forced by her destiny into a foreign policy, must largely affect the movements of European and Asiatic Powers in the coming century. United to us by speech and kindred, she is also bound by ties of common interest and policy. At this stage of our career, when we are harassed at many points, it would be a fatal mistake to make any sacrifices to ensure the support of one Continental Power against another. Nor is our position, so far as they are concerned, one of immediate and pressing danger.

Russia, always active, is nevertheless financially embarrassed and has her hands full with famine, over-stimulation of her industries, railways and schemes of colonisation; Germany, in the throes of an industrial revolution, groans under an inflated militarism: both are honeycombed with Socialism.

It is only recently that Great Britain, departing from her traditional policy, which has been to avoid entangling alliances and keep outside the web of Continental politics, has begun to rely on foreign support, and the success of that experiment has not been of a character to encourage any further steps in this direction.

If we look well to our defences, reform our system of education, consolidate our empire and follow out a consistent and steady foreign policy, we need fear nothing from the bugbear of Continental combinations, and it is in this attitude of reform and self-reliance that our safety lies, and not in any opportunist manipulation of Continental rivalries. John Bull must wake up—not only from the somnolence of the past, but from his present nightmare of unworthy fears and imaginings.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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TRADE AND THE SPADE IN GERMANY

FOR many months the *Zolltarif Gesetz*, or the Customs Tariff Bill, has occupied the foreground of the political stage in Germany. The draft measure, which was published in the Prussian *Gazette* on July 26, 1901, consists of a dozen clauses. The rest of the 167 pages in the big Yellow Book that contains it are required for the detailed schedule of the new projected customs tariff. This list is divided into nineteen sections, with subsections, comprising, among other headings, products of field and forest, minerals, chemical products, leather and leathern wares, spun and woven goods, paper, glass, metals, machines, fire-arms, &c. The general effect of the Bill is to reverse the economic policy associated with the name of Count Caprivi. Its main provision is a heavy increase in the import duties on all kinds of cereals and on cattle, the alteration amounting in some cases to more than 300 per cent. Corresponding with this, the duties on manufacturers' raw materials are in some instances slightly reduced, while the export dues on their manufactured articles are increased, in many cases by as much as from 20 to 100 per cent. The purpose and effect of this double reform are obvious. It abolishes at a stroke the root-principle of the policy of commercial treaties. It substitutes a system of artificial protection for the system of an international division of labour, on which that policy depends. The Hungarian farmer, for example, has

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been accustomed to sell his foodstuffs to Germany at comparatively low rates, and to buy in return cheap implements for his field and cheap toys for his children. Henceforward, under the new tariff, this mutual accommodation will cease. The German factory-hand will have to pay a higher price for his bread and his meat; his master, the manufacturer on a large scale, will command a higher price for the articles he makes. The East Elbian Junker will benefit by the change; German commerce all round will suffer.

The Tariff Bill, as it stands, was introduced into the Imperial Diet in the first week of December. Count von Bülow, the Chancellor, in opening the debate, made a diplomatic and conciliatory speech, and it was plainly the object of the Government bench to represent opposition to the measure as unpatriotic and anti-national. These tactics, cleverly employed, did not by any means succeed in gagging the leaders on the other side. Herr Eugen Richter, the spokesman of moderate Radicalism in Germany, delivered an effective philippic against the Bill, and the attack was sustained by other Cobdenite members, and by the chiefs of the Social Democrats, who represent the working-class interest. The opponents of the measure enjoyed the confidence of the support of vast masses of the population. More than three million signatures were obtained in less than a fortnight to a petition against the Bill. But, on the whole, the debate was disappointing. It was clearly in the nature of a skirmish preliminary to the crucial fight on the second reading. The measure, as drafted and approved by the Council of the Federated Governments, was referred on December 12 to a Parliamentary Committee of twenty-eight members, by whom its actual fate will be decided. Such a committee of the Imperial Diet is like the lion's cave in the fable—most of the footprints point in one direction. Bills have gone into committee, and have never come out again. Others, again, have emerged in so mutilated a condition that the authors of their being have not recognised them. In this purgatory, therefore, the new Customs Tariff Bill may be left

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to the tender mercies of its judges. It is the alleged intention of the Opposition to dispute the measure clause by clause, and to avail itself of all the resources of obstruction till the Government is wearied out. If they persevere with this programme, the German Parliament will be discussing the Tariff Bill till well on towards the summer recess. The dislocation of trade will increase with the growing uncertainty as to the fate of the commercial treaties which expire at the close of next year; and the final shape of the measure will differ so considerably from the present draft that it is more profitable now to examine the circumstances of the legislation than the details of its features. For though the Bill is dated July 26, 1901, its origin is set further back. It is the climax of the long struggle between the moneyed and the landed interests, between industry and agriculture, between free-trade and protection, between trade and the spade, which, by whatever name we call it, will be found in one aspect or another to have dominated German home politics since the Franco-Prussian war. In a sense, it is a legacy of that war, and of the riot of speculation and the confusion of the old frugal standards for which the French indemnity was mainly responsible.

The actual trouble began with Prince Bismarck's dismissal in March 1890. Without going back too far into the politics previous to that date, it is an historical fact that the class from which Bismarck sprang never forgave him his personal promotion. The great Chancellor knew the heart of the Junkertum —of the old, proud, impoverished East Elbian squirearchy, the bulwark, in their own belief, of the Prussian Constitution, to whom the monarchy of Prussia was an object of worship, but the German Empire was at best a vulgar political expedient, who had fought and bled through two wars for fatherland and king, and who now had to sit apart and watch the scramble of the mobs of many cities for the cheap food which would further diminish the value of their ancestral fields. Or, perhaps, they joined in the rout, and were relieved of their savings by more expert speculators than themselves. Bismarck

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knew them through and through, and a chance reflection from his pen in 1871 has a very real significance for the situation in 1902:

> It might be forgiven me [he wrote] that I had risen from country squire to minister, but the votes of money, and, perhaps, the princely title which I accepted so reluctantly, were never to be forgiven. The "Excellency" lay in the sphere of what is commonly attainable and prized; the "Highness" excited the critics. I can sympathise with this feeling, because their criticism corresponded with my own.[1]

Prince Bismarck's breach with the Conservatives, which lasted till his downfall in 1890, and has even outlived his death, helped to define the conflict between the rival interests of the State. For years the Junkers sowed in darkness. All the energies of Government were devoted to the needs of industry, through its various channels of educational reform, factory and labour legislation, steamship subsidies, and so forth. And when Count von Caprivi succeeded to Bismarck's mantle this tendency of national life was given permanent expression in the department of the Foreign Office. In 1891 commercial treaties, terminable on December 31, 1903, were concluded with the Dual Monarchy, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. Others followed rapidly. The chief difficulty was experienced in connection with the Russo-German treaty, which led to a tariff war, prolonged through 1893 to March 1894, when the agreement was finally signed. This was the last of a series binding the German Empire in a trading alliance with all the countries of Europe, with the exception of Portugal, and with the United States, the Argentine Republic, and other lands across the seas. So far, then, the Conservatives, cherishing the agrarian tradition, lost rather than gained by the retirement of the Junker Prince. In a memorandum issued by the German Government in connection with the first batch of treaties, it was expressly stated, in opposition to the economic policy of Prince Bismarck, that Germany was not an agricultural com-

[1] *Gedanken und Erinnerungen.* (From the first German edition.) Vol. ii. p. 165.

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munity, but an *Industriestaat ersten Ranges*, a first-class industrial State; that she could not support her population on the produce of her own soil, and that she must pay for the additional foodstuffs and raw material that she required by the exportation of manufactures, thus asserting the principle of an international division of labour instead of building a Chinese wall between commercial state and state.[1]

Caprivi fell a few years later, and was succeeded in turn by Prince von Hohenlohe; but before examining the effect of this change on the events that have led to the Tariff Bill, there are two accounts to be made up. In the first place, it is to be remarked that the *Junkertum* in actual numbers is an almost negligible fraction of the population of Germany. The big landowners in the empire, the men who cultivate more than 200 hektars (1 hektar = 2·471 acres) of arable or pasture land, are no more than 18,809 out of a population of nearly 58,000,000.[2] Or, if the calculation start with the owners of a

[1] The commercial treaties policy coincided undeniably—whether casually or not—with an increase in German exports. Taking the early years after their conclusion, the total value in marks of goods exported reached in

	Marks.		Marks.
1893 . .	3,244,000,000	1895 . .	3,424,000,000
1894 . .	3,051,000,000	1896 . .	3,753,000,000

The imports in 1896 reached a total of 4,557,000,000 m., against 4,134,000,000 m. in 1893. Again, taking the figures of these two years, we have the following comparative statistics of imports from Germany:

	1893. Marks.		1896. Marks.
Great Britain . .	673,000,000	...	715,000,000
Russia . . .	184,000,000	...	364,000,000
Dual Monarchy . .	120,000,000	...	477,000,000
Switzerland . .	187,000,000	...	243,000,000
Belgium . . .	147,000,000	...	168,000,000

It should be added, in proof of the practical character of Count von Caprivi's legislation, that the number of persons actively engaged in commercial pursuits in Prussia rose by more than 50 per cent. between 1882 and 1895.

[2] These are the statistics of 1896. In 1903, when the commercial treaties expire, the population is estimated at 57 millions. The number of landowners may have likewise increased, but the ratio will hardly vary.

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hundred hektars and upwards, they reach a total of 25,057, or less than ·05 per cent. of the population. The friends of commercial Germany may justly ask if their interests are to be sacrificed to this small but noisy class. High duties on corn, and all legislative enactments for the protection of home-grown produce, positively injure three million German producers, who are obliged to buy as well as to sell; they are indifferent to about a million more, whose sales practically balance their purchases, and they are a distinct gain to less than fourteen thousand of those engaged in agricultural pursuits. It is consistent with the selfishness of human nature that these few thousand big landowners should be anxious to bring about an artificial rise of ground values for their personal advantage; and, politically speaking, many little landowners follow the lead of the big. But it would be wholly inconsistent with human nature if the aggregate of the rest of the population did not resist this artifice as an economic evil extremely injurious to German trade. Secondly, therefore, it is obvious that one must look elsewhere than at the numerical strength of the squirearchy for the secret of their political power. For, clearly, they are of opinion that this is their hour, and that Count von Bülow is their man. They waited through the *régimes* of Bismarck, Caprivi, and Hohenlohe, and now they have chosen to make their spring. If their judgment is correct—and they are past-masters as lobbyists—it is worth while to inquire into the causes of the Government's surrender. In a sense, it is no less. The Agrarian party does not speak in the name even of agricultural Germany. The interests of the Agrarians are as remote from those of the labourers on their farms as the interests of a big ironmaster from those of the village blacksmith. Now, after many years of enforced silence, the Agrarians speak for themselves; and the Tariff Bill which they are exacting undoes the work of those years, and sets aside a policy which has proved, in home affairs and in foreign relations, of incalculable benefit to the vast majority of the German-speaking race.

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These causes of Agrarian predominance may be stated quite briefly. One decisive factor is Parliamentary necessity. Everything has to be paid for at last, and the Tariff Bill for the relief of the agricultural depression is the price—or a part of the price—which the Government is paying for the support of the Conservatives in their so-called *Weltpolitik*. Its various aspects are familiar enough. The colonies that want inhabitants, the ships that are still to be built, the waterways awaiting construction—no part of this policy of expansion would have been inaugurated successfully without the Conservative vote. The two wings of that party contain eighty-four members out of the total of three hundred and ninety-seven; or, if the tiny contingents from the anti-Semitic and Agrarian Leagues be added to their number, they account for about a quarter of the House. The Centre, or Roman Catholic deputies, just exceed another quarter, and can combine with the Conservatives to defeat the National Liberals, Radicals, and Social Democrats, together with the Poles and Alsatians and the rest of the free lances.[1] The loyalty of these two parties to the Government during recent years has been by no means in the nature of a

[1] Roughly speaking, the Imperial Diet is composed of about 100 Conservatives of all denominations, 100 members of the Clerical Centre, 56 Social Democrats, 48 National Liberals, 50 Radicals (moderate and advanced), and a few minor groups. Taking these figures, and comparing them with the official analysis of the electorate, the urgent need of a Redistribution Bill is at once apparent. There voted at the general election of

	1893.		1898.			
German Conservatives	1,038,353	...	872,973	100 members *circa.*		
German Imperialists	438,435	...	331,538			
Anti-Semites	263,861	..	242,046			
Agrarian League (founded 1895)	—	...	121,374			
Centre	1,468,501	...	1,454,278	100	„	„
National Liberals	996,980	...	975,543	48	„	„
Radical Union	258,481	...	194,945	50	„	„
Radical Democrats	666,439	...	553,740			
South-German Democrats	166,757	...	108,493			
Social Democrats	1,786,738	...	2,105,305	56	„	„

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free gift. Besides the price of their allegiance, another cause is discovered in the fact that the Agrarian interest is supreme in the Prussian Diet. Prussia is, of course, the leading State in the German hegemony. The German Emperor is King of Prussia, the Imperial Chancellor is Minister-President of Prussia, and his Majesty's Government, with the best possible intentions, cannot neglect the feeling of the Parliament of the Monarchy in dealing with the Parliament of the Empire. The Prussian elections are still conducted on a limited property-franchise, thus precluding the possibility of a successful democratic attack on the monopoly of the landed interest, and the Conservative supremacy in the Prussian Chamber cannot but influence Count von Bülow along various lines of intrigue in his double Ministerial capacity. A third cause is to be found in the social position of the Agrarians. They are proud to represent the old traditions of Prussia, and the personal friends of the Emperor-King are chiefly recruited from their ranks. It will not be appropriate to dilate on this factor at length, but it may briefly be conjectured that when politics are discussed at the royal shooting-parties, the needs of agriculture assume a prominent place. Lastly, the whole situation is affected by the growth of Social Democracy. The figures quoted in the last foot-note show how absurdly disproportionate are the representatives of that party in the House to their supporters in the constituencies. The Redistribution Bill, which the changes in the population since 1871 have rendered so urgent, is constantly postponed to the fear that Parliament will be swamped by Social Democratic members, and the Agrarian reactionaries are able to cloak their selfish schemes in the convenient guise of an anti-Socialist campaign. One remembers the early attitude of the Emperor towards this problem. When a deputation of Westphalian coal-miners on strike waited on him in 1889, his Majesty told them: "I see in every Social Democrat an enemy of the Empire and the Fatherland. If, therefore, I mark that Social Democratic tendencies are mixed in this movement, I

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shall step in with unrelenting sternness, and shall bring all my power—and it is great!—to bear down upon you." The Imperial purple has never again been trailed so close to the grime of the workaday world, though the sound of the thunder—"and it is great!"—echoes more than once through the Emperor's utterances. Regal history in Europe is not rich in scenes of this kind, but the point to be noted is that the Agrarians have ever been at pains to ferment his Majesty's passion, and to keep his imagination at that picturesque pitch. It is probable that the Emperor exaggerates the importance of the Socialists. They are very far from being active revolutionaries, and if left alone, they would doubtless develop into a constitutional labour party. But their free criticism of the Monarchy is intolerable to a king by Divine right, and their influence and solidarity are actually cemented by the measures adopted against them. Recurring prosecutions on trivial charges of *lèse-majesté*, vexatious legislation against trade unionism and the workmen's rights of speech, combined with the spurious prestige reflected from denunciations in high places, and, not least, the dialectic of their leaders and the activity of their spies in Government offices and in the Army, have made the Socialists a force which cannot be left out of account. The majority of German working men are Social Democrats; hence the Agrarians are supplied with an effective weapon, which they are clever enough to use in their campaign of agriculture *versus* industry.

At this point I return to the end of the Caprivi era. The Conservative reaction, aided by all these causes, was at the height of its disgust with the existing state of things when the author of the commercial treaty policy gave place to Prince von Hohenlohe. *Cunctando restituit rem.* The late Chancellor was a master of Fabian tactics. To watch the old man in the Diet reading his dry, bald statements from a half-sheet of note-paper was an object-lesson in that method. He was appointed as a stop-gap, and he served—to vary the simile—as a bridge between two epochs. It was his duty to keep things quiet,

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and to stave off inconvenient questions, while the Emperor was developing his naval and colonial schemes. The cause did not yet want an orator. As soon as eloquence was required, Count von Bülow, the present Chancellor, was fetched from Rome to the Foreign Office. In the meanwhile Prince Hohenlohe's part was that of the bridegroom's friend. He had to mediate between the parties, and between them and the Emperor. If the anti-Jingoes felt inclined to say, "We don't want a sea-fight, we haven't got the ships, and our taxes are already too high to pay the money too"; if they sent the colonies after the fleet, protesting that the authorities did not possess the colonising instinct, it was the Chancellor's place to soothe the conscientious objector, and by a word here and a wink there to keep the arena still. This was the time of "sops" and bribes; the time, too, in which Anglophobia, adopted years ago by Prince Bismarck as a political engine against English influence at Court, and perfected by Treitschke, the national historian, was revived in the offices of the new Navy League as splendid propaganda for their cause. Later on, when the German Liberals, who had always been England's admirers, were weaned from their friendship by the Boer partisans on the Continent, the Anglophobe sentiment, as employed by the naval enthusiasts, became too general and too outspoken. There are signs in official circles of a fear of having gone too far in this process of educating the German taxpayer into a cheerful acquiescence in schemes for Imperial aggrandisement; but in the early days of the new German Anglophobia a strong antidote was required to correct the disease which went by the cumbrous name of *Reichsverdrossenheit*, or ennui of Empire. The anti-English campaign helped to supply this want. It was assisted, too, by the fact that England's best friends in Germany have always been found in the parties not in power. German Liberals looked to her as the home of the ideals and principles which they expected to put to the test if the Emperor Frederic had lived to reign; and German Socialists respected her as the kindly stepmother of their exiles, as the champion of liberty, and, perhaps, as the

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executioner of Charles I. Dr. Leyds has destroyed a part of this tradition, but in speaking of German Anglophobia it is well to distinguish between its two varieties. There is, first, the manufactured article, contrived by Bismarck and Treitschke, and employed by the Government from time to time through its subtle agencies in the Press to promote political ends. And, secondly, there is the spontaneous sentiment due to the continental view of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of aggression, and of Great Britain's intolerance of the twin Republics struggling to be free. The two kinds may coalesce to outward seeming to-day in a common hatred and abuse, which the British public resents more deeply than it cares to show. But, obviously, there is a difference. Anglophobia as a political engine must be left to the discretion of its engineers, but Anglophobia as an article in the Liberal creed is a misgrowth of so recent a date that a practical protest is legitimate. We owe it to ourselves to assert the true meaning of the Boer war against the industrious calumnies circulated by Dr. Leyds and his mercenaries, and we owe it in a sense to the ancient friendship of German Liberals, to the men of the generation whose hopes withered on the Emperor Frederic's tomb, to be slow to take offence at their present misunderstanding. It is as rash to rebuke the thunder of Jove as to criticise a writer to the *Times*, but one may fairly ask if the Berlin correspondent of that newspaper does not accentuate the division between the two countries by failing to differentiate the invective of our enemies from the misapprehension of our friends. The right side can afford to be forbearing, and a campaign of Press recrimination, a competition of journalistic scores, is at once ungenerous and unnecessary. When German Liberalism returns to its admiration for British example, it should find ready forgiveness for its temporary aberration of judgment, and moral support in its fight against reaction at home—against the party, that is to say, which includes the Agrarians, the Anglophobes, and the Anti-Semites, and all the leagued foes of true liberty and progress.

This, then, was the state of things at the beginning of the

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Hohenlohe *régime*, and it soon became apparent that if the Imperial Chancellor was to prepare the way for the Navy Act, the China Mission, the Canals Bill, and the rest of the programme of expansion, he would have to offer a substantial price for the Conservative vote. His method of procedure was characteristic. The existing commercial treaties were the special object of Agrarian aversion, and they would have to be revised. Prince von Hohenlohe, therefore, in the true spirit of masterly inactivity, set the work of revision on foot fully six years before the treaties would expire. Or, rather, he committed the work to a special committee, which proved as useful to the German Government as any Royal Commission to the British in discouraging public curiosity. This committee, which took up its abode in the Imperial Department of the Interior, was appointed in November 1897, for the organisation of trade politics, and consisted of thirty members. Fifteen were Government nominees, and the Agricultural Council, the Commercial Diet, and the Central Association of Industrialists sent five delegates apiece. In the meantime the German Ministry was weeded of its Caprivi elements. In October 1897 Baron Marschall von Bieberstein succumbed to the intrigues of his opponents, and retired from the Foreign Office to the Embassy at the Sublime Porte. He was replaced by Herr (now Count) von Bülow, the present Imperial Chancellor, and Count von Posadowsky succeeded Herr von Bötticher at the Home Office. These changes were significant of the veering of the political pendulum, and their meaning was presently tested by an incident in the Prussian Chamber. On January 28, 1898, Count Limburg, a Protectionist landowner, asked the intentions of the Government towards the interests of agriculture. His interpellation took the form of a vote of no confidence in the foreign policy of the Empire, at least in the shape in which Baron Marschall had bequeathed it. Prussia, he said, was only concerned for the hopes of the Agrarians, but the Prussian Government could not count on the co-operation of the Imperial Departments,

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and especially of the Imperial Foreign Office. To this direct challenge a reassuring reply was given. The Prussian Minister of Commerce stated that his Government was ready to revise its commercial policy in relation to foreign affairs, and to examine carefully how in these negotiations the interests of agriculture should and must be better looked after than had been the case hitherto. It was recognised at once that no Minister in Prussia would have ventured to make such a statement without the concurrence of the Foreign Office of the Empire. In other words, Count von Bülow declared himself, within three months of his appointment as Foreign Secretary, a champion of protection in favour of agricultural Prussia.[1]

The Customs Tariff Bill, which is described by a leading German economist—Dr. Schäffle—as "nothing but an artificial means of raising the ground-values for the larger and the largest landed proprietors," may be regarded from another point of view as an instance of Prussian Particularism. I have shown how the Agrarian interest dominates the Prussian Chamber, and how their influence reacts on Imperial affairs. Count von Bülow, as we now see, surrendered to it four years ago, and whatever pretence his Bill makes to aid industry as well as agriculture, it is, in fact, nothing more than the wresting of the foreign policy of the German Empire to suit the particular purpose of the majority in the Prussian House of Deputies. The failure of the Tariff Bill, as an Imperial measure, its complete detachment from the interests of the population as a whole, may fairly be tested by the results of the General Election of 1898. A great effort was made to turn the course of the election in the direction of a policy of coalition, and the authors of this movement, which first began

[1] "The Agrarian party is rubbing its hands to-day at the prospect of good times in store. Their home-grown produce will be artificially protected, and the excellent work which was done by Baron Marshall von Bieberstein and Herr von Bötticher for the sake of the mercantile majority will be put back by Herr von Bülow and Count Posadowsky, their successors, in deference to the East Elbian Junkers." *Morning Post*, Jan. 30, 1896.

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to be discussed in the early spring of that year as the *Politik der Sammlung*, published an organ of their own, called the *New Political Gazette*, which aimed "to represent and to reconcile the interests of all branches of national labour in town and in country." The responsible manager of the *Gazette*, and the wirepullers in the matter, were the members of Prince von Hohenlohe's special committee on trade politics, appointed, as has been seen, in the previous autumn. The limelight man was the late Herr von Miquel, then the efficient chief of the Prussian Department for Finance. The manifesto issued from this cave was signed, among others, by Prince Bismarck, and included the names of many leading men in industrial and agrarian circles—Counts von Arnim and von Ploetz, Baron von Stumm and Herr Krupp. But even at that date the combination was plainly not spontaneous. The coalition policy laid it down that party differences must be abandoned, and that only those candidates should be chosen for election to the Diet who were pledged to support, without reserve, a programme for the protection of national labour and impartial consideration for all branches of productive and industrial life. When this resolution was moved in committee there were many notable abstentions. Eleven members refused to sign, and in the list of names subsequently appended to the manifesto, the Centre and the majority of the National Liberals were wanting, while the Agrarian element conspicuously outweighed its partners in the triple league of national labour. And when things came to the polls, the *Politik der Sammlung* was nowhere. The Government had entirely failed to influence the country, or to persuade the weary taxpayer that the prosperity of the Empire depended on the relief of a handful of Prussian agriculturists. The Imperial Diet which was returned in July 1898 differed hardly at all in the distribution of parties from its immediate predecessor. It is more than probable that if a fresh election were held next month the prophecy of Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, would be fulfilled, and so clear a mandate would be given against the Agrarian

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designs that the Government would not dare to neglect it, although an adverse vote in the Diet has no power to turn out the Government. And this public attitude, be it added, has resisted the elaborate machinery set at work by the Hohenlohe committee to educate opinion, in which process of education we are bound to include an unsavoury monetary transaction—the twelve-thousand-marks episode, as it is called — between the Imperial Home Office and the Central Association of Industrialists.

This imperfect account of the political situation in Germany has left one aspect unrecorded. It is Count von Bülow's misfortune—a misfortune which might well have been foreseen—that the introduction of the Tariff Bill has coincided with a period of acute industrial depression. A corn-tax acts like an income-tax graduated in the wrong direction; and at the very moment when it is proposed to raise the price of bread, and to lower the standard of living for the vast majority of the populace, courts of inquiry are being held in Prussia and Saxony, and several of the minor States, with a view to devising means for the relief of the victims of the recoil from the commercial "boom." The Imperial budget, too, with its debt of nearly £150,000,000 sterling—it was about £36,000,000 at the beginning of the present reign—is a feature of the situation which must not be overlooked in considering the prospects of industrial Germany. The commercial treaties will expire within less than two years; the debates in Parliament on the Tariff Bill are likely to be protracted through the greater part of this year; and, meantime, the uncertainty of foreign countries, and of Russia over the border in especial, as to the future policy of Germany will add to the confusion and distress already prevailing in trade circles. In Germany's own interests it is to be hoped that the present ill-judged attempt to repudiate the Caprivi bequest will be abandoned by the Government. Count von Bülow's care to distinguish between the duty of the Federated Governments and the duty of the Imperial Diet lends this hope some

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prospect of realisation. He has done his part in introducing the measure, and can brave the anger of the Agrarians if the Diet rejects it. This, so far as can be foreseen, is the safest way out of the predicament. At the best, it will be a Pyrrhic victory; the moral triumph lies with the Agrarians, and the reflection is not a good omen for the commercial recovery of Germany.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

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THE RATIONALE OF VACCINATION

IT is now well established that the zymotic (*i.e.*, the "catching" or infectious) diseases are caused by various species of microbes, minute living organisms which find entrance into the body and multiply there. Many of these species are thoroughly well-known. For instance, any competent bacteriologist is able to identify the microbes which produce diphtheria or consumption. Other species, for example those which give origin to measles or small-pox, are yet unknown. Possibly, for reasons to be stated, they never will be known.

Before a man falls ill of zymotic disease he is free from the microbes of it, as is proved by the fact that he does not infect his fellows. During his illness he swarms with the microbes, since he is then infective. After or during recovery he rids himself of his enemies, since he is no longer infective. Something banishes or destroys the microbes in his system. Recovery means, in fact, their banishment. A profound change befalls the sufferer. From being a soil in which the microbes flourish, his body becomes poisonous to them. At the least it becomes a soil in which they cannot exist. He *acquires immunity*. Every man has been infected with, and has recovered from, one or more zymotic diseases, if it be only common cold. He constantly hears of friends so infected. The phenomenon of recovery is therefore so common that it rarely excites wonder or speculation. There is no veil like the

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veil of familiarity. Nevertheless, this wonderful phenomenon is of the greatest interest, as it certainly is of surpassing importance.

The human body, like that of all the higher plants and animals, is compounded of cells, microscopic particles, which are comparable to the microbes of disease, in that they are living organisms. They differ from the microbes of disease, however, in that they are mostly adherent together, and in that they take on special forms and functions. Thus, there are bone, muscle, skin, nerve, and many other kinds of cells. Not all of the cells are adherent. Blood cells, for instance, float freely in the blood stream. The red cells, which give to the blood its brilliant hue, show little signs of life; but the white cells, on the other hand, are endowed with powers of independent movement. They are able to pass through the walls of smaller and thinner vessels, and they, or varieties of them, may be found wandering in the tissues. When any part is injured, as by a cut, they crowd to the spot to affect its repair. Pus, or "matter," is a clear fluid rendered turbid by the multitudes of their dead—their dead which have perished in the discharge of duty.

The white blood cells and their kindred are the police and scavengers, the defensive army of the system. Their principal duty is destruction of invading microbes, whence their name of *phagocytes*. Thus, in the lungs of consumptive people many cells may be seen with tubercle bacilli enclosed within them. If the bacilli are digested and destroyed the sufferer recovers. If the phagocytes fail, and the bacilli are the victors, the infected person perishes. It is probable that each of us, especially if we be town-dwellers, is infected by tubercle bacilli on hundreds of occasions. Only in exceptional persons, and on exceptional occasions, do the bacilli get the upper hand. Speaking generally, before consumption can develop, the sufferer must be a susceptible person, that is, his phagocytes must be weak against the bacilli, he must be in depressed health, and he must get an unusually large dose of bacilli—

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conditions which are apt to be fulfilled in poor and ill-ventilated houses.

But the struggle between the phagocytes and the microbes is not generally of this simple character. More often, in the earlier stages of the battle at least, the combatants do not come to hand grips, but carry on the fight at long range. Their weapons of destruction injure and kill at a distance. Thus, when the bacilli which cause tetanus or "lock-jaw" find entrance into the body, living phagocytes seem unable to approach them very closely. Something kills or paralyses them, and as to the nature of that something it is not difficult to guess. The tetanus bacilli do not enter the blood stream and infect the whole body. They are usually limited to their point of entrance, often an insignificant cut or abrasion on the hand or foot. But the sufferer soon falls intensely ill. A virulent poison produced by the microbes invades his whole system and throws him into violent convulsions. It is that poison, highly concentrated in the neighbourhood of the bacilli, that prevents the approach of the phagocytes. When the illness has a fatal termination, the bacilli maintain their enemies, the phagocytes, at a distance to the end. If, on the contrary, the sufferer recovers, the bacilli themselves seem to be poisoned. They show signs of degeneration. Very soon the phagocytes which have acquired the power of tolerating the *toxins*—as the poisons produced by microbes are technically termed—approach and destroy bacilli. The same phenomenon may be observed in many other diseases.

It seems, then, that zymotic or microbic diseases may be divided roughly into two classes. In the one class the microbes produce no toxins; or, at any rate, if toxins are produced they are so feeble that the phagocytes are able to disregard them and at once ingest the bacilli. The struggle may then almost be termed a physical one, a contest in which personal prowess is the deciding factor. Such diseases, for example tuberculosis and leprosy, are always of prolonged duration. The sufferer is not made suddenly and violently ill

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and perhaps quickly done to death by virulent toxins. He perishes more slowly, owing to the destruction of tissue caused by the irritating presence of the microbes. Above all, it is noteworthy that he never achieves that peculiar bodily state known as *acquired immunity*. In leprosy the microbes continue to multiply till the sufferer dies. Recovery from tuberculosis is frequent, especially when the patient is placed under improved hygienic and dietetic conditions; but it is as slow as the onset of the disease; and, as I say, it never confers immunity. A consumptive who has recovered remains as liable as ever to take the disease, and to take it in a form as severe.

In the other class the microbes produce toxins of greater or lesser virulence, in greater or lesser abundance, with greater or lesser speed. As a rule, the person infected falls ill rapidly, and the nature of his illness shows that it is due directly, not to the microbes, but to the toxins they produce. If he dies he dies manifestly of poisoning, and the end comes comparatively soon. If he recovers his recovery is also rapid, and thereafter, for a varying period, he is immune. He acquires that peculiar condition of body which renders him incapable of taking the disease—no matter to what extent he may be exposed to its influence—until he loses, if ever he does lose, the immunity. Speaking in general terms, the completeness of his immunity, as well as the speed with which he acquires it, is proportionate to the virulence of the toxins and the the quickness with which the microbes produce them. Thus, measles and influenza rapidly induce extreme illness, and are quickly recovered from. After ill-effects may linger, but the disease itself soon disappears. Did a man long remain as ill as measles makes him he could not survive. It is not known why immunity is so much more easily acquired against some diseases than against others; it is not known, for instance, why such a severe poisoning as that caused by measles should be so much more easily recovered from than that caused by scarlet fever. The duration of immunity also depends on factors that are nearly quite unknown. It is usually life-long in the case of some diseases

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(*e.g.*, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, and small-pox), but of shorter duration in others (*e.g.*, common cold, influenza, and diphtheria). We know only that it is dependent, to some extent, on the severity of the attack; the more severe the attack the more persistent being the immunity.

There are, then, two kinds of immunity—the inborn and the acquired. Inborn immunity prevents infection; acquired immunity prevents re-infection. In either case the microbes are destroyed on making entrance into the body. The writer has shown elsewhere [1] that both kinds of immunity have arisen in the human race through a process of natural selection. Different diseases in different countries have weeded out the weak against them from the races they have afflicted. Thus negroes have become particularly resistant to malaria, whereas Europeans have grown as resistant to consumption. When, as in the case of the latter disease, immunity cannot be acquired by the individual, natural selection has evolved a power of *resisting* infection. When, as in the case of measles, immunity can be acquired, natural selection has evolved a power of *recovering* from infection. Thus Englishmen, who have long been afflicted by measles, are as certainly infected but recover much more easily, than Polynesians, to whom the disease has only lately been introduced. It follows that immunity, whether inborn or acquired, against any disease does not imply immunity against any other. Englishmen are not more resistant against malaria for all their long experience of tuberculosis; negroes do not defy tuberculosis any the better for having fallen victims, for unnumbered generations, to malaria. He who has recovered from chicken-pox is as susceptible as ever to measles and scarlet fever.

What is the nature of acquired immunity? What precisely is the character of the change a man undergoes when, after being susceptible to a disease, he becomes through illness and recovery highly resistant to it? Many theories have been propounded. Pasteur supposed that the microbes of each

[1] "Alcoholism: A Study in Heredity." (Fisher Unwin.)

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disease against which immunity may be acquired, find, every species of them, some special pabulum in the body on which they subsist, but on which no other species can subsist, and that when this special pabulum is exhausted they perish from starvation. In diseases against which acquired immunity is usually permanent—*e.g.*, small-pox—this pabulum, he supposed, is not usually renewed; but when immunity is not permanent—*e.g.*, in diphtheria—it is renewed, whereby the individual again becomes susceptible. Chauveau, on the other hand, supposed that acquired immunity arises because the waste products of the microbes are inimical to their own life, just as alcohol, for instance, is inimical to the yeast microbes which produce it from solutions of sugar; and therefore that when these waste products reach a certain percentage in the fluids of the infected person the microbes perish, as yeast perishes when alcohol reaches a certain percentage in a fermenting fluid. In diseases against which acquired immunity is permanent he supposed that the waste products are bottled up within the infected person, but they are eliminated after a time in diseases against which immunity is not permanent. Both these theories are negatived by the fact that the microbes of certain diseases—*e.g.*, anthrax—are able to flourish in blood drawn from animals that have acquired immunity against them.

Perhaps the doctrine most widely held, even at the present day, is to the effect that acquired immunity is due to the production within the infected person of substances which chemically antagonise or otherwise neutralise the toxins much in the same way as an acid is neutralised by a base, and which for that reason have been termed *anti-toxins*. By one set of authorities the anti-toxins are supposed to be elaborated by the infected person, by another set they are supposed to be produced by the microbes. Many facts have been thought to furnish evidence of the truth of the neutralisation theory. Some microbes, the diphtheria bacilli, for example, can be cultivated outside the body in broth or other nutrient media,

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which then becomes intensely poisonous from the presence of toxins. A horse can be gradually habituated to having large quantities of this poisoned broth injected into him. Thereafter the clear fluid portion of his blood (the *serum*), when withdrawn from his body and separated from the more solid and deeply coloured clot, possesses remarkable properties. It is no longer poisonous, at any rate it is not poisonous if withdrawn from the horse after a sufficient interval of time. On the contrary, it possesses curative powers. If mixed with a given proportion of toxin it renders the latter harmless. If the toxin and the anti-toxin are injected simultaneously into different parts of an animal the same result follows, though in this case somewhat larger doses of anti-toxin are needed. Even when injected into an animal already diseased, and in which, therefore, the toxins are already present, it greatly tends to promote recovery. On this latter discovery is founded the celebrated serum treatment of diphtheria, which has saved so many lives.[1]

The doctrine of chemical neutralisation has been very fruitful from a practical point of view. The men who formulated it and worked under its guidance are those who have built up our present splendid system of serum therapy, and who have thus robbed some death-dealing complaints of half their terrors. But a working hypothesis, untrue in itself, may occasionally lead to important practical results. There are, as it seems to me, insuperable objections to the theory of neutralisation.

Anti-toxins have been detected in the blood of an animal a few seconds after the injection of toxins. Polynesians who have had no previous experience of certain diseases (*e.g.*, measles) are capable of acquiring immunity against them.

[1] A friend of the writer constantly used diphtheria anti-toxin during eight years, and had two deaths from diphtheria. In both instances the anti-toxin was not used, the disease not being detected till after death. During an illness his practice was worked by a *locum tenens* who "did not believe" in anti-toxin, and would not use it. This gentleman chronicled five deaths from diphtheria in three months.

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It is improbable in the last degree that the animal body is a species of magic bottle, instantly capable of producing at need highly complex chemical substances, the anti-toxins, which exactly neutralise other equally complex substances, the toxins, the right anti-toxin at the right time; or that each toxin contains, or is capable of being converted into, substances chemically antagonistic to itself and to no other toxin. If this happens it is a fact unique in nature. Nothing else like it is known to occur. Let us endeavour to formulate a hypothesis which is at once more probable and more in accordance with the rest of our experience.

The various vegetable poisons are in a real sense toxins. Like the microbic toxins, they protect the organisms producing them from other organisms to which they are liable to fall a prey. A smoker or an opium eater, if he begins with small doses, can inure himself to immensely larger doses—to doses great enough many times over to be deadly to a beginner. No one will venture to suggest that he owes his immunity to the formation of anti-toxins which chemically neutralise nicotine or opium. The case of arsenic, a mineral poison, is similar. In each instance the individual simply gets habituated to the poison. It is not necessary to explain, indeed it is beyond our powers to explain, how this habituation is brought about. We know only that it occurs; and we have no more reason to suppose that it is due to the formation of anti-toxins than we have to suppose that the habituation of the muscles of a trained athlete is due to the formation of a fatigue anti-toxin. We can only say in a very vague way that it is due to vital changes in the cells, that it is part of that general capacity of undergoing beneficial change by means of which living beings adapt themselves to changes of circumstances. Now, we have incontrovertible evidence that acquired immunity to diseases is due, to some extent at least, to a similar habituation to the toxins. If we inject doses of tetanus toxins into a horse at a certain very rapid rate, we are able to render his blood highly poisonous to other animals. At the same time he retains his

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own health. Clearly, then, in this case, since the toxins are not neutralised, he owes his immunity to habituation.

However, it may be argued: All this does not impugn the doctrine of neutralisation. Habituation is possibly part of the phenomenon. It is true that an individual may become habituated to opium, nicotine, arsenic, or to a toxin, by the use of gradually increased doses. But the question of anti-toxin stands on a different plane. If we mix a small dose of opium or nicotine with a large dose, the latter is not thereby rendered less poisonous. We cannot cure a person poisoned with opium or nicotine by giving him additional small doses. But if we mix sufficient anti-toxin with toxin, we render it harmless. A dose of anti-toxin tends to cure a person suffering from the corresponding toxins. Clearly an anti-toxin is not a small dose of a toxin, but quite a different thing.

But let us go a little deeper. Pasteur killed rabbits suffering from rabies, and dried their spinal cords. His treatment for the cure of an infected person consisted in the injection into him of an emulsion from an old and thoroughly dried cord, was continued by injections from fresher and fresher cords, and ended by the injection of an emulsion from a cord that was fresh and intensely virulent. By this method he enabled many individuals who had been infected and would otherwise have perished, to acquire immunity. It is clear, since the anti-toxin is procurable from old and dried cords, not from those which are absolutely fresh, that the immunising substance is here produced in the dead and drying cords, not in the living infected animals from which the cords are taken. Moreover, did the living infected animal produce the anti-toxin it would survive, whereas it invariably perishes. In this case the anti-toxin is not produced by the vital actions of the cells, but arises in the absence of vital action in a dead thing. No doubt chemical changes do occur in a drying cord, but it would be strange if these resulted in the formation of substances antagonistic to the particular toxin and no other. The theory of chemical neutralisation is plainly at fault.

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Another of Pasteur's experiments may afford some light. He submitted the microbes of anthrax to an abnormal degree of heat, and found that they gradually lost their virulence. Ordinary anthrax bacilli are very fatal to sheep, but Pasteur made the highly important discovery that if sheep were inoculated first with bacilli of little virulence, next with those of greater virulence, and lastly with those of great virulence, the animals could be rendered immune to bacilli of the greatest virulence. This result could be attained only by observing the steps of the process; an immediate passage from very weak to very strong bacilli resulted in the death of the sheep. Here again the theory of neutralisation breaks down utterly. The anthrax microbes are introduced alone or with an insignificant quantity of toxin. The "anti-toxins," whatever they may be, are elaborated within the sheep, and it is difficult to understand, if they are substances chemically antagonistic to the toxins, why they should be elaborated only when the animal has undergone Pasteur's treatment, and not at other times. The truth appears to be that just as heating the microbes of anthrax progressively weakens their toxins, so drying the cords of infected rabbits weakens the toxins of rabies contained in the cords. It is not that the toxins are diminished in quantity, but that they are altered in quality. Habituation to a weaker toxin places the individual in a position of advantage, from which he is able to become habituated to a stronger toxin more easily than he would otherwise have been. Progressive treatment enables him to resist the strongest toxins, and recover from a disease which without it would have been inevitably fatal.

Snake venom (a toxin) may be swallowed in enormous quantities, not only without ill-effects, but with the remarkable result that the individual is rendered immune to venom injected under the skin. The bushmen in South Africa make a practice of eating the poison glands of snakes, and are thus rendered immune to the bite. It is probable that the mongoose owes its safety to the same cause. In this case the

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swallowed venom enters the blood in a digested and weakened condition, and thus supplies the stepping-stone. It has been found, if venom be altered by artificial means outside the body, it may, when injected under the skin of a person suffering from snake-bite, actually effect his recovery. Large quantities of "anti-venene" are kept ready in India and elsewhere for this purpose.

Now, the presumption is that all the so-called anti-toxins are weakened toxins. A phagocyte does not kill a microbe by tearing it to pieces or crushing it. It takes the microbe into its own substance and digests it. Digestion implies a digestive substance. We saw that during recovery from some diseases (*e.g.*, diphtheria and pneumonia) the microbes begin to perish and disintegrate even before the phagocytes reach them. Something kills them—presumably the same digestive substance as kills the microbes which the phagocytes actually ingest. This substance is secreted by the phagocytes just as pepsin is secreted by the stomach cells. But pepsin digests not only snake-venom, but also the poison glands which produce the venom. In like manner it is probable that the digestive substance secreted by the phagocytes causes the gradual weakening and ultimate destruction of the toxins as well as the gradual disintegration of the microbes. It follows, if this view be true, that when an animal is recovering from a disease in which toxins are abundant, or when repeated doses of toxin are injected into him, *there must be present in his blood, and in his serum when drawn off, first, the digestive substance, and, secondly, toxins in all stages of digestion.*

Pasteur's treatment of rabies proves that a weakened toxin (*i.e.*, anti-toxin) may enable an animal to recover, may furnish a stepping-stone towards immunity, even when the animal is already diseased—that is, even when the virulent toxins are present in him. Here, then, is the explanation of the fact that while diphtheria anti-toxin may help a man to recover when poisoned by the virulent toxins of the disease, a small dose of opium or arsenic does not help a man when poisoned by a large

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dose. A small dose of opium or arsenic merely adds to the effect of a large dose. It does not differ in kind from the latter. The two doses are merely different amounts of the same thing. But weaker toxins differ somewhat in kind from stronger toxins, and unless the latter are already so concentrated as to have destroyed the vitality of the cells (*e.g.*, in the later stages of fatal disease) the anti-toxins serve as stepping-stones towards habituation and recovery.

To sum up, acquired immunity against any disease is due to an habituation to the toxins of that disease. This result is brought about by the digestion of the toxins, so that there are present in the animal's blood toxins in all stages of attenuation, from those newly produced by the microbes, and extremely virulent, to those produced in the beginning of the disease, and now in a state of great enfeeblement. *Up that graduated scale the cells of the animal react till complete immunity is attained.* The serum treatment artificially supplies digestive substances, and, what is even more important, a scale of attenuated toxins.[1]

We now reach the pith of our inquiry. We have seen that toxins may be artificially attenuated in various ways—by injecting them into a living and resistant animal, by submitting them to chemical change in a drying cord, by digesting them in the stomach, by subjecting the microbes producing them to abnormal heat, by cultivating them on non-living substances outside the body. One very important method of attenuation we have not yet touched on. The microbes of some diseases are capable of infecting more than one species of animal. Under the changed conditions—like anthrax bacilli under changed conditions of heat or nutrition—they generally, if not invariably, vary the virulence of their toxins. Thus, rabies is in

[1] The writer fears that, owing to the technical nature of the subject and to lack of space, he has not set forth his argument as fully or as convincingly as he might otherwise have done. He ventures therefore to refer readers who may be interested to his article on "Acquired Immunity" in the *Lancet* of September 11, 1897.

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dogs a very deadly disease. If passed through a series of rabbits its severity is greatly exalted, and it is more quickly fatal. If passed through a series of monkeys it becomes so mild as no longer to be deadly. Human tuberculosis seems incapable of infecting cattle, whence Koch has drawn the hasty, but perhaps well-founded inference, that bovine tuberculosis is incapable of infecting human beings. Avian malaria seems equally incapable of infecting man. Less than a century ago, when small-pox was as common as measles in England, cow-pox was prevalent among cattle and horse-pox among horses. All three diseases have almost completely disappeared. Before the introduction of vaccination, so great was the terror inspired by small-pox, and so probable the chance of infection, that inoculation from the mild cases of the terrible disease had been practised to protect against severer cases. Jenner, who observed that dairymaids and others that had contracted cow-pox were immune to small-pox, thought that in the former he had discovered a very mild variety of the latter. His guess, if I may term it so, has been most amply confirmed. Repeated experiments have proved beyond all shadow of doubt that small-pox if passed through a series of calves becomes ordinary cow-pox, and lymph thus produced has been used on a large scale for vaccination. Vaccinia, therefore, is nothing other than attenuated small-pox. It is small-pox made so mild that it does not spread to susceptible people in the neighbourhood of the infected person, so mild that the microbes do not infect the whole body, but remain localised at the place of introduction. But the toxins—anti-toxins—enter the system and produce general immunity. One important fact must be noted, however. We saw that mild attacks of disease confer immunity less complete and lasting than severe attacks, that very mild attacks of anthrax do not confer immunity against severe attacks. It follows that the immunity conferred by vaccination is probably less complete and lasting than that conferred by virulent small-pox. Hence the necessity for periodical vaccination. Hence also the necessity for inducing

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vaccinia of some degree of severity. Experience has proved that one "mark" is almost useless; whereas it has proved that four "marks," which induce a disease of fourfold severity, confer a degree of protection which, for a time at least, is amply sufficient for practical purposes.

The last century marked an advance in the treatment and prevention of disease greater by far than all that had been achieved during thousands of years previously. It was the age of the discovery of anæsthetics. But it is doubtful whether the discovery of chloroform and its allies has conferred, or will confer, a tithe of the benefits on humanity which the discovery of the microbic origin of disease, and all that has arisen from that discovery, confers. This great achievement also we owe to the "wonderful century." The whole rationale of modern sanitation, of the aseptic treatment of wounds, and what in general terms may be described as the serum treatment of infectious disease, depends on it. Jenner was in advance of his time. His discovery was empirical. None the less, it is the most important, as it was the first, of that great series of discoveries which shall keep the names of his successors, Pasteur and Lister, green and famous when the names of lesser men, princes, statesmen, and warriors are forgotten.

In the beginning of this article we classified zymotic diseases accordingly as it was, or was not, possible to acquire immunity against them. A different classification is also useful. Diseases are water- earth- or air-borne. Speaking generally, enteric fever and cholera are examples of water-borne diseases; tuberculosis, and probably diphtheria and leprosy, of earth-borne diseases; chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, scarlatina, influenza, common cold, and small-pox of air-borne diseases. Speaking again in general terms, the microbes of earth- and water-borne diseases are comparatively large and heavy, and can easily be seen through the microscope. The microbes of the air-borne diseases are exceedingly minute. Most of them lie beyond the ken of the highest powers of the microscope. Like the finest dust, they are wafted to con-

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siderable distances, and unlike the microbes of earth- and water-borne diseases readily infect persons in the neighbourhood of a sufferer. We owe much to modern sanitation. It has immensely reduced the water-borne diseases. It has to some extent diminished the earth-borne diseases. But it has failed totally against air-borne diseases. It is possible to keep untainted our water supply, and to disinfect our houses. But we can neither keep untainted nor disinfect the air. Its volume is too vast, its flow too swift. As a consequence, with the sole exception of small-pox, every air-borne disease is as common as ever. Chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, influenza, and the rest still afflict us to the same extent as formerly. Nearly every individual is infected.

It is abundantly evident, then, that sanitation has not banished small-pox. A great many people contend that vaccination has not banished it. Let us, for the moment and for the sake of argument, grant that contention. It follows, since immunity against small-pox is acquired, not inborn, since so few of us have suffered from the disease, that practically the whole community is susceptible. Under these conditions, what has caused the almost complete disappearance of the disease? We are told isolation. The answer indicates surprising confusion of thought. We cannot isolate any one when every one is susceptible—at any rate, in the case of air-borne disease. The attendants of the sick themselves fall ill and spread the infection. Isolation is possible only when the great mass of the community is immune, when only the exceptional individual is capable of taking the disease. Under opposite conditions the pestilence spreads like a flame.

Measles and whooping-cough never cause national disaster in England. They are comparatively mild complaints. Year after year batches of young children fall ill of them. A few perish; the large majority acquire immunity, and in future years tend the sick and carry on the business of the community. When, however, measles and whooping-cough penetrate to a country where they were previously unknown, and where, as a

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consequence, every one is susceptible, the calamity reaches the magnitude of a great national disaster. The sick are left untended, men abandon their avocations, the death-rate reaches enormous proportions; famine frequently follows. Thus, in 1749 80,000 natives perished of measles on the banks of the Amazon; in 1829 half the population perished in Astoria; more recently a quarter of the total inhabitants were swept away in the Fiji group. At the present time whooping-cough is depopulating New Guinea. What small-pox may be in a community protected neither by vaccination nor former disease, the following may help us to realise. When taken to the West Indies in 1507, whole tribes were exterminated. A few years later it quite depopulated San Domingo. In Mexico it destroyed three and a half millions of people. Prescott describes the epidemic as "sweeping over the land like fire over the prairies, smiting down prince and peasant, and leaving its path strewn with the dead bodies of the natives, who (in the strong language of a contemporary) perished in heaps like cattle stricken with murrain." In 1841 Mr. Catlin wrote of the United States:

"Thirty millions of white men are now scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life over the bones and ashes of twelve millions of red men, six millions of whom have fallen victims to small-pox." The Mississippi Valley was not colonised until after the introduction of vaccination. The vaccinated whites suffered little; the native tribes were exterminated.

By itself isolation has no greater power of controlling small-pox than the historic old lady with a broom had of sweeping back the Atlantic. In the absence of vaccination it would be worse than useless; far better a thousand times that small-pox should be endemic amongst us than that it should be epidemic. In the former case very many people would lose their lives, and practically the whole community would be disfigured. In the latter the very existence of the race would be menaced.

G. Archdall Reid.

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A PLEA FOR AN ENDOWED STAGE

"THE theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre!"

The theatre is irresistible, because its empire over life is bound to increase; the trend of events must force this conclusion on all who reflect; it becomes, then, a matter of national importance that the theatre should be tonic. Goody-goody moralists, who wish to confine the stage to the illustration of nursery ideals of virtue need no longer be reckoned with; their voices die away; but all who desire that life shall become increasingly worth living, all who grow more genial and better worth knowing, all vigorous and hopeful men, demand that every institution shall, if possible, dignify the life it serves. Can a war department be a source of dignity when it is forced hastily to try and catch up events or when its officials are constantly falling out of step? No; nor can a theatre brace the tone of public pleasures when all actors, except a few "stars," live from hand to mouth or are turned into machines for no one's good but that of a commercial speculator. Yet the long-run system means this, and is, perhaps, the most inhumane and stultifying exaction ever made from any class of artists.

Towards reform of the theatre every year we witness some effort or other: we are told that verse must be chanted, that scenery must be decorative or symbolical, that acting must be rhythmic or realistic. There are occasions, so it seems to me,

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when each of these demands should be satisfied; as now this beauty, now that, is sought out in the play chosen for performance; but to restrict the stage to any one would be to set the history of the drama at defiance and to neglect the boundless variety of human moods. Again, we are told that plays must propose problems, or depict manners, or symbolise psychic developments; and, on the other hand, that the only thing is to hit the public taste. Now, dramatists may be left to do as they like, for we can choose from among their works by the effect which they produce upon us: if it is powerful, the work is interesting; if it has not only strength, but beauty, the work is good, at least for us.

The actor, not the dramatist, would seem essential. There are good plays; even if never another were to be written, we have sufficient. Besides those of Shakespeare, many a good Elizabethan drama exists; there is the comedy of Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, not to mention more dubious modern reputations or the translations of foreign classics; but how few actors are there who are not conspicuously less satisfactory in proportion as the play approaches the first class? I venture to think not one. All our best actors and actresses are most worth seeing in plays which are admittedly not of the first class. Yet this has not always been so, nor do I think it the result of any unusual dearth of talent or even genius; but patently due to lack of organisation, lack of training, lack of clear and intelligent aim. Far be it from me to decry actors as a class; the conditions of their life are not even principally of their own making. It rather seems to me vastly to their credit that, in spite of every disadvantage, they do so well. When one compares the possibilities of professional life in France or Germany with its possibilities here, one is amazed that the difference in worth, great as it is, is not far greater, and does not appear to be on the increase; nay, rather their standards visibly lower toward our own. The fact is, we are still paying to-day for those stultifying puritan prejudices which so long isolated and impoverished our stage, so that, when the

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conditions of modern life enlarged its scope, its organisation was found too stunted and weakly to cope with that new freedom, and it consequently was robbed at once of everything that had been achieved in the way of tradition and purpose. We must lay it at the door of our puritan forbears when we are too grossly shocked at something that it is fondly hoped may pass muster as a performance of Shakespeare; when Mr. Benson improves Hamlet with a shrimping-net, or Mr. Tree adds three dummies to Malvolio. Garrick, we know, dared to alter and even add to the text, and no doubt excuse is found both for him and our modern delinquents in public taste; only the taste of the town then was so much more coherent than that of the public now, that what it excused was at least better than silly.

It is the very greatest mistake for the artist to look upon the public as formulating demands, and it ends, like the politician dogging the man in the street, in humiliation. Does the most backward of successful managers suppose that the people dreamed beforehand of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, or that Sir Henry Irving found his public ready-made? Never has this been the case. These artists, these exceptional creators, seemed at first eccentric, appealed at first only to the few. By producing their several atmospheres they accustomed people to breathe in them, until their spell was rooted and the public taste was formed. Were there now a departure in scenery as novel as was Burne-Jones's art in painting, there is every reason to predict for it an immense future. The public does not dream of it, does not hope for it, will at first be disquieted by it, and perhaps a little antagonistic; but if it have genuine merit they will learn. We English seem always more than half conscious that we do not know; are very liable to be duped; and full of faith that our pleasures might be more effective, might be helpful, might really refine and recreate; only somehow they don't; unless it be the country holiday, none of them really does. But not only the public; the successful manager, even the professional critic might learn, and at all

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events would in time be superseded, for there is nothing obviously eternal about our caterers or their friends. Yes, we have room for a great deal of success if only we can screw up a little courage.

A nation's intellectual amusements should be worthy to rank with its physical exercises and moral deportment. This would seem beyond controversy, yet on this head we, far more than rival Continental peoples, are still to seek. Hence we are, more than they, borrowers; more than they, needy. And let us not deceive ourselves. Not the best that is produced abroad is here imitated, much rather is it the worst; for the best required conditions for its creation which our caterers cannot command, and they are therefore forced to dish up what requires least preparation and has least worth.

The great and far-sighted critic with a quotation from whom I began, called, and called in vain, for organisation, for purpose, for dignity. "Let a school of dramatic elocution and declamation be instituted. It may surprise you to hear that elocution and declamation are things to be taught and learnt, and do not come by nature; but it is so. Your best and most serious actors (this is added with a smile) would have been better if in their youth they had learnt elocution." Thus he imagines the French actors, who, by their periodic visits, make us realise our unorganised and chaotic condition, to advise us.

It has become a commonplace of political acuteness to remark that in England, many great enterprises, which in other countries are undertaken by the State, are left to the individual or an association of unofficial effort. Let one or more of those mighty plutocrats to whom we are taught to look for such benefits, both by their former kindnesses and by our political leaders; let one of these, our most capable aids, endow a theatre on condition that that theatre produce so many times a year such a number of classical pieces of English drama, or of translations from the central masterpieces of foreign origin, out of which two classes it shall form the bulk of its repertory; and let there be joined to that theatre a school for young talent,

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also endowed, where elocution, good manners and self-restraint may be taught, and the individual learn to subordinate personal ambition to the effect of the whole, without being harassed by irregular and precarious salary into a hand-to-mouth existence, deadly to all true dignity and delicacy.

With such a school in connection with it, a few years would probably see our theatre self-supporting,[1] and to ensure this, it should be controlled by stringent sumptuary laws, forbidding the ridiculous extravagance in mere gaudiness and display with which the mercenary manager attempts to make good his weakness in the more essential requisites of a performance. There should be a predetermined proportion between the outlay in salaries, that on scenery, costumes, &c., and the utmost to be netted from a full house, so that the nobler sides of a dramatic production should run no risk of being starved by the less noble.

An opportunity should also be provided at stated intervals for the production of such new dramas as may aim at a more than catchpenny popularity.

A few additional elucidations may perhaps help towards the comprehension of the above sketch. It is not desirable that the school, though endowed, should be made entirely free, but that such a system of scholarships be instituted as, with the salaries that the more advanced students would be able to draw from services rendered at public performances in the theatre, would enable even those who were almost entirely destitute of private resources to attain to eminence. Another chief part of the endowment would have to be devoted to retaining fees, by means of which the graduates of the school might be kept in touch with the institution, even when acting in the employment of other theatres; and could from time to time be recalled and immersed in the salutary and fortifying conditions which enabled them when young to emerge and

[1] By "self-supporting" I mean merely that the returns should be more than sufficient for current expenses, not that the endowment might produce dividends: far be it from me to insult our longed-for benefactor by suggesting that his kindness to the nation might in the end prove lucrative to himself.

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attain eminence, at the same time setting before the actual students examples of matured and successful methods, and it may be even a warning against some contracted mannerism of a limiting and belittling nature. Not only those who are called star-artists should be thus retained, but those who have a special aptitude for secondary parts should, even in greater numbers, obtain this reward; and to provide for an adequate growth in this branch a certain percentage of the income should be yearly invested. In return for this constant and regular aid, of real moment even to the most successful in so hazardous a profession, those who received these retaining fees would be called upon to act at a fixed salary (whatever the sums they might actually be commanding elsewhere), at a certain number of performances annually, given under the conditions of the bequest performances, that is, of classical dramas.

Such a theatre, started under an enthusiastic but prudent head, determined never to venture on inordinate risks or to become the tool of any school or clique, would soon make its presence felt. Before a decade had slipped by other managers would jump at its well-trained and capable offspring; they would only be too glad to curtail their often perilous extravagance on tawdry show for a better proportioned outlay on reliable talent. If a provision were made, by which actors of reputation or the managers of suburban, provincial and colonial theatres could ally themselves with the mother institution and receive from it companies, single actors, or the help of instructors, on condition of agreeing to give a due number of classical performances in the year, that which is at present so perilously lacking to this nation, to this Empire, might within a score of years have been supplied by the munificence of a patriotic and enlightened man. For an institution which effected all that has here been suggested would necessarily exercise an immense influence both on the members of the profession and on the public taste. Dangers undoubtedly would be encountered, especially at first, though others might grow up under matured success; yet from dangers no human undertaking is exempt; diseases continually

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threaten every living body, since every living organism necessarily contains the germs of many such; yet what have not prudence, foresight and enthusiasm done for the safeguarding of human life? and what may they not be expected to do for an institution calculated to minister so largely to human needs of the first importance, such as an adequate conception of manners and speech, and the facilitating of intercourse between the people and the minds of the greatest dramatists? How much the French have done with how much less! Should we not be ashamed that we, who are the richest of all European nations in dramatic literature, yet have done less with our immense wealth than they with their comparative poverty, less to refine and ennoble our common speech, our outward behaviour? All attempts hitherto have been ephemeral because they were under a necessity of becoming self-supporting from the outset, and had no reserve either of trained talent or of capital to enable them to deliberately realise their intentions, and so were hurried into a blind competition for mere popularity, or else expired without being able to follow up a praiseworthy start. In regard of the aim to be pursued, at present the need seems not, as is constantly done by our chief actors and dramatic writers, to lay stress on those words in "Hamlet" that "the end of playing, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as it were the mirror up to nature"—words which may be and are used to defend a prostrate realism—but rather those other words far too rarely cited from the same speech. "Use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness"—words which surely prove that Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was not ignorant that beauty, harmony, proportion, are the ultimate aim of all arts. It is manifest that there are no actors now on the English stage, whatever their individual talent or genius, who can for a moment be supposed the equals of Mrs. Siddons, of Garrick or of Kean in elocution, which nevertheless must for ever remain the highest attainment of their art. Animals, indeed,

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have some rudimentary aptness for gesture, but man alone is possessed of capacity for articulate speech and all that this has meant in the development of his mind and soul.

> Sweet articulate words
> Sweetly divided apart.

But we have actors of the first rank who cannot distinguish verse from prose; whose voice, at all great moments, is glad to lose itself behind an overdone pantomime, conscious of its inability to rule. All this is urged in order to explain why those implicated and concerned in maintaining the present fashion are, of necessity, disqualified for the direction of an institution whose aim is to renovate, restore and ennoble a fallen stage, and that for such a purpose, men whose experience has kindled in them a conception of the needed change and faith in its practicability are requisite. To cite former achievements dependent on the very conditions it is proposed to remove must tell rather against than for those who would succeed in an adventure like the present—an adventure, too, that need not stand or fall according to the success of its first managers, but might be handed over, should they fail, to others; and so on, till the right men were found.

Finally, should it be advanced that the public will fail; while pointing out that such an objection begs the whole question, and would establish an initial disbelief in the capacity of "the island race" to develop intellectually and through the refinement of its pleasures, we would urge in reply that there was every reason to believe the contrary. The acting of Shakespeare is avowedly very inferior to the acting of modern life drama; and yet, in spite of this inefficiency—which it is our object to remove—in spite of the long-run system which adds so immensely to the difficulty of finding a large enough public, certain plays of Shakespeare are still assured of success, though they have to compete against dramas appealing to every whim and passion of the moment—dramas better acted and more adequately mounted than his ever are. Their constant reappearance is alone sufficient proof of this.

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The cynics who defend or praise the present degradation forget that every form of production has to create a demand for itself, and that, especially in the arts, it is remarkable how rarely what has proved eventually a great success has been so from the outset. The value of being in a position to hold on is realised by every merchant and manufacturer; but our theatres ignore this and are extravagant to ruin in their worship of immediate returns. You must have provided common-sense politics for some time before you will find an appreciation for common-sense policy in the air; you must provide good acting and tasteful scenery in order to create a desire for them; the bad is the best until something better is created. The bad is liked: yes; for there is nothing else to like, and human heads and hearts must act: the hungry revel in coarse and even revolting viands, but that is no proof that a long education would be needed to bring them to the appreciation of well-cooked and cleanly served meals. At first, no doubt, they might be shy and suspicious, but in the nature of things only at first. According to the length of time in which we have been accustomed to certain means for assisting the functions of life, is our uneasiness at changing them; but a more effective assistance gains upon us in time, and even when one less effective is imposed by some tyranny of the producer, or market, it degrades our standard with rapidity. The past century has indeed given us most convincing object-lessons on the rapidity with which æsthetic standards may be degraded: our houses, our furniture, our clothes, our books, everything that had or could have an æsthetic side, has suffered. Not only at home, but all the world over, we have seen the greed and haste of the commercial class obliterate and destroy whatever our civilisation had achieved in the way of beauty and distinction. They did not effect this of a set purpose, they had no distinct will save to grow rich; it was their machinery which they did not understand and could not control, that led the way; so that now their æsthetic state of mind resembles the moral condition of folk in a runaway

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motor-car; both the artist class who drive and the appreciative public that is driven feel a kind of panic that catches at any handle, hoping that it may prove a break or shut off steam; oh, anything to slow down; to live with things instead of seeing them exhibited in endless succession! What a blessed relief it would be to know where one really was and that one might stop there! Yet, think, how much worse must the æsthetic condition of our managers and professional critics be when they cry that the artist must be guided by his fellow travellers' feelings, not by what he sees or has learnt; he must believe that those know best whose only occupation is holding on to their seats for grim life. "Oh yes," they say, "lovely scenery! if you can't stop, don't run into anything!"

Except in modern life dramas, and not wholly excepting them, the present policy of our theatres is suicidal, because it not only makes no provision for the future, but is always lowering the standard in pursuit of an imaginary public taste. Anything new runs a chance of being disliked, but new things that enforce attention will win the public over in so far as they possess any real power of satisfying human cravings. Besides the craving for beauty, a well-acted play should feed the craving for intelligibility, that for strengthening the muscles and rendering supple the joints of social life, for the capacity of self-expression, eloquence and manners. I do not mean by directly preaching up these advantages, but by demonstrating them or by bringing home the tragic effects of their absence, under the control of a finely harmonised emotional excitement which shall create a purgation of the mental and moral system, by stimulating them to an ordered, graduated, and effectively terminated activity; whereas the conditions that stimulate them in real life are, as a rule, chaotic, disjointed, and without any conclusion either for the intelligence or sympathy, while we enter on them or witness their operation under the disadvantage of every personal bias and preoccupation. There is one objection put forward by the professional critic and manager, and echoed widely among the public, which has a more solid

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basis than the infatuated cowardice of the producer; which is that many works now recommended as high art are gloomy, morbid, and depressing. Those who are vigorous enough to desire to live, desire to be encouraged in living; and those who pursue an ideal even in a greater degree demand an atmosphere which inspires hope and enterprise; while to create something which tends to deny the utility or desirability of effort is to contradict oneself and frustrate the quickening power of one's own example. Here is Ibsen's capital mistake: he is too frequently savage, negative or sinister; though his art rivets attention, it flouts the intelligence and is meagre in response to the craving for beauty, while it decries as hopeless the development of sociability.[1] Therefore it fails, in spite of its mighty and formative energy. I have seen a performance of one of Shakespeare's tragedies fail, petrified by an actor's ignoble conceptions; but no reader of those tragedies ever felt the numbing influence of ignoble ideas about life. In the same way I have seen Ibsen's "Master Builder" lifted and made radiant by an actress's conception of a single character. If the actor be a hopeless, worried, anxious and bedevilled creature, how can he stand for Hamlet and Othello, whom tragic woes still leave with a superfluity of enterprise?

There is much to do; nothing can be more wholesome than a sense of the immensity of the task which our stage must either achieve or fail in. The repertory theatre is bound to come; it may in coming raise and establish a standard, or be merely a more solid venture than our present houses for exploiting ignorance and providing blind syrens for the blind. The repertory theatre with its more permanent establishment is needed in order to remove a social evil that waits on the threshold of the actor's career; and as actors become more numerous, wealthier, and more influential, it will be removed; but in order that its removal may serve the cause of art and

[1] Ibsen's earlier romantic dramas are for this reason perhaps his most satisfactory work, though he is unquestionably the greater master of his materials and methods in the dramas of modern life.

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thus dignify our national life, more is needed; it will be necessary that the first repertoried theatre be raised to a standard and serve a purpose other than commercial.

In the meantime not a little may be done in a corner by a clique, the only power extant for the furtherance of art; yet nothing that can last will be effected without an endowment; the disease to be conquered has been too long established, and draws its strength too directly from timidity, stupidity, and greed,—passions always present, often prevalent. Authors and actors can prove, by experiments produced at the cost of enthusiasm and devotion, how vast the field is; this they are constantly attempting and succeeding in, but only an endowment with a well-thought-out organisation can, where the conditions are so complicated, render these efforts sufficient. An endowment is what is needed in the first place, for then let an effort in the direction indicated have as modest a commencement as may be, it will yet wax strong and finally conquer; and once the right road has been struck, what bounds need be set to our hopes, with a public avid, good-humoured, and indulgent to a degree which could be matched nowhere else; with a dramatic literature in many respects the richest in the world; with a race in which the actor's talent abounds, and in which geniuses of the first order have for upward of two centuries constantly reappeared to tread the stage; with the memory of a deceased school of elocution which only died out because it lacked an organisation capable of coping with the rapid growth of modern conditions; with everything except organisation and sufficient capital to make a solid start, what bounds need be set to the hopes of those "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake"?

T. Sturge Moore.

P.S.—Soon after I had written the above paper there was published in the *Nineteenth Century* an "Appeal" from a veteran actor urging the London County Council to provide a

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national theatre. I cannot do better than refer my readers to this admirable essay which is enlivened by cascades of fact and anecdote, falling with fine effect; one tending to show how much better things were in the days before the tradition died out; another, how bad the state of affairs is nowadays; a third, how much more has been done for music and painting; a fourth, how far we are behindhand when compared with foreign countries, and so on. Much as I admire this vigorous appeal, I would like to suggest to Mr. Coleman and his readers, that to turn the actual actor into a sort of Terrestrial Paradise, as he suggests should be done, might prove an over-hasty remedy and lead that actor to suppose it was only his happiness which was desired, and not the raising of an art which he has hitherto been prevented from acquiring: premature prosperity is not, as a rule, good for human nature. That such a theatre should be made possible and held before him, and that he be enabled to work towards it, would appear to me the wiser course. Things that grow are better in many ways than ready-made things. Nowhere could an adequate model be found for a ready-made theatre answering our purpose; our conditions are too new. The way must be felt out; start at once, but don't start at the wrong end. Finally, I did not propose the State or even the County Council, because these bodies have so much on their hands waiting to be done; and though the County Council is comparatively young and vigorous, and presents certainly a more edifying spectacle than Westminster, yet a theatre ought to be a national, and not a London undertaking. Its seat should be in London, but it should aim at operating in a far wider field; therefore, if the Government is too effete and incapable to supply the nation's needs, let some generous friend or friends help in this as they have helped so often before.

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RELIGIO PUERI

I MUST explain that the boy I speak of is the public school boy, whom I have studied with some pains and a great deal of pleasure, not the Board school variety, of which I am culpably ignorant. Perhaps I ought to apologise, in a democratic age, for applying the generic name to a class, and, what is even worse, to a Class: but I may plead in extenuation that the larger question has been rather fully dealt with of late, in the Press and elsewhere, by persons more competent than myself, and also by those who make up for their lack of information by the depth of their convictions: with the result of much darkening of counsel and loss of temper; so that a peaceable man may be excused, even applauded, if he refrains from publishing his views on religious instruction in elementary schools, with digressions on the kindred topics of Definite Church Teaching, our Protestant Heritage, Priestcraft, and Undenominationalism.

The subject of religion in the public schools is not in itself an unimportant one. If we believe, as many of us do believe in our hearts, that it is the fear of God which makes and keeps a nation great; and that the pressing questions of internal and external government which England has to answer, and answer right at her peril, can only be solved by Christian methods; then it concerns us all very nearly to inquire how far the means we are using tend to produce a God-fearing generation. The age we live in is notoriously an age of material standards

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and low ideals. Everything is estimated with cynical frankness at its money value, The getting of wealth at all costs, and the spending of it on bodily comfort and pleasure, are recognised as the sufficient purpose and reward of life. Art and literature are not untainted. And the millionaire, instead of being regarded as a menace to civilised society, is exalted into a popular hero, and even oddly haloed as a kind of saint if he chooses to spend a fraction of his swollen treasure on pauperising his fellow creatures. Of course, this is only one side of the truth, and that side rather feverishly put. If it were the whole truth we should have to give up our belief in God, and withdraw decently from a world where there was no room for followers of the Sermon on the Mount; but we know that there are seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and we are confident that this idolatry will pass as others have passed. Only, wherever this base material conception of life obtains, it is by its very nature more in evidence than the other side, and gets a fatal hold on the weak and the undecided and the unprepared. The true end of education is to-day more than ever not to impart information useful or other, but to keep alive the spiritual side of the nature, to fan the spark of divinity which informs the clay. It is not superfluous or uninteresting to inquire how far those who will be, if not the rulers, at least the leaders of England a few years hence are being equipped to face this modern spirit of evil—

> Mammon, the least exalted spirit that fell
> From heaven.

And if this is, as it seems to be, a question of national importance, there is still a class to whom it comes home more poignantly, as touching individual lives which are dearer to them than their own. All who have boys at public schools, all who have young sons who, in the course of time, will be naturally going to the father's old school, or for whom a school must be chosen—all these have a right to ask, they are all bound to ask, how far religion will be a factor in their boy's

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life among his new surroundings, how far the thought of God will be a check to him and a support in the dangers and troubles and temptations of school-life. And in the first place, let me tell them plainly, it rests chiefly with the parents themselves. It is their duty to train their own children in morals and religion from the first; and if they neglect it, nothing can make up the loss. This sounds like a commonplace: but it is habitually disregarded in practice. No doubt there are many parents who are ready to sacrifice their leisure and their amusements, and to give themselves, not their money only, to their children: but, as a rule, people see more of their children in the drawing-room, and less of them in the nursery, than they did formerly; and the change is not for the better. The little boy is left to nurses, often rapidly changed, and nursery governesses, till, perhaps at eight years old, he is packed off to his private school, and his whole training, mental, moral and physical, is henceforth the business of the schoolmaster. If he prospers, the parents' sense of duty to their offspring is covered by the terminal cheque; but if he is stupid, if he is ill, if he is naughty, they put it down at once to some defect in the school, often quite forgetting that no discipline and care there can neutralise a demoralising atmosphere at home. A boy home for the holidays is a privileged being, subject to nothing like the discipline of the child who lives at home. He is generally much with his elders, and it is the fashion nowadays to talk very freely before children: and if he sees that they are selfish and ill-tempered and mean; that they are careless of their religious duties (by which I mean far more than regular church-going) and of their duties to their dependents; that they consider being well off and having a good time as the really important thing; if he is encouraged to be pert and self-willed; it is not likely that any teaching he may get at school will convince him of the beauty of self-sacrifice and obedience. It may fairly be objected that it would be worse still for a boy to live all the year in a careless home: but my point is that parents, by handing over their

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children at an early age to professional teachers and guardians, lose all sense of responsibility, and treat them in the holidays with an indulgence, and what is really an indifference, which quickly undermine the character that school-training is intended to give: whereas, if the father and mother felt that their son was really in their charge, they would discipline themselves not to offend his innocence, or risk his loving reverence: and both sides would have at least a chance of gaining that mutual knowledge which is the power to help, instead of the superficial intercourse which often leaves those who are nearest in blood strangers all their lives. Certainly, where it is possible, a boy's own parents are his best spiritual pastors and masters: his mother till he is five or six, his father and mother till he is old enough to think for himself and fend for himself in the wider world of a public school, guarded by a reasonable love for those he leaves behind, and duly warned by his father of the special dangers that will beset his first years at school.

But it is true that for many boys, some would say for most boys, this is a counsel of perfection. It seems to postulate ideal parents, and an ideal home: though I believe almost any parents could do more for their own children than the wisest and kindest stranger: the tie of natural affection gives them such a tremendous advantage to start with if they will only keep it. Still it may be granted that, in the present conditions, a good private school is the easiest way out of it for the parent, and at least the second best for the boy. Private schools abound, and seem to provide all that the most exacting can require. Boys are well taught, well fed and cared for in all respects with a patient zeal and kindness which cannot be reckoned in the bills.

The modern private school master is a very encouraging type; unselfish and conscientious, often wise and sympathetic, he has a strong influence for good at a very impressionable time. The great fault of these good private schools is that they tend to claim too much of a boy's life, and try to keep their pupils when they would be doing better at a public school: a fault surely pardonable if not inevitable. But it cannot be

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too clearly understood that not all private schools are good. A little evil leaven easily leavens the whole foolish lump, and there are not the counterbalancing safeguards of a larger society to check the mischief. When the tone of a private school is not thoroughly sound and wholesome it is apt to be unspeakable. It must have happened once or twice to most public school masters of any standing to meet with a poor child who has come to his public school at fourteen, already thoroughly corrupt. It is an experience not easily forgotten; an experience which a man should not easily forget. But happily such melancholy instances are not common; though they are common enough, as most headmasters know, to be a source of constant anxiety, sometimes of serious trouble. Yet for most boys the time of test, the time when some resource of motive, some higher sanction is needed, comes at the public school. We who know something of school life from both sides; who have preserved in a measure the lively memory of our own days at school, which is a gift so necessary and yet, as it sometimes seems, so perishable; who as masters have watched many generations of boys come and pass and disappear, cannot but feel at times how great is the risk to which parents lightheartedly commit their sons.

We are honestly convinced that public school life is the best training for an English boy; that its little hardships, and far more serious temptations are part of the discipline needed to brace and strengthen his character, and to form a nice child into a wholesome sensible man. We know that the enormous power of boys who are for any reason leaders is very seldom misused for cruel or selfish ends; that in fact the system works well as a whole. And yet, when the thing is brought very near home to us; when we see the son of a dear friend, or it may be our own son, launched for the first time alone in a great school, full of hope and courage, pleasure-loving and a little reckless as a young creature should be, apt to be greedy of praise and notice from his school heroes, boy or master, and yet anxious on the whole to do right, and to be a credit and com-

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fort to his dear home, we cannot help trembling a little. We remember the failures; the sudden and irrevocable extinction of proud hopes, or sadder still, perhaps, and more common, the gradual renunciation of high purpose, the lapse into selfishness and contented futility. We have seen it so often: the common sanctions, self-respect, ambition, love of praise, love of parents, losing their hold one after another, and fine characters, full of charm and possibilities for good, slipping down, very likely without scandal or any notable catastrophe, into moral decrepitude. We have seen it so often; and yet, to rebuke our want of faith, though we see it not, and cheerfully accept its results as normal, still more often the opposite miracle is in progress. Every year, every term, hundreds of boys, not story-book saints and heroes, but common ordinary schoolboys, are passing safely through what we call the usual temptations of school: of course the strain varies with temperament and circumstances; but whatever be the pressure, the boy has to meet it practically without help from outside; for from the nature of the case it is only by the rarest chance that the authorities, masters or sixth-form boys, know anything of the struggle till it is decided one way or the other; most often they never know of it. I have said deliberately that the happy issue is commoner than the other; for if it were not the public schools would be a chaos, or rather they would have perished long ago unlamented. No society can continue to exist unless the good outnumber and outweigh the wicked, if it were but by fifty-one to forty-nine in the hundred. But as a matter of fact the proportion is better than this, and schoolmasters may go on working, and parents sending their sons to school with a good heart.

But the question remains, what is the cause of the difference between these two classes—the boys who with many slips and stumbles are working steadily upwards, and the boys who are rushing or strolling downwards? Let us take a striking instance which is, happily, not uncommon: the case of a boy with all the apparent predisposition to compliance, strongly

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attracted by pleasure, fearing greatly the ill-will of his companions, either from a love of popularity, or because *he is* naturally timid and submissive, who yet keeps straight when others give way before the very temptations which would seem to appeal most to his weakness. It is, as I say, a fairly common case in our experience, and unaccountable except on one hypothesis. One thing at least is clear; there is a determining factor which outweighs all ordinary motives of action. And this factor, I think, it is not unreasonable to call the Grace of God.

It is a common view, perhaps more widely held than expressed, that the average schoolboy is a kind of pleasing pagan: and that if he eats and sleeps and plays games and learns his lessons, he is doing all that can be reasonably expected of him. This theory carried out in action has led and will lead to very surprising results in the way of practical paganism; but it is a very natural result of a superficial acquaintance with the habits of boys, and of their impenetrable reticence on all serious subjects, of which I shall have to speak again. On the other hand there are conscientious persons, of whom I wish to speak with entire respect, who appear to think that boys should be, and may conveniently be made *religious* in the technical sense, minutely following out the details of a mediæval ritual, and submitting their souls to frequent inspection to see how they are prospering. It may be desirable: they may very well be right there, and I wrong; though it seems to me that there is danger both to reverence and manliness. But practicable it is not, for there is in boys an inexhaustible store of conservatism and passive resistance; and, in fact, the schools which have been founded on these lines, show a tendency to revert to the normal type in proportion to their general success.

The great majority of the distinguished scholars and able men who are to-day at the head of our great public schools, are equally removed from either extreme. They are profoundly convinced of the necessity of religion as an element in the life of a boy and of a school, and understand no less clearly that

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this can best be attained without bringing young minds prematurely in contact with ecclesiastical disputes. They are fully alive to the pastoral side of a headmaster's duties, and they are loyally backed up by an increasing number of earnest assistant-masters in holy orders, and by the not less valuable help of truly Christian men who prefer for sufficient reasons to remain laymen. The results of the improved relation between masters and pupils, which has come about in the last fifty years, is nowhere more marked than in the school chapel and its worship. Compare the lot of the modern schoolboy with his grandfather's in this matter. Then, for all but a few schools, it was an aisle or a gallery in the parish church; long, old-fashioned services, whose tedium was relieved by frank misconduct and occasional punishment. Now a chapel is rightly considered among the first necessities for the equipment of a school, and in the services all care is taken to win and hold the attention of minds not irreverent, but easily tired and distracted; and as a result the chapel has come to be one of the centres of school life. Many boys now, far more than would readily confess it, really love the services and miss them in the holidays. Old boys, when they come back, must see the chapel, must worship there once more, though their college chapel knows them not, nor their parish church at home. And we cannot doubt that what is to some only a sentimental charm of memory, is to some also an abiding bond, the basis of a reasonable habit of devotion.

The effect of the ordinary Sunday and daily services on the religious character must be largely cumulative and unconscious, acting rather by force of long and sacred association than by any novelty of appeal; and there is always the danger of familiarity passing into indifference instead of love; for the school at large, chiefly when they are given, or choose to take, too little part in the singing and responding; for the choir, when too much is put on them, and the least idea creeps in that the service is a musical performance first and an act of worship second. For a school choir, though it is pleasing and in a sense

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true to regard them as specially privileged to minister *in the* sanctuary, are really more or less sacrificed to the common good, exposed to peculiar risks of irreverence and hardness. These are few less edifying sights than a choir repeating the Lord's Prayer with their lips, while their hands and eyes are busy finding the chants for the Psalms; and this is only typical of the general religious attitude of choir boys and men where worship is subordinated to music. Hence follows the great importance of having a man of really Christian mind for choir master if it be possible: for it is only success, only the raising of the devotional tone of the school as a whole, that justifies the risk of having a chapel choir at all.

On the question of Holy Communion, I do not intend to speak at any length here. It is a matter so personal and sacred that general observations on it would be out of place. The Communion is the one voluntary service at school, so the attendance at it should be the best test of religious feeling. The number of communicants at most schools is all that could be desired. But when one sees, as I saw the other day, practically all the confirmed boys of a great school remain to kneel in turn before the Holy Table, delightful and touching as the sight was, it gave rise to thoughts not wholly comforting. The duty of "fencing the Tables," of explaining what is fitness and unfitness for approaching the Sacrament, is one which taxes all the wisdom and courage of the most experienced pastor; but it cannot, in honour, be shirked. I think no boy I ever knew would go to Communion with the deliberate intention of giving a false impression of his piety; but of those who went carelessly, or as a part of routine, or because they knew we liked to see them there, I fear there were some.

The sermon, like the service, has undergone great changes, mainly for the better. Much has been done to draw it down from the region of dull abstraction, and to meet boys on their own ground: perhaps too much; for what the Message loses in dignity it does not necessarily gain in effect. We profit nothing if we exchange the old high-and-dry convention for a

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still more distressing convention of sanctified sprightliness which is supposed to appeal to the young. It is not given to every man to be a power in the pulpit; but so long as the Church of England takes it for granted that the gift of prophecy is conferred at ordination, all ordained colleagues must take their turn once a term at least: only for most of us the smooth stones from the brook are a safer equipment than the armour of Saul. Boys are the best listeners a preacher can have: so good that much preaching in school chapels spoils a man for general congregations. He is apt to be fidgeted by the bland inattention of parts of the average parish audience. But if they listen it does not necessarily follow that they are impressed. In fact they are the sharpest of critics, curiously discriminating, and quite merciless in their disapproval. They will discover and accept sincerity of purpose underlying almost any defects of style and delivery, especially from a man they know and trust; but anything pretentious, anything that rings false, is instantly noted and condemned. Boys hate being preached down to, and are quick to detect the condescension. Least of all do they tolerate the robust breezy preacher who addresses them as "fellows," and interlards his discourse with what he believes to be current school slang. They will listen to him with open-eyed attention; but when he has displayed the intimate acquaintance with the private life of his hearers which neither he nor any other adult possesses, he may rest assured that they think him an ass, and that his most striking phrases will circulate as humorous catch-words for the rest of the term. It is not often, to be sure, that the regular staff of a public school are guilty of such eccentricities in the pulpit: they come rather from well-meaning strangers who are anxious to exhibit their sympathy, and to get into touch with their audience; especially from the more or less authorised school Missioners who are allowed to appear in our school pulpits from time to time. I have the highest opinion of the good-will of these worthy gentlemen; but their methods are mistaken, and calculated to hinder more than they help. Revivalist methods

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are not good for boys, and it is an error of policy to approach a public school as if it were an East-end slum or a heathen tribe. Serious-minded boys are annoyed and puzzled, and the unregenerate are openly derisive; at most one or two worthless lads are got hold of for a time, a poor compensation for the general unsettlement. If the religious life of a school is to be wholesome and progressive, the head master must be the centre and director of it. His position gives him a claim on the respect of the boys which they are not slow to allow. His sermons are looked forward to, and heard with more than ordinary care. A head master should make his preaching, as many do make it, a chief means of reaching and influencing boys of all ages. There are things to be said to the school which he can say, and they can hear, perhaps, at no other time. And in proportion as he is trusted, his words will gain influence, sober, deep, and lasting, the influence which shapes character, and inspires effort, and wins to renunciation.

We do not want emotional religion for our boys. We have all seen too much of the ready flood of tears, the passionate protestations of repentance and amendment, so heartfelt, so fleeting. Only schoolmasters fully know, and this is not the place to enlarge on it, how strong and dangerous the emotional nature is during part of the school age. It sounds odd in the light of popular conceptions, but what most boys need, for a time at least, is to be kept manly and wholesome and prosaic. The religion they want is not a religion of feeling and excitement, but a sane conviction of responsibility to God and man, a belief that what they do and say and think really matters, and has its results in their own lives and other lives. And this is hard to teach schoolboys because their life is full of conventions, and they are so largely protected from the consequences of their own actions. In a highly artificial society like a school many acts not wrong in themselves must be constituted offences against discipline, and visited with arbitrary punishment; and they are very properly looked on as wholly expiated and cancelled by that punishment. When a boy has been whipped

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for smoking or going out of bounds, there is no more to be said: discipline has been vindicated: the account is squared. This we can all understand, and it is just and salutary. But the boy often fails to draw a distinction, and extends indulgence to a much wider circle of unlawful acts. In too many schools tradition justifies systematic shirking of work, cribbing, and lying to a master who is "engaged in the discharge of his official duties." In some schools it goes a good deal farther, and covers a considerable amount of cruelty and worse. It is the difficult part of the religious teacher to make boys see sin as sin, with its inevitable consequences, quite apart from the question of detection and punishment.

Again, in spite of all the virtues of a public school training, even because of its virtues, it does not tend to promote humility and unselfishness. From the time he is thirteen or less till he is twenty-three, it is taught as gospel to our young Englishman that he is a member of an exclusive and aristocratic guild, of which his own school and college are the crown and flower. This belief, like all *esprit de corps*, is most valuable if rightly directed, but it produces a form of selfishness, more subtle and harder to combat, because it is not individual but corporate selfishness, which compounds for total indifference to all without the pale by an exaggerated regard, mostly theoretical, for those within. In its higher manifestations it is a very noble feeling though narrow, in its lower there is no more vulgar class pride; and always it is likely to stunt the mental and moral growth unless it is checked by the more liberal spirit of Christianity. It is partly to inspire this wider feeling of responsibility that public school Missions have been founded in London and other towns, and the scheme is in many ways admirable. But it requires almost superhuman energy, tact, and enthusiasm in those who manage them to make them mean more to the average boy than a terminal sermon and one or more allowances withdrawn from more congenial expenditure. These missions have their use, their great use, rather as an outlet for the spirit of philanthropy

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which has been fostered in other ways, and rests on a surer foundation than opportunity.

I do not think that these two feelings so alien to the natural *ethos* of youth and happiness, the sense of the seriousness of life, and the sense of the universal obligation of service, can be implanted except as the result of a rational belief in God. And when the result is present in an appreciable and increasing measure, we must be content to acknowledge the presence of the cause, and not attempt to pry too closely into its hidden workings. It is our duty to set the issues of life and death before boys with unflinching plainness at all times, and especially at Confirmation; but it is not well, if it were possible, for us to know what lies only between the individual soul and its Creator. All boys have a great reticence as to their deeper thoughts; and this reticence, though it may be carried to absurd and inconvenient lengths, is a sound and honourable instinct. We must respect it, and neither conclude that there are no deeper thoughts, nor resolve to unveil them at all hazards. Every schoolmaster has to learn that he is cut off from much of the private life of the boys who like him best; and those who care most understand soonest that this is inevitable and even desirable. But from time to time even religious confidences will come to the man who deserves them; possibly not from the boys he likes best, for it is perfect trust rather than intimacy which inspires them; and not always at the times and in the ways that he would choose. But if he can accept them loyally, and meet them not with coldness or platitude, but with understanding sympathy, it may be his happiness to give to a young soul in its trouble and loneliness the very help it needs. With long experience a man may learn even to invite such confidences, and to offer opportunities in ways perceived only by those who are ready for them. He may offer opportunities, but he must ever be on his guard against the temptation, strongest for the best men, of forcing them on the unwilling and the unready; for there failure is imminent, success fatal. It is bad enough when the timid are

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scared into sullen silence or the indifferent exasperated into flippancy by such well-meant violence; but there is worse than this. Many a really devout boy resents the ill-timed attempt upon his soul's privacy with a feeling not far removed from outraged modesty; and the influence rudely grasped is lost for ever. And with minds of less delicacy and courage a reluctant capitulation may be followed by a kind of pleasure in communicating spiritual symptoms which must be cultivated if they are not there; and straightway a prig and a liar is in the making.

An important factor in the problem, which parents and teachers find it hard to realise, is that, in spite of the forces of heredity and environment, the boy is ultimately not A's son or B's pupil, but himself: he has a personality which is developing very fast in these years along lines which no human director can lay down for it. The difference between a boy at fourteen and the same boy two or three years later is striking —the one docile and receptive to a fault, living on approval, eager apparently to say and do what you tell him, and equally amenable, no doubt, to quite contrary influences as soon as he is out of your sight; the other proud and shy, impatient of control and suspicious of praise, liable to extremes of obstinacy and diffidence. It must be confessed that the young gentleman at this stage is often an enigma and a nuisance to his friends. But it is the part of a wise elder to be very patient, to interfere little and tactfully, even, it may be, to admit with sorrow that the day of his influence is at an end, and that the child he has led by the hand must henceforth walk alone or with other guides. It is as disagreeable as it is salutary for us to confess, even to ourselves, that the waters of Abana and Pharpar, which suit us so well, have lost their efficacy in the case of those we care for; but it is an experience which comes to most of us sooner or later. Every generation, every individual in some degree, has its own relations with God and the world, which are the best for it: and seem not the best to others whose conditions are different. The tragedy of Mr. Goodwin

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and John Tempest will be played out again and again as long as the world lasts, wherever children are being trained up with care and affection.

But I am come in danger of lecturing on a subject which is chiefly interesting to those who least need instruction. No one who has not tried can really understand the difficulties; every one who has seriously taken the task in hand knows, better than I can tell him, that the way of the religious teacher is marked by failures and disappointments, by opportunities lost and opportunities misused: and he knows, too, that in spite of all there is progress, because God does better with us than we deserve.

I have tried to show that there is no short cut and royal road to making boys religious, and that to be in a hurry is to lose time. And this is not surprising if we consider that Christianity is essentially, not a system of ritual, not a moral code, not a theological formula, but a habit of mind, founded on a right conception of God, and determining the whole outlook on life and the world. I have tried too to show that boys are not naturally averse from religious impressions; that they are quick to discern and admire sincerity, so that genuine piety in man or boy wins their respect and influences them more than they know.

I think I am not an optimist. I realise the dark side of school life, the cruelty, the uncleanness, the dishonesty; and I know how much has yet to be done before our public schools are perfectly what they were meant to be, nurseries of godliness and good learning. But I believe that there exists in them the love and fear of God, not articulate for the most part, nor self-conscious, but with a living and growing force, and stronger than evil.

JAMES H. F. PEILE.

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A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOOK

II

WHEN lately dealing with Gaston de Foix's famous "La Chasse," the parent-work of our oldest English hunting-book, written five hundred years ago by the Plantagenet Prince Edward of York, we confined ourselves to those animals with which the English prince did not deal in his book, *i.e.*, those beasts of the chase and of prey which were not indigenous to Britain. In the present article we propose to deal with the subject of traps and snares which are also not touched upon in the "Master of Game," but which played a very important *rôle* in early days. Indeed, the origin and early history of trapping and snaring the beasts of the forest and field may well be said to be buried in remote antiquity. For self-protection, as well as for self-support, man's ingenuity in the invention of devices to destroy the wild beasts that shared with him the vast primæval forests was a matter of life and death.

Scientific researches in this direction show that the mastodon and other prehistoric monsters seem to have fallen victims to these devices, for their remains have been found together with spear and arrow heads. Of course this does not prove that these gigantic pachyderms were bagged while in a state of untrammelled freedom; it would appear far more probable that they had first been rendered helpless by being entrapped in

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pitfalls or in enclosures before they succumbed to the stone arrows of their pigmy pursuers.

The pitfall is the most ancient and simple kind of trap. It had but to be dug in the right place in the path used by the animal on his way from his lair to his food or to water, and then disguised by a covering of earth and grass or green boughs, to make it a deadly trap even for the most wary beast; and, indeed, it must have often been a case of the trapper trapped. Does not the Psalmist sing of his enemies being put to confusion: "He made a pit and digged it and is fallen into the ditch which he made." "They have prepared a net for my steps, they have digged a pit before me into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves"?

The pit originally scooped out with rude implements and covered with rough branches became later on more scientific in shape, wider at the bottom than at the top; the branches which covered it were laced together and formed a permanent lid, made in the manner of a hurdle, which was so hung and nicely balanced on swivels that when the beast stepped on it it tilted up, precipitating the victim into the pit and closing on him. Used in combination with fences of hurdles placed in the shape of a V or an X (at the base of the V and in the waist of the X) they made a deadly trap. A device of the latter kind, showing a wild boar going headlong into it, we see in our first illustration. The pit in this picture seems to have had no permanent lid, but its mouth was merely covered with grasses and branches. These pits for wild boar were directed by Count Gaston to be three fathoms deep. The fences led the driven animal to the pit much in the same manner that partridges are driven into a tunnel-net. Gaston favours the X-shaped fence, for, he says, if the animal sees a wider space again beyond the neck or waist he will run into it more readily, thinking he can get away when once beyond the narrow part.

These hurdle fences were also one of the oldest hunting appurtenances of our Saxon forefathers; they were called *hayes* or *haia*. They were made of cut trees, much in the same

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Hayes leading to go fall for wild boar as described in "La Chasse" by Gaston Comte de Foix (died 1391).
From a MS in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

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manner that our stake-and-binder fences are constructed to-day, and formed permanent hedges. We read that they were to be made between the "dry and the green season," so that when the Spring comes they will be covered with leaves.

> Thise holtis and thise hayis
> That han in wynter dede ben and drye,
> Revesten hem in greene, when that May is.[1]

Thus they would not scare the game, and being made across or along some part of the forest, and high enough to prevent the escape of the beasts, they formed ever-ready permanent traps.

When hunting took place beaters noisily drove towards these *hayes*, blowing horns, shouting, and even sometimes beating drums and clashing cymbals as they pushed their way through the woods. Dogs of all kinds were used to chivy or harry the game, and men with spears and bows and arrows, or whatever represented the Mannlicher in those days, hid themselves in the neighbourhood of the *hayes*, which prevented the escape of the game. There were many of these *hayes* in England; more than seventy are mentioned in Doomsday Book; they were chiefly in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire. They occurred generally in groups of two, three, four and five, and even of seven, and were held by persons of all classes both in Church and State (Shirley's "Deer Parks," p. 12). As numerous quotations show, they were quite distinct from parks or chases.

Permission had to be obtained to make such hedges. The only one, the size of which is mentioned, is that of Donnelie, the modern Beldesert, in Warwickshire, which was half a mile long, and the same broad, and was appraised at thirty shillings value.

Deforestation and the diminution of game, as well as the more sporting instincts of the Normans, united to hasten the disuse and the disappearance of the Saxon *haia* in England.

[1] Chaucer, "Troilus," iii.

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The Norman lords introduced into our islands the *chasse à courre* or *à la force*, "taking beasts by strength of running hounds," which is really the precursor of our modern hunting; and discouraged taking game "falsely," as one old author calls any kind of chase, aided by "nets, gins, or other harness." "Truly, I trow no good hunter would slay them so for no good" (*i.e.*, "for any consideration"), as Duke Edward of York quaintly puts it in his "Master of Game."

The word *hayes* has survived with us in the nets used in taking hares or rabbits, which, as Daniels tells us, should be forty yards in length and six feet deep.

On the Continent these ancient *hayes* were not only used as impediments to the flight of game, but in such a manner as to trap the game; openings were made at short intervals, and in these openings were placed nets and snares of all kinds, so that when the animals, scared at the noise behind them, came to the hedge they naturally made for the opening, and were there caught in the toils of a net or in a running noose. In order that the ropes of these snares might be less visible they were dyed green "with the juice of herbs, or brown with tannin from the tanners." Our second illustration gives us a good picture of various toils of this kind. Of course the openings were in reality farther apart, and the *hayes* more bushy and impregnable than the pretty conventional growth which our Gothic artist represents.

In the foreground we see a big boar taken in a purse-net and about to be despatched by his captor. As soon as the beast became entangled in it the man drew the cord which ran through the outer meshes of the net, and thus pulled it together like a purse-string.

It was this way of capturing animals that the prophet Isaiah had probably in his mind when he said: "Fear, and the pit, and the snare are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit, and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare."

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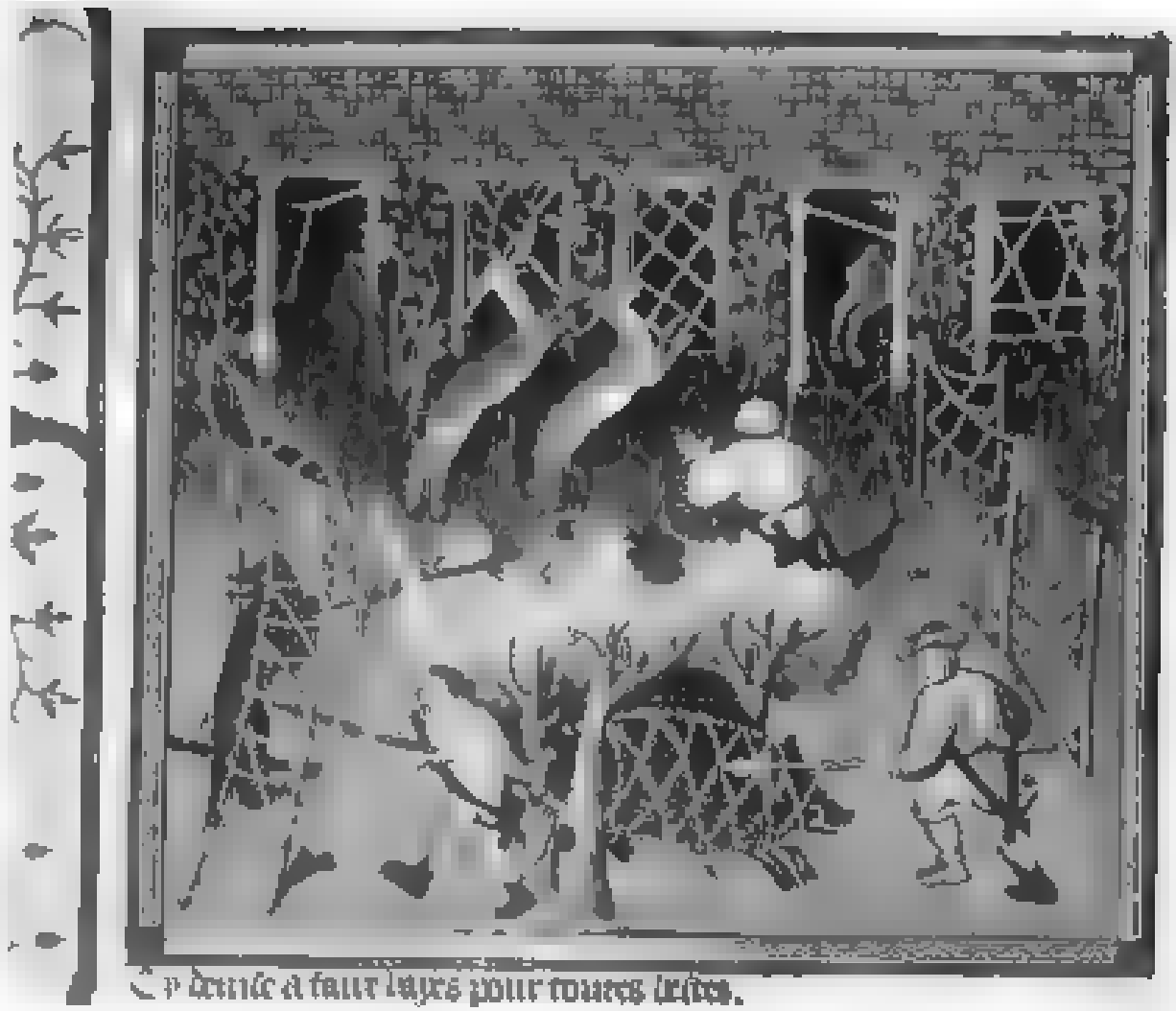

Net nuets for trapping deer boar and wolves.

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In "the noise of the fear" we have the beaters shouting in the wood driving the doomed beasts towards the snare.

Gesner relates an instance of an amusingly mixed bag being captured in a pitfall, *i.e.*, a woman, a fox, and a wolf. The three remained in the pit together all night, the wolf hurting neither of the other two.

Our third illustration shows the manufacture of these nets as it was carried on in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when these interesting pictures were drawn by a master-hand, probably by a contemporary of Jean Foucquet, Louis XI.'s famous illuminator. Eighty-six beautifully illuminated pictures illustrate what is decidedly the best existing copy of Count Gaston's classic "La Chasse." To judge by the works of Stradanus, the most prolific painter of sporting scenes of the following century, these net snares seem still to have been constantly used more than a century later, for Stradanus' celebrated series, *Venationes Ferarum, Avium, Piscium,* which was one of the most popular sporting picture-books of the day, was issued about the year 1570.

Gaston de Foix only speaks of the use of *hayes* in conjunction with these nets and with pitfalls, as does also his predecessor in French sporting literature, the author of *Le Roi Modus.* Their use without these snares, as introduced by the Saxons into England, was specifically a German custom, and survived in Germany in all its essentials, but with many *baroque* additions, to the end of the eighteenth century; indeed the use of cloth or canvas panels to direct the flight of the animals towards the stands of the sportsmen is to this day customary at some of the large battues at Continental courts.

It would be difficult to say at what period exactly permanent *hayes* gave way to movable ones made of netting. Gaston, though he gives instructions how to make the former, says that those of rope are preferable, as they could be shifted according to the country where the hunting was to take place. The openings in these *hayes,* he says, should be two cubits wide and four cubits high, at least for stags, less of course for boar. The

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net hung in the opening or in the path of the beast should *trail* on the ground two feet if it be for a boar, otherwise he would make his escape underneath it. For stags, a foot off the ground was considered the right way of hanging the net.

Near the *hayes*, about a stone's-throw off, the huntsmen were directed to hide themselves as best they could and hollos and clap their hands as soon as the game had passed them, so as to scare them into the toils. Or the sportsman, armed with bow and arrows or with a crossbow, would stand well hidden near the *hayes* and shoot the driven animals.

It is rather a pity that among the four-score illuminations from which our pictures are selected there is none showing us the construction of another kind of ancient contrivance for securing deer, *i.e.*, the *Saltatorium* or deer-leap. For although these traps, by which it was intended to beguile stags during the rutting time to enter enclosures by means of a leap down a steep bank of sufficient height to prevent their returning, were according to the ancient British forest laws in constant use, no pictures of these contrivances older than two centuries have survived either in England or abroad. One of the best is that of the *Hirsch Einsprung* engraved by Ridinger, the German artist, about one hundred and fifty years ago. These deer-leaps are still in use in Germany and Austria, and at the present moment an important law-suit is pending before Austrian courts of justice to decide whether Count B—— could legally erect a wire fence with deer-leaps by which means the stags of his neighbour, Prince C——, were to be induced to leave their usual haunts in order to seek the hinds in the adjoining forest of the Count, which happens to be a favourite resort of hinds.

In mediæval times land was often held, as every one knows, by the performance of various services connected with the chase, such as keeping horses, hounds, hawks, the making of nets, and the rendering of the tenants' own services in any capacity which might be required when the lord came to hunt n the neighbourhood. Besides the above, we find it frequently

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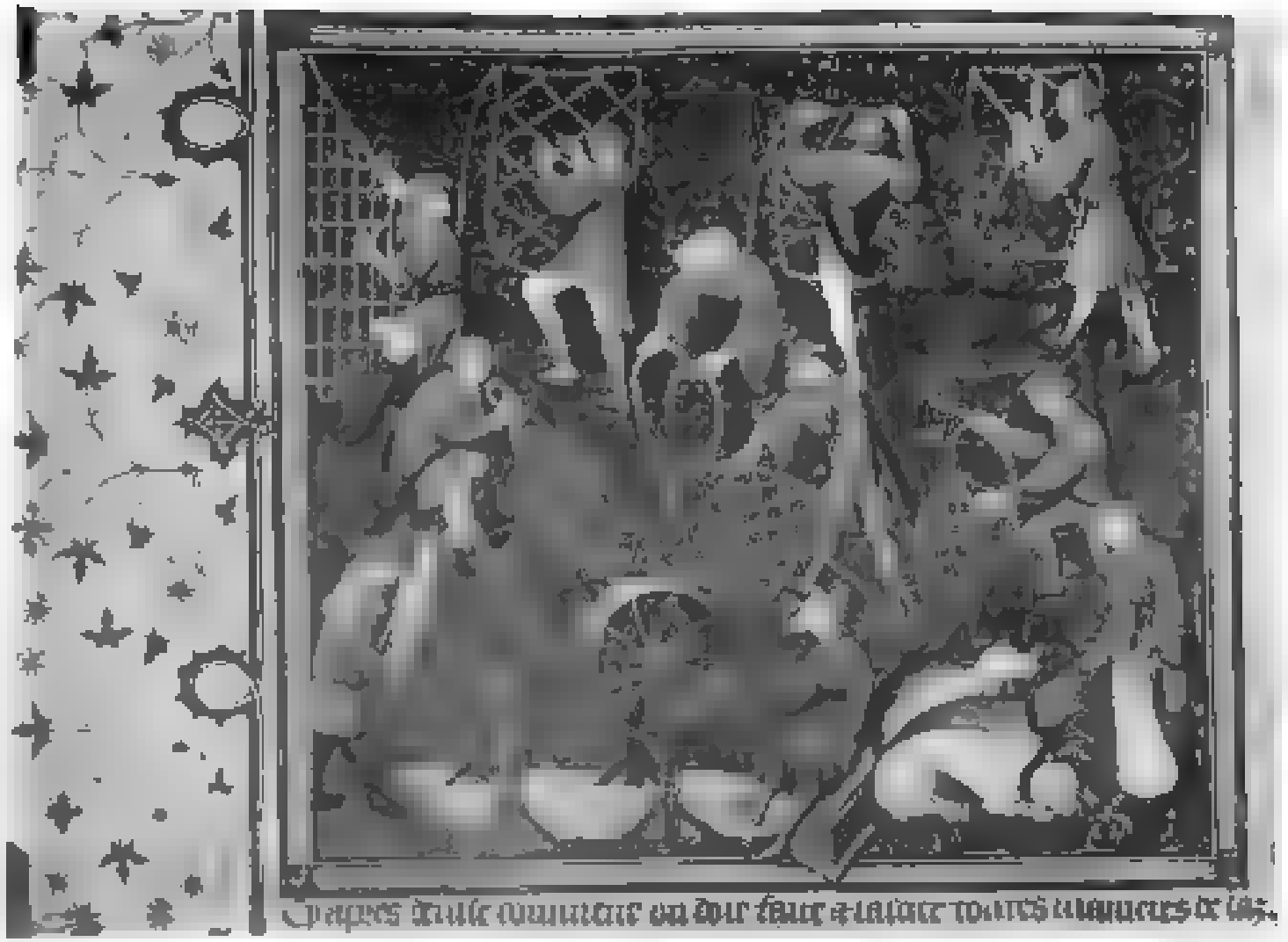

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mentioned that "ropes" had to be kept, without, however, any reference to their particular use, except that they were to be brought to the chase. They were probably utilised for stretching nets "in that part where danger is," as the "Master of Game" puts it, viz., where deer were likely to get away across undesirable country or to water. Possibly some of these "ropes" were sewels, which were cords many hundred yards in length, to which bunches of feathers were tied at intervals of a couple of feet. The Germans called them "Federlappen"; they were drawn along the sides of the coverts to be driven. In parts of Germany the manufacture of these sewels was imposed solely upon the Jews.[1]

The Boldon book, compiled in the year 1183, gives us some interesting facts concerning land tenures in England by onerous services of which the "Drengage tenure" was one. In Great Usworth "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse and attends the 'great hunt' (*Caza magna*) with two grey-hounds and five ropes." In Herington "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse, carts one tun of wine and a mill stone to Durham, he attends the 'great hunt' with two grey-hounds and five ropes and follows the pleas and goes on errands." In Urpeth "the dreng feeds a dog and a horse and attends the 'great hunt' with two grey-hounds and fifteen ropes." The juxtaposition of greyhounds

[1] Sewell, shewel, sewel, also schaile; in Mid. Eng. schawle, a scarecrow. "Anything hung up is called a sewel. And those are used most commonly to amaze a deare, and to make him refuse to passe wher they are hanged up" (Turbervile, 1575, p. 98). From Turbervile's day to the present one can trace the word "sewel" or "sewell." Why *sewin* is used in its stead in the "Encyclopedia of Sport" I do not know, unless it be spelt according to some local or provincial manner of pronouncing it. *Sewin* is certainly an uncouth corruption of a good old English word which has at least four centuries of use to support it. Sewels were much used by the ancients. They were made either of feathers or pieces of linen (*pinnatum, formido*)—see Gratius and Nemestius. The statement made in the "Encyclopedia of Sport" that "the original form has been much modified and improved in recent years" is without foundation. Reels very similar to those described in the above handbook were in use in Duke Casimir of Coburg's time three centuries ago.

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and ropes suggests that in England the game was coursed within a complete or partial enclosure made by sewels.

We have wandered away from our original *hayes*, but the whole subject of these poaching contrivances is a large one, and the different methods of using them dovetailed into one another, sometimes in a confusing fashion. In Britain they seem to have been generally despised, and most sportsmen appear to have held the opinion that

> It were not meet to send a huntsman out
> Into the woods with net or gin or haye.

Speaking of gins and traps brings us to our fourth illustration, which shows us one of the many deadly devices for the destruction of larger beasts of prey. On the Continent, where these traps were in general use, bears and wolves committed incredible havoc, and against these formidable foes our neighbours in France and Germany had still to defend themselves at periods when in Britain the marten and the weasel and the fox were the only foes against which the English country dweller had to use gins and snares.

Certainly the use of the infamous spear-trap here represented could only be justified by the terrific depredations committed by Bruin in those early days. According to the weights that have come down to us in the diaries of mediæval sportsmen, bears must have attained proportions more like those of the formidable Grizzly than those of their puny descendants still roaming through the forest wilds of Eastern Europe, whose weight hardly ever exceeds four or five hundred pounds. To judge by the description of the "Dardier" given us by Gaston de Foix, it was a simple enough affair, working on the principle of the old-fashioned rat-trap. The place, be it orchard or vineyard or cattle-yard, which Bruin was in the habit of visiting was enclosed—probably with hurdles or *hayes*—with the exception of one small entrance. Here the harpoon-shaped "Dardier" was laid: "well stretched, and the iron of a spear very sharp and pointed and well tied to one of the cords of the

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Charlie came in with a pail of water and splashed it all over the floor.

The dunker or beaver.

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pole, an elbow long and half a foot wide, and a small cord which should be over the opening where the beast will enter and a clapper (weight) fastened to it just like a rat-trap. And when the beast would enter, he will touch it and unhinge it and the pole will come with its stiffness and go through his side." Gaston concludes his description thus: "I will say no more of this, for it is a villainous chase." This sentiment he repeats at the close of other chapters, in which he gives details of the various manners of taking beasts "by falseness." One can almost hear the sigh of disgust as he writes: "I will speak no more of this chase, for it is one pertaining to villains, to the common people, and to the peasants!"

Our own laws show that the taking of deer and other beasts by traps and gins was not unknown in Britain, and that such poaching had to be legislated against, but our literature on the subject gives few details about the devices favoured by the gentle poacher. Most authors seem to agree with the compiler of the well-known "Gentleman's Recreation" (1686), who says:

> I should now proceed to show you several ways to take deer, both with the toils or nets and without, as also the manner of making them, but I forbear lest I should be thought to teach the art to steal venison; custom and the laws having so prevailed amongst us as to discountenance all ways of taking them, but by hunting them with dogs.

Although Blome wrote in the seventeenth century, illegal deer-hunting or rather deer-stealing seems to have been pursued vigorously until the latter half of the eighteenth century and was often followed by men of good standing. Of this Chafin's "Cranbourn Chase" gives several amusing anecdotes. The fine for poaching a deer was then £30, and this sum the respectable poacher kept in his pocket for instant use, so that he could repeat his sport the following night if he chose to venture, until an Act of Parliament made the second offence a felony. One of these gentlemen who was addicted to poetry and music besides being a strict churchman, one fine Sunday, on his way home from divine service, marked some deer going into a small

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coppice. Laying his nooses, which appear to have been constantly in his pockets, he proceeded to move the deer towards the snares by gently throwing pebbles into the wood and soon had three of the primest deer hanging by their necks. Having dispatched them he climbed into an oak tree from which he had a good view of the neighbourhood, and taking his "Hudibras" out of his pocket passed a long afternoon with it till the shades of night enabled him to call his friends and remove their booty.

The "common folk," *i.e.*, persons not having a certain amount of land and money, were not allowed to have in their possession guns, bows, greyhounds or other dogs, ferrets, tramels, lowbells, or harepipes, or keep any deer-hayes or buck-stalls or other snares and engines to take game.

The same statute (H. VII. cap. 10, s. 19), enacting that "none shall stalk with any bush or beast to any deer except in his own park on pain to forfeit £10," brings us to the subject of our next illustration, which shows a somewhat primitively contrived stalking-horse. In this instance it consisted of a cloth cut and painted in imitation of a horse in the act of grazing. It was thrown over one or two attendants, and under cover of this contrivance, which was gradually moved nearer and nearer to the unsuspicious deer, the stalker got to within shooting distance. Stalking-cows made in the same manner, or painted on canvas screens that were stretched on laths, were also much used, as we see in several of Stradanus' prints. Oldest of all these stalking contrivances were the trained deer used by the Franks. According to their ancient laws, the killing of such a trained stag was punished by very heavy fines, doubly so if the owner could prove that he had actually killed wild deer with its aid. According to Blome and other writers of the seventeenth century, trained stalking-horses must have been constantly used in England, particularly by the wild-fowler. The latter made use of other artificial contrivances under the shelter of which he could approach his quarry, such as stalking-hedges and stalking-trees or bushes,

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Deer stalking with the stalking-horse

but, as Blome remarks, "These dead Engines which carry not the shape of a living creature are not so useful to stalk with, for seeing a dead thing move will cause apprehension."

Our last illustration represents a way of approaching game as well known to-day in some parts of Europe as it was in the days of Count Gaston, who devotes a short chapter to the description of the "charrette" or stalking-cart. These carts are particularly effective in districts where game is accustomed to the sight of similar conveyances, and where the rumbling and creaking of their wheels are sounds frequently heard. Gaston is very particular in telling his readers that not only the horse, the cart and the driver, but also the sportsman inside the vehicle, must be decked out with branches and green twigs, and that both men should be dressed in clothes of green colour, while the cart-wheels should be tightened up in such a manner that they will creak more loudly, for this noise will attract the attention of the deer so that they will pay less heed to the real danger. The cart was driven slowly in circles, gradually narrowing round the herd, till it finally got close enough for the sportsman to let off his cross-bow. It would be interesting to know why Gaston advised the men to bedeck themselves with green boughs, for inasmuch as the wood-fellers and charcoal burners, to whose sight the deer had become familiar, were not so disguised, it would appear on the face of it that a bough-covered cart or man would sooner arouse the suspicion of game than the sight of individuals and vehicles such as they were accustomed to. In the modern use of the stalking-cart the sportsman wears a woodman's blouse or peasant's smock-frock, and the vehicles used for stalking are those which are in ordinary use, and which, therefore, do not arouse the deer's suspicion. Emperor William and many other German sportsmen annually kill hundreds of roebucks, fallow deer, and also red deer by using stalking-carts. Shirley, in his "Deer Parks," mentions that Lord Winchilsea used to shoot his fallow bucks in Eastwell Park by approaching them in a pony

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carriage with due attention to the wind, but adds that this device will not succeed more than once or twice.

We have no space to enumerate the many other snares and traps described by this instructive French *veneur*. Some of them are as cruel as they are ingenious, and of all Count Gaston speaks unwillingly and with the disdain of a man who wishes above all to take his prey with *noblesse et gentilesse*.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to revert briefly to the eventful history of the manuscript copy of the Count's book from which our illustrations are taken, and which forms one of the treasures preserved in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" at Paris. The vellum codex bears on the outside cover the arms, emblazoned in ancient heraldic colours, of the Saint Vallier family, and, according to Lavallée, it was the property of Aymar of that ilk who married Louis XI.'s natural daughter, the mother of the famous Diane de Poitiers. It was probably as a consequence of the conspiracy of the Connétable de Bourbon in 1523, when Jean de Poitiers was sentenced to death—the monarch's respite reaching the condemned man as he was in the act of kneeling down to receive the death stroke—that this precious volume came into the possession of Francis I., who seems to have set great store by it, for we are told that two years later it formed part of the French king's personal baggage that accompanied him on his ill-fated expedition to Italy. When taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his captors, a burly *Landsknecht* of the doughty Tyrolese knight, George von Frundsberg (the real founder of infantry tactics), seized upon it as part of his loot. From him the Bishop of Trent bought it, and he, again, presented it to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and it probably formed part of the famous library in the castle of Ambras, near Innsbruck, of which so many contemporary travellers have left us admiring accounts. A lengthy Latin dedication inscribed on the fly-leaf of the codex gives these particulars. For one hundred and thirty years it remained in the possession of the Hapsburg princes, but in Turenne's time the fortunes

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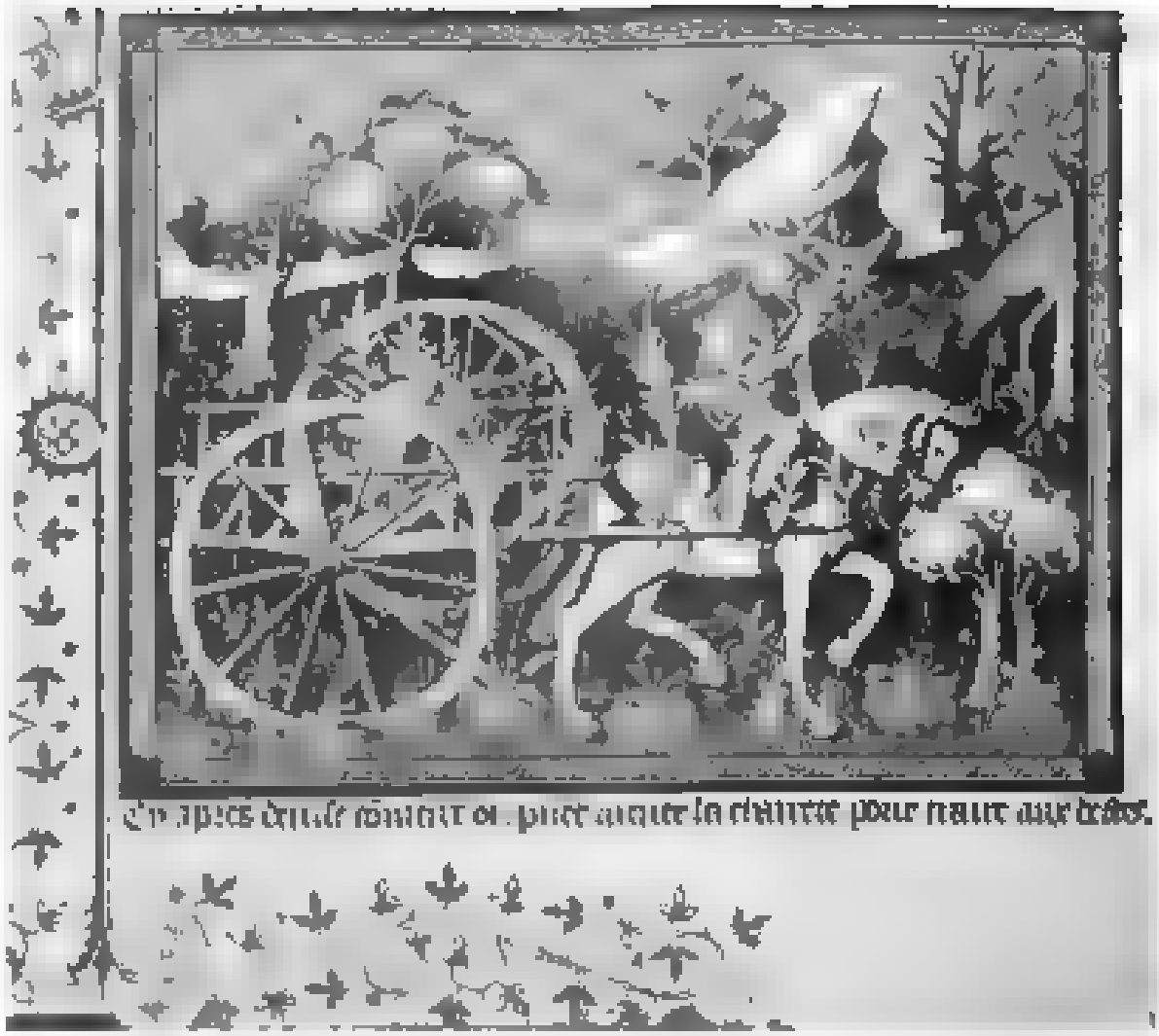

Deer-stalking in a stalking-suit

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of war, which had deprived France of this treasure, restored it once more to that country, the General Marquis de Vigneau presenting it in 1661 to Louis XIV.

By this monarch it was deposited in the Royal Library, where it would probably have remained had he not subsequently regretted his gift and demanded it back. It finally passed into the possession of his son, the Count of Toulouse. Subsequently it came into the hands of the Duke of Orleans and formed part, later on, of the private library of Louis Philippe. When the revolution of 1848 broke out it was at the Chateau of Neuilly, and when this castle was burnt by the populace it was saved from the burning building by a mere miracle. The singed cover and the spots of blood on one of the guards show what a close escape it had.

Were it endowed with speech, what tales could not that much-travelled MS. No. 616 tell us!

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

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THE NEW BACONIAN MARE'S NEST

CERTAINLY the author and the publishers of the "Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon" have reason to be grateful to Mr. W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock passes as a brilliant writer of quite normal sanity. While excelling in epigram, he has not usually shown any great attraction for paradox, and towards miraculous events generally his attitude has hitherto been strictly negative and non-committal. All the more surprising is it to find so hard-headed and cynical a critic not only wasting his own time but inviting other people to waste theirs[1] over an ingenious mystification—to use no harsher term—which is as extravagant in the demands it makes upon our historical credulity as it is unfounded in its assumptions and illogical in its methods.

In one respect, the general reader who is interested in this Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has cause to be grateful to Mr. Mallock for his recent article. The preface of Mrs. Gallup, the discoverer of the "bi-literal cipher," is by no means remarkable for its lucidity. On the other hand, Mr. Mallock has given an admirable exposition of the theory, which, in point of clearness leaves nothing to be desired. As he says very justly, the "bi-literal cipher" has two distinct recommendations. First, it was certainly known to Bacon himself, who explains it at length in his "De Augmentis." Secondly, it

[1] *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1901, pp. 920–935.

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has nothing whatever to do with the text of the composition in which it is embodied. It leaves the poet or the playwright absolutely unfettered in his work. The cipher is only introduced as an afterthought when the book is already written. It is a pure matter of typography. By underlining a certain proportion of the letters in any sort of "copy" that is about to go to press, the contriver of the cipher indicates that these letters are to be set up in a character slightly differing from that in which the rest are printed. The compositor carries out his instructions, and by these alternations of two kinds of type a cipher is registered upon the printed page which interferes in no way with the text, but which conveys a secret message to those who have the wit to unravel it.

As I cannot assume that all my readers have seen Mr. Mallock's article, a few preliminary words of explanation are here necessary. It will be obvious that this bi-literal cipher essentially requires the employment of two distinct founts of type. For the purposes of that cipher the only thing to be considered about the letters is the fount of type to which they belong. They are the equivalents of the dot and dash of the Morse system. But the Baconian cipher differs from the Morse code in this, that while the most used letters of the alphabet are in the Morse code indicated by one or two symbols, a single dash, or dot and dash, in the Baconian code five symbols are uniformly used to convey each letter of the secret message. They may, perhaps, be most conveniently designated by noughts and crosses, each nought indicating a letter of fount I., each cross a letter of fount II. But the scheme will be most clearly understood from a tabular arrangement like the following:

A	B	C	D	E	F
ooooo	oooo+	ooo+o	ooo++	oo+oo	oo+o+
G	H	I	K	L	M
oo++o	oo+++	o+ooo	o+oo+	o+o+o	o+o++
N	O	P	Q	R	S
o++oo	o++o+	o+++o	o++++	+oooo	+ooo+
T	U	W	X	Y	Z
+oo+o	+oo++	+o+oo	+o+o+	+o++o	+o+++

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Now a very simple illustration will suffice to show how the cipher is used. Let us suppose that an author desires to convey to posterity the message, "I, John Smith, wrote 'A Modern Antæus' and 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'" Embodying the information in the verses already composed to serve as an *envoi*, he would print them thus:

And Youth, I *most* bewail *thee*,
Thy purpose *was so* great;
But the *foes* that did *assail* thee
Were stronger *than* thy *fate*,
And thy heart it *was* so ruddy *red*
That *every* archer knew
Where he might best impale thee
And drive his arrows through.

All this and more comes from some young man's pride
Of power to see,—in failure and mistake,
Relinquishment, disgrace, on every *s*[ide—]

The decipherment will be readily apprehended by any one who gives it a moment's thought. In place of noughts the printer has used roman type, in place of the crosses italic type. We take the letters five at a time and interpret them:

[And Yo]	is simply	o+ooo	or I
[uth I m]	is also	o+ooo	or I
[ost bc]	is	o++o+	or O
[wail f]	is	oo+++	or H
[hee Th]	is	o++oo	or N
[y purp]	is	+ooo+	or S
[ove wa]	is	o+o++	or M
[s so gr]	is	o+ooo	or I
[eat Bu]	is	+oo+o	or T
[t the f]	is	oo+++	or H and so on.

So far all is delightfully simple and straightforward. Of course in the example given above the mixture of two founts of type so entirely dissimilar as italic and roman is unsightly, and could not fail to attract the attention of the most unobservant, but it would not be difficult, as Mr. Mallock has shown by an actual specimen, to find two sets of characters which experts would distinguish with more or less facility, but

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which would not appear conspicuous to an eye that was untrained. Now this, according to Mrs. Gallup, is exactly what the italic portions of the first folio of Shakespeare, the "Novum Organum," and many other Baconian volumes reveal to her experienced gaze. She has read their secrets, and published them to the world. I have no intention of troubling the reader with any lengthy account of these revelations, simply because I believe them to be as arrant nonsense as lunatic ever dreamed. Suffice it to say that, according to the supposed cipher, Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, born in lawful wedlock, and, therefore, as Bacon believed, heir to the English throne. Essex was his younger brother, the offspring of the same union. Bacon was, of course, the author of "the Shakespeare plays," as well as of many other works of genius produced at this period and published under different "pen-names."[1] He wrote other poems besides, amongst others a translation of Homer, which, for some inexplicable reason, he bequeathed to posterity only in his biliteral cipher.

Mr. Mallock does not shut his eyes to the improbabilities with which the story bristles. But after "weeks of study" devoted to Mrs. Gallup's facsimiles he seems to have convinced himself of the reality of the two founts of italic type, and he believes that "the multiplied coincidences" revealed in testing his own impressions and comparing them with those of Mrs. Gallup cannot be the work of chance. That there might easily be two or more founts of type mixed in a particular piece of press work (the result, perhaps of buying up the stocks of retiring master-printers, which being old and nearly of a size were not worth the trouble of keeping apart), may be readily conceded, though it would by no means follow that because two founts of type were found mixed the existence of the cipher was proved. Nevertheless, the question of fact regarding the two supposed founts of type is undoubtedly of

[1] This is supposed to be Bacon's own word, used in his cipher. I should be curious to know if any early authority can be quoted for such a compound.

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the highest importance, and one very naturally asks why Mrs. Gallup, before the second edition of her book appeared, has not cleared it up by invoking expert opinion to pronounce upon the question. The simple explanation seems to be, so far as I have had the opportunity of judging, that all the really competent judges of typography are absolutely sceptical as to her double fount.

My own researches in this matter have centred round one definite book, not the folio Shakespeare, but the first edition of Bacon's "Novum Organum," which issued from the press of John Bill in 1620. It is almost entirely printed in large italic type. From this book Mrs. Gallup derives her principal set of facsimiles, and she does for these what she does not do for all the others—that is to say, she takes a page, classifies the letters as belonging to the first fount or second fount, brackets them in their groups of five and prints her interpretation underneath. Clearly if the evidence for the two distinct founts were to be manifest anywhere, we should naturally expect to find it here in the large type which Mrs. Gallup selected for her facsimiles. Now, while examining this, I have also examined three or four other contemporary volumes produced by the same printer, notably the "De Suprema Potestate Regia" of Robert Abbot, Bishop of Salisbury, 1619; "The Judgment of the Synod holden at Dort," 1619; and the second part of the "De Republica Ecclesiastica" of Marc Antonio de Dominis, 1620. To my eye, having the books side by side before me, the prefaces of these volumes are printed in identically the same italic type as that used for the "Novum Organum," exhibiting the same irregularities and peculiarities. Would Mrs. Gallup maintain that here also Francis Bacon had succeeded in introducing a cipher message for posterity? On the other hand when I submitted a page of the "Novum Organum" itself to one of the British Museum officials, whose expert knowledge of typography is famous throughout Europe, he scouted the idea of its being printed from two founts of type. "It is a pure delusion," he told me, "if it is not a fraud."

Of course such a verdict is but an expression of individual

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opinion, and is capable, Mr. Mallock might contend, of being retracted on more mature examination. But what I wish principally to call attention to here is a difficulty which strikes at the very principle of the biliteral cipher, and the neglect to notice which constitutes to my mind a very suspicious feature in Mrs. Gallup's volume. Either Mrs. Gallup is so utterly ignorant of matters typographical that she has never adverted to the existence of the numberless "tied" or combination letters of which I am about to speak; or else, being aware of the difficulty, she has deliberately turned her eyes from it, because it is hopelessly inconsistent with her theory.

The whole system of the biliteral cipher as expounded by Bacon himself in the "De Augmentis" proceeds upon the assumption that a separate printed character is used for each letter. Any letter may be taken from either of the two founts of type, and assuming that there is a real distinction between the two founts, the hidden meaning can be deciphered without difficulty by any one who possesses the secret. But suppose that in the text to be printed we meet the combination *fi* or *fl*, such a word for instance as *find* or *flood*, it will sometimes happen that to express the cipher the *f* ought to belong to one fount, and the letter which follows it to the other. Now even in modern printing, as the reader will be aware, *fi* and *fl* are not printed by two separable types, but by one "tied-letter." The curl of the *f* would interfere with the dot of the *i* or the upright of the *l*, and so it is found convenient to cast the two letters together in one character *fi* or *fl*. Similarly, tied-letters are also used for the combinations *ffl* and *ffi*, as in *baffle* or *efficient*. Now, when printing a biliteral cipher, if these combinations occur, and *if* the letters ought all to belong to the same fount, there is of course no difficulty. But when the first should belong to one fount and the second to another, the only thing to do is to print them separately *f i*. Consequently, if any attempt were really made to set up a long cipher according to the Baconian biliteral system, the existence of such a cipher would betray itself every now and again by departing from ordinary usage in the printing of these tied-letters.

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Instead of *fi* we should occasionally find *f i*, instead of *ff* we should find *f f*, instead of *ffl* or *ffi* we should have *f f l* or *f f i*. And sure enough, even in the very short specimen which Mr. Mallock has set up from two similar italic founts, we find in the second line *signifie* instead of *signifie*, for the *f* has to belong to one fount and the *i* to another. On the other hand, in the word *difference*, which occurs in the same passage, the two *f*'s both belonging to the same fount are represented by the ordinary tied-letter *ff*.

We turn, then, with very considerable interest to our Baconian cipher text, either to Mrs. Gallup's facsimiles, or still better to the original first edition of the "Novum Organum," and look for tied letters. There is no difficulty in finding them, for they swarm. Of all the varieties of type which could possibly be employed, the most disadvantageous for such a cipher as that which Bacon invented was precisely the italic used in his day, for at that period no less than ten or twelve combinations were almost invariably represented by tied letters. There was *ct*, and *st*, and *sp*, and *ss*, and *si*, and *ll*, and *as*, and *is*, and *us*, and, of course, the *æ*, the *fi*, and the *fl*, to which we are accustomed. Supposing that these tied letters or diphthongs had been used in the cipher, to count only as one symbol, whether + or ○, there would, of course, on the two founts theory have been no difficulty; but, fortunately or unfortunately, Mrs. Gallup in publishing her detailed interpretation has put that solution out of court. There are no less than *ninety* tied letters in the page and a half of the facsimile which she interprets at length, the letters so tied form more than one-twelfth of the whole, and in every case she gives a cipher value ○ or + to *both* members of each tied letter. Thus in four instances of such a combination as *ct* (*a*), which not only to me but to the trained experience of the Museum experts appear to be absolutely one and the same type wherever it occurs, Mrs. Gallup attributes, in turn, just as she finds it convenient, the symbolic value ○ ○, ○ +, + ○, + +. Nay, more, while there are un-

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doubtedly two forms of *ss* and two of *st*, according as the long or short form of the *s* was used, we do not even there find that the short *s* was confined to one fount and the long *s* to another. There are four long double *s*'s which Mrs. Gallup deciphers respectively as o o, o +, +o and + +, and three short double *s*'s, which are rendered as + +, + o and o o. If there were any logical basis behind Mrs. Gallup's system of interpretation she would have to assume that the compositor who printed Bacon's "Novum Organum" had to select from eight different varieties of tied double *s*, eight different varieties of tied *st*, from four founts of *si*, *sp*, *ct*, *is*, *as*, *us*, *æ*, *ll*, *fi*, *fl*,[1] &c., besides, of course, the complete double fount of ordinary single letters. Will any one familiar with the practical work of a printing office be persuaded to believe that great and important books were being set up in this style during a period of twenty years by nearly all the principal printers of London?

For, to pass over the numberless difficulties suggested by the historical data of Mrs. Gallup's pretended cipher-text, by its modern vocabulary occasionally flavoured with Americanisms, by the absence of any true Elizabethan quality in its style, I would ask in conclusion how the notion of secrecy is in any way consistent with the story which the cipher tells. Not only does Bacon seem to have taken half the poets and playwrights of London into his confidence with regard to his authorship, but almost every important printer in the City was employed at one time or other to print some of this mysterious cipher-italic, which must have set the whole staff of compositors agog with curiosity, and if it were to be accurately printed, where accuracy was all-important, must have needed an unparalleled number of proofs and revises which could hardly have been entrusted to any other hand than that of the contriver himself.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

[1] The triple tied letters on account of the larger number of combinations would of course have been worse, but I do not find them in the type of the "Novum Organum."

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AN EPISODE

From the Autobiography of Pedro Gonzaga, Ship's Captain in the Fleet of His Portuguese Majesty, John IV.

IT was in the year of salvation 1635, that, having baffled such a storm as might well have sunk our small vessel, the look-out in the bows cried, that he saw land, for the second time since we left the port of Lisbon.

We had parted company with our consort some days before, and, seeing nothing of her since, conceived her to have gone under in the tempest, for, though a larger brig than ours, yet she was more unwieldy to handle, and suffered more severely from the buffeting of rough weather.

Well, when the first man cried "Land" (though his voice, it is true, was so weak that he called twice ere we heard him), all the crew made shift to get forwards and behold it with their own eyes; some crawling on hands and knees, so far were they gone in disease; some hauling themselves along by the cordage; all tumbling about like drunk men, save only the Padre and myself, who could walk boldly, being still untouched by the sickness.

And when the dim, grey line on the horizon met our sight, a cheer went up that was like the ghost of a seamew's call; and they that had been at death's door found in them a new spark of life: and one, old Alphonso, that had been lying wild-eyed and speechless by the mast for twelve hours past, leapt upright

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and, pointing to his blackened mouth, fell prone again and stirred no more.

As we came on into a wide bay, the skies lightened, and there, before us, rose a mountain, the strangest ever mine eyes beheld. Its base was clothed in mist, and the precipitous summit hung in the air like a quivering opal gleaming blue and purple in the morning light. The top thereof was as flat as though the peak had been shorn off by a giant's sword, and behind it the deep sky stood like a solid wall of sapphire. Clouds like rivers dropped earthwards in the furrows of its sides, and between us and it the blue sea gently heaved and sparkled. And to the West lay a longer, lower hill.

So presently we dropped anchor ,and with much ado lowered a boat to row ashore; and on each side of us as we went flopped great cormorants, or dipped with their long, unwholesome necks from off boulders of rock, "like demons fishing for the souls of men," quoth the Padre, and signed himself.

At that, and at his awe-struck face, I fell a-laughing. "Eh, Father," said I, "if more of your fraternity came to sea, the priesthood would be a wiser one; there's many a thing we rough sailors could teach them."

"Boast not, my son," replied the Padre, "for even by such journeying is the understanding of the laity puffed up, and they fall into the sin of Galileo Galilei."

"And who is this same Galileo?" said I.

"One that with his vain wits set at naught the order of the firmament," he answered; "but, by the mercy of the Saints, his faith has been re-established, and he has retracted his error against the Church."

As he spoke the tide lifted us and bore us up on to the sandy beach.

There was no sign nor sound of any living creature in all the expanse of sand. Only a little stream made music as it ran trickling through it to the sea. Which, when the men saw, they fell down beside it, thrusting in their heads and lapping it up with their tongues—for we had been waterless some three

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days—and plucking the green grass that grew alongside to devour it. And there we laid Enriquez Dias, the captain, vomiting and groaning, for he was brought very low.

Then the rest of us consulted what course was next to take; and it was agreed, that we should spend that day and night on shore, and after—if our consort should not arrive—that we should tarry there a week for her, and should run up a flag on a spur of the hill, that she might see it as she went by; and, if after a week she still came not, that we should take on board fresh water and continue our way towards the Indies.

Then I ordered that we must needs have a fire—both to scare any wild beast that, seeing our weakness, might attack us, and also to cook whatever flesh we might kill. And seeing that the most part were too weary or sick for work, I said that two should scatter to search for driftwood, and that I myself would go as far as the skirts of the wood which grew thickly on the sides of the two mountains. Thereupon three more of the men, plucking up heart, hung lines out over the boat, and began to fish, baiting their hooks with pieces of gaudy cloth cut from the linings of their cloaks.

So, leaving the rest nibbling like cattle at the fresh herbage, and the Padre tending the Captain, I set out towards the wooded gorge that leads between the hills, following a narrow goat-track that ran up the slope.

By now it was late afternoon, but hot and bright, so that I forgot the shortness of the days, and after travelling some distance (for my journey's end showed nearer than it was) I was surprised by a sudden dropping in the light, and—looking up—saw the sun about to melt away behind the long hill on my right, and the hill itself standing out black against the sky, for all the world like one of those monster sphinxes that they tell of in the Egyptian desert; and in the East already was one bright star.

It was gruesome work, walking all alone by twilight in that strange country, but I had no mind to go back without the firewood: so I shouldered my axe, and taking a last look

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at the camp below, struck up into the belt of undergrowth. And as I went, I hummed a tune, to keep myself in heart. There were thorn bushes in numbers, awkward to handle for clothes and hands but excellent kindling, and many other strange shrubs, such as I knew not elsewhere—the new growing up among the rotting old ones, to all appearance untouched since the making of the earth.

By the time I had roped together as much as could be carried, the night was fully fallen, and only a faint glimmering showed where the sea lay, a couple of miles distant. So shouldering the load, I set off as quickly as I might, back again as I thought—though in that uncertain light it was hard to tell whether one went up or down.

The whole wood seemed full of sounds, and presently I altogether ceased my own whistling, for dread lest a noise should come upon me unnoticed. The thorns caught at my clothes, and stones started beneath my feet; and once I dropped my bundle in a panic, for a long, grey snake whisked by just in front with a shrill hiss. Once or twice, too, I heard what sounded like a lion's roar—that is, I imagined it to be a lion, never having heard one, but only by description.

Whether it was because of my hurry, or from the haziness of the starlight, after I had walked a good space without getting out from the undergrowth, I came to a rise in the ground, and saw that I must have mistaken the direction, for there—on the left—was the glimmering horizon, and on the right another similar to it; and I could not guess of the two which was the beach I had left. In front was a steep cliff of the hill, full of strange growths, and thick blacknesses, and echoings among the monstrous stones. And suddenly, through the other babel, there came to my ears the speech of men, though in strange, barbarous syllables; and in the hollow among the rocks I perceived the red embers of a fire.

Boldness is an ill-substitute for discretion in uncouth places, so as caution prompted I crouched on the ground to see without being seen.

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There round about the fire were squatted twenty as hideous, puny men, as ever frolicked in a nightmare. Indeed, I pray it be not blasphemy to call such creatures human. They seemed scarce half my size (though I myself am not tall), but broad and squat, with long, apish arms. Their black hair curled close in greasy masses, like a dog's coat; their skin resembled the earth they sat upon, and they had no decency in the covering of their bodies, which bulged like sacks. The shadows from the uncertain fire leaped and mocked behind them. In the middle stood an earthenware pitcher, whence came the steam of meat, and first one, then another dipped his fingers in, and sucked them, and laughed like a child.

The smell of the food was enough to draw a man as hungry as I, and though the savages looked disgusting enough, still, when I had noticed how small and foolish they were, methought that with my axe I should be a match for the whole crowd of them. So, laying down my bundle, I took a step towards them; and thereupon they were all on their feet in a second, and swarmed round me like so many monkeys.

So I made signs to them that I wanted a share of their meal, and took a place amongst them in the circle; and those nearest me began fingering my clothes, plucking at the buttons, and feeling the stuff; all of which I bore with as much dignity and forbearance as might be, not being willing to quarrel with them.

And one that I took to be a sort of king among them patted me on the shoulder with great heartiness several times, and pointing to a certain place among the cliffs above, jabbered something of which I could make neither head nor tail; so I just nodded to pacify him, and kept my eye all the while on the cooling jar.

Presently, when the meat was sodden enough, one of the women lifted off the lid, and each one took two bits of stick, with which he helped himself from the contents, passing the pot round until it reached me; and I, seizing a stick, copied their fashion, and speared out a fine, fat, white morsel. I

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popped a bit into my mouth, and wondered what it might be, for it was neither beef nor mutton, but more savoury and tender. Just then, I saw the greasy old king watching me, rolling the whites of his eyes, and grinning with his big teeth; and suddenly a shuddering cold sweat broke out on me, for I recalled all the horrible things I had heard of savage men and their ways, of prisoners taken in battle being done to death by torment, and after devoured, and the flesh of new-born babes being served up in that hellish cookery.

In a moment it came over me that these black folk were man-eaters, and that I was partaking in some horrible orgy. I never stopped to reason or reckon consequences, but springing back, spat out what was in my mouth, and with a kick of my foot sent the whole pot and its contents fizzling into the fire.

You never saw anything so angry as those savages when they beheld the whole of their supper frying among the cinders. They yelled, they danced about, they shook their little javelins in my face. For my part, I caught up the wood-axe, and swung it round my head, thinking that unless I showed good fight there was a chance that I myself should go to furnish their next pot. Seeing my fierce attitude, the savages retreated a little further off, but still brandishing their weapons and chattering, and some picked up stones and threw them.

What might have been the issue I cannot tell, but that into the midst of all this hubbub walked a new-comer, as though he had risen out of the stones above us. I then understood why the chief had patted me, and pointed to that quarter; for this man was a European and tall, and from his cast of features I judged him a Spaniard or a Portuguese like myself, only his hair and beard had grown wild, and for clothing he was but little better off than the savages, save for a tattered shirt tied round his middle, and a sheepskin that hung around his shoulders. In his hand he carried an old rusty firearm, and I saw that his right leg bowed outward, and that he limped as he went.

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"What is the matter?" he said to me in the Spanish language; and then turning to the blacks, he shouted something in their own tongue, at which they stopped their commotion.

When I had explained the matter to him with some vehemence, for I was still quaking at thought of that unnatural meal, he burst out a-laughing, so that he could scarcely speak. When his breath returned, he said, still shaking his sides: "Alas, señor, those poor blacks of mine! You have spoiled the buck that they spent all day catching, and now they risk to go supperless, and perchance dinnerless, for a buck is not so easily brought down with toy arrows."

"A buck, was it?" said I, somewhat ashamed.

"Aye," said he, "and a buck that you know not in Portugal; one with long hind limbs hoofed like the devil, and forelimbs like a praying monk; very tasty babe's flesh, in truth!"

"I see no jest in it," replied I, surlily, "since there goes all hope of supper."

"True," replied he, "and I must make your excuses to these good folk in a form that will reach their comprehension."

"Tut," said I, "they are but heathen savages, I do not find it seemly to abase myself to them."

"Still," said he, "for expediency, if not for courtesy, I must make your peace." And advancing towards them, he delivered an harangue in their gibberish which seemed to satisfy them, for they laid down their weapons; and two of them, going to a spot he indicated, fetched back a dried smoked haunch, upon which they fell, and paid no more heed to us.

"Now," said the stranger, "if you will follow me, I will show you how the first men housed themselves, and give you as good fare as you destroyed."

So saying, he stepped on in front, and with great agility, for all his lameness, led me upwards by a path I could not see, among bushes and boulders of rock, till my feet were aching, and my heart bursting; then stopping at the base of a

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precipice, he rounded a boulder and brought me into a firelit cave or fissure in the rock.

"This," said he, "is home," and fell to preparing a supper of meat and coarse meal.

Meanwhile, I looked at the cave, and wondered at what the firelight showed. At the back was a bed of blankets and skins, neatly disposed on a seaman's locker. In the centre, on another chest, stood a huge round globe, whereon were figured the outlines of divers countries. Other instruments and charts lay about of which I knew not the use, but guessed them to be such as astrologers employ in the casting of horoscopes. Hides of animals were strewn on the floor, and gave forth a musty odour.

The walls of the dwelling were most curious of all, being rudely painted with all manner of foreign or fabulous beasts: unicorns, and monstrous turtles, elephants, and others.

When supper was ready, my host summoned me to the fire; and whilst we were eating, he asked me much of whence and how I came, and of the wars and policies of the divers kingdoms of Europe, and what sovereigns were now reigning.

And when I had satisfied him on these matters at length, and on many others whereof he questioned me, it came into my mind to ask him about himself, where he was reared, and how he came to dwell among these wild people in a wild country?

"I am of Castilian lineage by the male side," said he. "My father's mother was the only child of a burgher of Amsterdam, and he himself married an Arabian maiden from the south. Finding me inept at the use of arms, and that no pains could teach me to sit a horse—whereas my elder brother supported well the family pride—my parents resolved to make a priest of me. At fifteen, therefore, I was sent to the Netherlands, to my granddame's friends. I studied at Amsterdam, at Leyden, and later at Jena, Paris, and Valencia, and in six years became a stranger to my home and kindred. Then came a letter, offering me my small patrimony on the day I should

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enter the priesthood. Thereupon, I had myself transformed with all speed into Father Gregorius, and was fortunate enough to obtain a chaplaincy in the house of a noble lord of kin to the Duke of Savoy. My paternal dowry went to procure books and instruments, for I was already deeply versed in the study of the heavens. Some trouble was caused me by the follies of the vulgar, who endowed me with the ill-repute of a sorcerer, and set their dogs and children upon me in the street; but my lord countenanced me, and I feared them not. Ten years later, I completed the work which has been my bane —though of rights it should bring me the highest honour: for in it I have conclusively argued, against the authority of the ancients, that matter subsisteth not, save by eternal motion, and that this universe is but a system of ever circling balls among the thousand other worlds that journey yonder." (He pointed skywards.) "The same year, I gave an exposition at Barcelona, in which I defended my thesis against many scholars of great repute. But my pride was short-lived; a statement, logically deduced, incurred the censure of the Church, my work was proscribed and burnt, and my lord—who could no longer uphold me—surrendered me into the hands of my ecclesiastical superior, and he to his godly fraternity." He paused, gnawing fiercely at his fingers; and I drew back from him a little, for a man who has been in the hands of the Holy Inquisition is scarcely good company for a plain sailor in a lonely night.

"Since that time," continued he, smiling grimly, and pointing to his distorted limb, "I walk lame. Then a friend made his way in to me and said: 'There are other places than this, and lands greater than Spain, where a man still can watch the sky in peace. I have fitted out a little ship, and have placed in it all that remains of your possessions, and together we will venture; at worst the ocean gives a peaceful death.' Then he left me instructions and tools, bribing the warder heavily with money; and the next night we made good our way together to the coast and went on board. And after some

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peril from storms, we reached the Moorish coast, where I took leave of my friend.

"Since then I have been in strange places and among strange people, and have endured many hardships and dangers from heat and thirst and wild beasts, yet I found nothing but was better than what I left behind. And now, five years ago, I reached this southernmost cape and have seen no white face till yours to-day, nor do I desire to see any others."

He sat as he spoke, chin on hand, at the mouth of the cave, leaning forward, with his face upturned; and as he concluded his tale, the first streak of the moon came slantwise, and cast his lean shadow on the ground. Lifting his hand for silence, he drew out some tablets and made an entry, then, turning to me, asked the day of the year.

"It is the night of June 16," I answered.

He smacked his hand upon the tablets, laughing like a child. "Right," said he, "and yet a new proof that my theorem is the true one. I lost my tally of days during a sickness, and for three years have had no guide but the stars, and my knowledge has not erred. See here," he went on, lifting the lid of the chest whereon his bedding lay, and dragging forth roll after roll of parchment, "here lies what would shake modern science to its base, and burn half Europe for heresy."

He looked like the fiend himself, with his limping gait and glittering eyes, and I could not refrain from a shiver to think in what company I found myself. Suddenly, as though he read my thoughts, the flame in his eyes died, and turning to me, he said like any other man:

"You are spent and in more need of sleep than talk; the hour is late; see, the Lion's Head already has hidden Alpha Crucis."

"A lion," cried I, feeling for my hatchet.

He laughed. "Look yonder!" and stepping out, I saw—aglow with the moon, while the mountain behind us lay in shade—the opposite hill take on the shape of a great lion,

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stretched out, with his flanks tapering towards the sea-shore and his head upon his paws, watching the inner land. Methought I could almost behold his great chin wagging.

"Surely this is a bewitched land," I cried, crossing myself.

"Maybe," said the astrologer gravely. "There is a tale told," he continued, "that yonder, far north, lies the country Eldorado, and the land whence the Queen of Sheba levied her gifts for Solomon, after which time the treasure was hidden, and that the lion keeps guard over it, and slays all those that go on the search. So the black people say—or so I dreamed it."

He drew from his sheepskin a little shining nugget and handed it to me. "Gold from the land of Ophir," he said.

Below us, in the hollow, I could see the savages sleeping round their fire, so many black ants on the ground; and, hesitating somewhat (for I dealt more warily with him now that I knew what manner of man he was), I asked the stranger how he fared among this swinish tribe, and how he had come to make himself so respected by them? "Truly," I said, "before you appeared I thought they would make a meal of me, and I marvelled how your presence subdued them." "They are harmless folk," he answered, "though hideous. I lived peaceably enough amongst them until some slave-trading Arabs, landing, captured and killed several of a neighbouring tribe. At any time I have but to bring out my talisman." He pointed to the pistol.

"But how have you balls and powder sufficient?" I cried, thinking, however, that a man so leagued with the evil one might procure such ammunition easily enough. He smiled again: "I had a pinch of powder and one shot left, and with that I had the fortune to hit a hawk sitting; since then, at the first scowling face, I have but to point the muzzle and it is enough."

"They are unpleasant vermin all the same," said I, "and might easily become dangerous," and I pointed him out where they lay sprawling in the moonlight: "I am half-minded to

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step down while they are still asleep, and quietly put a few of them beyond further mischief."

"Would you murder them in their sleep?" cried he.

"They are no better than beasts," said I, wondering at his show of passion. He frowned at me as though he were of a truth angry; then, changing his tone, said, as if the matter were indifferent: "They are as easily roused as hares, and you could scarce despatch one before the whole herd would be upon you; better leave it as it is." And so saying, he drew me back into the cave, and showing where I could sleep, wished me somewhat curtly "good-night," and laid himself also down.

When I rose next morning from my bed of skins, my host was already awake, dressing some fish upon his fire. By the light of day his appearance was not so wild as overnight, and all objects had lost their supernatural aspect. The mist clung about the crannies of the rocks, the black men's herds were lowing on the hill slopes, and gaudy-coloured flowers sprang all about my feet, shining in the sun. By the door of the cave stood a mighty tall tree with dark green foliage.

The astrologer led me to where a heap of brushwood lay, knotted together with ropes of grass. "You shall not return empty-handed," said he, "and now I will set you on your road back. But first, let me say this much: I came hither to escape my fellows, and had you not been in trouble, you had never seen my face. You are welcome to what I have done, but I desire neither to be seen nor known any more, and so, God speed you."

He pointed out a track which would bring me, he said, to the shore, and in less than an hour's walking I reached the camp.

The Padre and a few others were busied round a new-made grave, and showed joy at seeing me, for they thought I had fallen a prey to wild animals. The captain had died during the night, and no sooner was he gone, and myself found missing, than many of the crew grew mutinous, hauling down

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the signal flag, and threatening that they would not put to sea for at least a month, and mayhap not at all. However, they were but sick, weak creatures, and I had little difficulty in making the two ringleaders prisoners, when I dealt with them in such a fashion that the rest were thereafter very zealous with their submission.

This matter finished, I and the Padre sat by the fire at some little distance from the rest, eating our breakfast and discoursing pleasantly. And I related to him my adventures of the night before, so far as concerned the savages and my sleeping in a painted cave; but of the astrologer I as yet said nothing, being still in two minds with regard to him.

Then the Padre, seeing me debating in my own thoughts, asked me what I was pondering? So I put a case to him, and said: "Father, you are a holy man, and understand the subtleties of religion better than a plain fellow such as I. Tell me, what do you hold as to the faith which should be used in dealings with heretics?"

"My son," quoth he, "no compact can be binding which is not made under the sanction of the church. Heretics are outcast from the church, therefore with such there can be no faithful dealings."

"Then," said I, "suppose an heretic escaped from the jurisdiction of the Church to disclose his hiding-place to another under pledge of secrecy, would the pledge not be binding?"

"There is no profane oath," replied the Padre, "which sacred authority cannot undo; and he that conceals an heretic from the officers of religion commits a twofold sin: he thrusts away from another the means of salvation, and he as certainly casts his own soul to hell."

At that, my mind was set quite at ease; and without more ado I told him of the white man on the mountain, and of the many suspicious appearances which had perturbed me.

On hearing my tale the Padre waved his hands up and down many times in silence. At last he said: "Truly, my son, you did well to suspect this devil's handiwork; and, as

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for this erring soul of whom you speak, well it is for him and for you that you concealed nothing; for though his mind be at present too greatly darkened to heed persuasion, yet—by the mercy of heaven—we will perforce constrain him back into the light."

And after we had talked a little longer, and laid our plans, we separated to the day's work.

When a week was gone by, and the ship was scraped and caulked, and refitted as best might be to pursue her voyage—the men being, moreover, somewhat restored with the fresh herbs and meat—having still no tidings of our consort, I ordered sail to be set with the next morning's tide. That same day I took three picked men with me, carrying striped stuffs and gew-gaws, that I might win over the black tribe if possible, and induce them to barter some of their live-stock, wherewith to re-victual our vessel at least so far as Madagascar. For, since a foolish dispute with some of our people about the price of an ox, the savages had driven off their herds beyond the mountain, where they were not easily approached.

The priest accompanied us, for the journey had, as he said, a second object, with a view to the catching of souls.

When we had come to the summit of the neck of land that links the two hills, whence one looks over on to the farther sea, I ordered the three men to wait hidden and listen for the signal of a whistle. And we two climbed up on the left towards whereabouts I deemed the astrologer's dwelling to be concealed. It was no easy matter to find a path which I had trodden but once, and that downwards, more especially through a density of thorn bushes and shrubs whereof each was twin brother to his fellow. But after much stumbling and some wrong twists, my eye fell on the landmark of the tall tree, and aiming for it as silently as might be, we came to the mouth of the den.

I had no inclination to face my host at that time, fearing that his misguided mind would not do my purpose justice in

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the matter. So I waited behind, while the priest, holding his crucifix on high, entered the half-darkness of the cave.

From the noise of something overthrown I judged that the stranger sprang up, startled at his entrance. Then followed the Padre's "Benedicite," to which the other replied in the harsh voice of one in deadly terror, demanding what he did there?

"My son," said the priest, "I am come to save that which was lost."

"You are mistaken," answered the stranger's voice, "there are none such here."

Then came a pause before the priest asked, clearly and sternly: "My son, what is your name?"

"My name," cried the other, the quaver in his voice louder, as though he had approached the opening, "my name is long dead."

"Art thou," said the Padre solemnly, "art thou not, miserable man, that most misguided and damnable recreant, formerly known as Father Gregorius of Suza?"

Thereat, with a kind of scream, the other shouted out: "Away with you, away with you, begone for your life!"

I know not what menacing action he made, but the Padre, who was ever a man of peace, came hurrying out again with a pale countenance, and the stranger after him. Then I thought it time to intervene, and stepped up beside them.

At the sight of me the stranger's face grew yet darker, and he cast me a glance like a dagger.

"My friend," said I soothingly, advancing, "listen to reason, and come willingly with us for the peace of your own soul and the greater advantage of your body. We are two men here, and as many more below as I choose to summon. Come with us you must, by goodwill or by force, for we are resolved to have you on board when our ship sails to-morrow."

This speech, I thought, was framed with much temperance and discretion, but the stranger waxed wilder than ever at it. "I had as lief go into hell's mouth as follow you," he cried. "Be advised, and leave me in quiet, for I have the means here to defend myself against half a hundred." And snatching up

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the old pistol which he had before showed me, he made as though priming and loading it, and presenting it full at the priest, bade us again depart. At this the Padre, invoking both the greater and the lesser saints, made again for the open; but I called him back, crying: "He has no powder nor shot." Whereupon, "Judas!" shouted the stranger, and straightway hurled the heavy pistol at my head (which, by a special providence, missed me, and shattered instead his own astrolabe). But I, paying him no heed, went out and whistled thrice on my fingers, waving my hat; and presently my three fellows came running up from below.

We had some pains to secure him, albeit he was unarmed, for he made a good fight, using whatever of his heathenish instruments came to hand in self-defence, and miscalling us all the while, myself especially, in terms that it is needless to repeat. However, when we had him once bound, he became suddenly quiet, and lay like a log, nor would he answer a word, neither for threats nor persuasion.

So we left him awhile with one man to guard him, and having effected a bargain with the blacks, came down the mountain again, driving our purchase before us, and bearing the astrologer like a sack, for for nothing could he be prevailed upon to walk.

We ransacked, too, his den; and brought away all his devilish tools and the great rolls of parchment, covered over with signs and incantations, all of which the Padre burnt solemnly that evening at the camp fire. Still our prisoner made no sign—only, as the parchment curled and blackened under the flame, he lifted up his head, and said: "So one fool destroys the work of a thousand wise men." But being chidden, and bid remember what sort of an end he should himself make, he let his face fall again and said no more.

The following day, with a fresh westerly breeze, we up-anchored and away, the crew being returned to duty with a good hope, and I right glad to be on the high seas once more and quit of that bewitched land.

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Rain-clouds drifted over the mountain as we sped away, and the sea-gulls circled, crying, overhead; while the men sang together as they hauled at the ropes.

Only the astrologer lay in the bottom of the ship, without speaking or eating, and turning a deaf ear to the sailors' gibes and to the exhortations of the Padre.

But on the third day, when we were well out to sea, at dawn there was a hue and cry; for in the prisoner's sleeping place, where he should have been, lay his rope-bonds, cut through as with a knife; but he himself was gone and nowhere to be found in the ship.

The two guards that slept beside him vowed that no mortal man could have given them the slip; which made the sailors all declare that he must have escaped by the aid of magic. The Padre, too, somewhat encouraged this view, making it the theme of one of his most powerful sermons, showing by what devices Satan ever assists his own.

But, with all deference to that holy man, I opine that he cut himself free in the night by means of the boatswain's knife (which was found lying near the spot) and jumped overboard; being more bold to suffer the terrors of the other world than the judgment that awaited him in this.

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

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THE SONG OF THE VINE

DREARY in the purlieus of the city,
Stands the court wherein the ancient houses
Lean, like tottering drunkards, one towards the other.

Overhead, the mighty orb of splendour
Striding pitiless across the heavens,
Not a cloud to veil him, Lord of the ascendant.

Grimy are the cobbles of the courtyard,
Black the buildings with the dirt of ages,
Keen the nauseating odours of corruption.

In the attic of the craziest dwelling,
Where the broken pane lets in the foulness,
Stand, and sit, and squat, the sweater and the sweated.

Hour by hour they toil as once in Egypt,
"Ah," you say, "no Moses now to whisper,
Freedom, and the land that flows with milk and honey!"

Stay: in yonder corner by the window,
Sits the dark-eyed, pale, black-bearded greener
Whom the Gentile boys have nicknamed "Barmy Judas."

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He a Moses too, but bred in Vilna,
Poorest of the poor, and very sickly,
Yet his grandsire—so the story runs—a Rabbi.

And to him the other slaves of mammon
Pay such homage as their straits allow them,
Asking only in return one cherished favour.

When the needle stops awhile for supper,
First they push the jug to him, their poet,
Coaxing: "Sing us once again that song thou knowest."

"Which?" he asks, as if indeed he knew not;
Then he lifts his eyes and, swaying gently,
Croons the song Halévy taught him in his slumber.

O vine, vine, vine,
Beautiful, spreading, fruitful vine,
Sing of the vine with the thousand branches!

The seed was flung when the world was young,
But no man marked it lie,
For it fell on the sod where the cattle trod,
Withered, and hard, and dry.
Then a wind arose in the land,
And covered it over with sand,
And the dews of heaven were fain
To rest on that spot, and the rain,
And the seed slept safe and sound
Within the ground.

Was it touch or word? For something stirred
In the heart of the buried seed,
And out of the gloom of its dreary tomb,
Like a dungeon-captive freed,

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Lifting her hands on high,
For light, and the sun, and the sky,
Apparelled in the sheen
Of delicate, virginal green,
Like a jewel from the mine,
Uprose the vine.

Now while the shoot was tender of root,
And only a handbreadth high,
The Lord of the land, as the paths He scanned,
Marked her with loving eye.
"Little wild vine," he said,
"Thou shalt yet lift up thine head,
And breathe a perfumed air
In a garden large and fair,
In a rich and fertile ground
Where springs abound."

In the burning south, the land of drouth,
Is the garden Heart's Delight,
But, fed by rills from the ancient hills,
It smiles in the sun's despite.
Its portals open wide,
One on the restless tide,
One on the hills that frown
From under their snowy crown,
Two look out on the sand
Of desert land.

There night and day the soft winds play,
There cooling shadows fall,
There, long years through, the wilding grew
Till she waxed both strong and tall.
Her roots spread far and wide,
She lifted her head in pride,

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Beneath her gracious shade
The children laughed and played
And rich on every shoot
Hung purple fruit.

O vine, vine, vine,
Tell of the evil worm that pierced
The roots of the vine with the thousand branches.

Now far and wide, on every side,
The vine had gathered fame,
When one black night to Heart's Delight
An evil creature came,
A noisome, creeping thing,
Armed with a deadly sting,
The gardeners marked it not
Invade the sacred spot,
But all too soon they found
Death in the ground.

Ah, woe is me! For who could see
Such piteous wreck, nor mourn?
The leafy crown all sere and brown,
The strength and beauty shorn,
Ay, even Heart's Delight
Itself, a sorry sight,
Its walls of square-hewn stone
Utterly overthrown,
While thorn and sand o'erspread
Path, border, bed.

O vine, vine, vine,
Sing of the hope in the heart of a man,
And of life that was hid in the heart of a vine!

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But this I tell, for I know it well,
The vine that ye thought was dead,
In the heart of her there is life astir,
Again she shall lift her head,
Through weed, and briar, and bush
The slender stem shall push,
After the kindly sun
The eager tendrils run,
And purple clusters pour
Their wine once more.

Then shall we who have longed to see
The time of her coming forth,
Raise the song of the glad and strong,
As we march from the dreary north
Back to the land we love
With the heart of the homing dove,
The land of lily and rose,
Of cedar, and mountain snows,
Of rivers and water-springs,
And all good things.

Here he pauses, eager voices crying,
"It is well. Now stop. Sing not the last one."
But impatiently he frowns, and sings the louder.

Halévy spoke, in the vision that broke
On my sleep that Sabbath night,
"The nations too, shall join with the Jew,
And come unto Heart's Delight.
Its walls shall be built again,
And after the latter rain
The flowers shall spring once more,
And the oak and sycamore.
Its gates shall be opened wide
As of old, on every side,

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And, like brethren, hand in hand,
Shall they who have hated, stand,
And share the cup of festal wine
Under the shade of the risen vine."

O vine, vine, vine,
Sing, O sing the day of the vine,
And the day of the Lord of the vineyard!

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

In commemoration of the meeting of the Zionist Congress, December 1901.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

FEBRUARY 1902

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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THE LORDLIEST LIFE ON EARTH

MR. KIPLING has added one more striking success to a list already long. We do not say this paradoxically, but merely to emphasise a point that has been missed by those critics who have denounced "The Islanders" as bad metre and worse poetry. Mr. Kipling's intention was to use not poetry but prophecy—in the Old Testament meaning of the word he saw before him the public as a huge and self-complacent beast, and in his desire to rouse it, it was not the lyre or the banjo that his hand closed upon, but the sjambok. This weapon he has used apparently at random, but in reality with deliberate cunning. He has done right and wrong with unsparing hand, and left the matter to be fought out as a quarrel between those who see the right, and those who see the wrong, more clearly.

There is no denying—and this too was probably intended—that to the majority the wrong is, at first sight, the more visible. The lines teem with obvious misstatements and false statements. For example, in the last forty years we have been more continuously at war than any nation in the world; there are few families in the Island that can have "said of Strife: What is it? Of the Sword: It is far from our ken"! Again, in the last two years the just complaint has been, not that we "fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could shoot and ride," but that, on the contrary, we showed an

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ungracious and unintelligent lack of readiness to accept their offers of fellowship in the service of freedom. And if these are the premises, the reasoning from them is no better. "You are too much given to athletics; you hunt and shoot too much; therefore you are beaten by the Boers, whose only qualifications for war are that they are good shots and horsemen." Also we shoot at rabbits and cock-pheasants, but must not expect the rabbit or the cock to repel an invasion. Apparently targets would do so, if we had shot at them instead. This opinion is, at any rate, unique. So, we fancy, is the belief that in physique our troops at the front are "striplings" compared with the millions of "strong men" who cheered them off. So, we hope, is the view that, when looked at from the true—that is, the military—standpoint, all the elements and objects of civil life are contemptible: schools, prayers and preaching, print and the ballot, trades unions and public speeches, Parliaments and municipalities—all these, if we understand our prophet rightly, come under the tail of his lash. But the thick of it, no doubt, falls upon our sports and pastimes; pursuits which are in themselves entirely undeserving of such castigation, and which are denounced here at the moment when their true value is being more and more appreciated on the Continent.

Such, we believe, was the impression of nine men out of ten upon a first reading. The opposite view was taken by a remnant only: those to whom games are less congenial, or the memories of their youth less near; those who resent a popularity in which they are unable to gain a share; those who have long given their energies to that other kind of holiday task which Mr. Kipling now urges upon us all: and some who had already seen for themselves the dangerous tendency of athletic mania. To these, no doubt, there have been added many who have read the charge a second time and found the sting of it less painful as they perceived it to be more deserved. For, after the first natural indignation is past, no reasonable man will claim an acquittal because most of the counts against him are struck out, while a verdict of "guilty" is returned on

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one or two not less serious ones. And it is the nature of our countrymen not to nourish resentment or remorse for their faults when convicted of them, but to turn resolutely to the work of amendment.

Have we then deserved this judgment, or are we in danger of it? Have we learned, or are we learning, to boast without foresight, to take pride in domination rather than in service? Is our energy lost in the pursuit of frivolous distraction? Are we both stupid and idle: eager to witness or bet upon games but not to play them? It is not seriously against those at the wickets or the goals that the woes are denounced, but against a nation capable in the time of danger of contenting its soul with toys: are we given to this strong delusion, unwilling to sacrifice trade or ease or amusement for the safety of the life our fathers kept with the hand of the strong man armed?

It is no light matter to be called upon to plead to an indictment such as this, and no wonder that we have fallen for a moment into confusion and recrimination. We remember with a new and deadly fear those reports of football fields, where crowds of twenty and thirty thousand men watched a game in which their interest was chiefly that of the gambler and partly that of the savage and unintelligent local partisan; where the principal players on both sides were hired gladiators, and the umpire's life was in peril from a disappointed mob. We remember certain stories of the population of mining districts, much given to cock-fighting, whippet-racing, and other "sports," clamouring like one man for war, and refusing like one man to offer themselves when the time of need came. We think of certain great halls where suburban idiots gathered lately to applaud a miniature form of an inferior game. We think of certain "men about town," rich, strong, and unemployed, who have spent these two years past in reading the papers and are still "men about town." And we remember that a serious hard-working volunteer is a thing to be snubbed by the organisers of Colenso and despised by every semi-

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professional who has "made his century" or been named as "an aspirant for International honours."

Once remembered, in this way, such things are not to be again forgotten; and we are mistaken if the Islanders let slip the lesson so roughly given by the prophet they have themselves chosen. It is to be hoped that they will not, in their eagerness for practical reform, fall into an even more grievous error, which the prophet himself, we fear, has not altogether escaped.

To begin with, he is open to the old retort, that an indictment will not lie against a whole nation; and the more closely such an indictment is pressed the further we are from hopeful resolutions.

> We seem therefore to be driven to absolute despair, for we have no other materials to work upon, but those out of which God has been pleased to form the inhabitants of this island. If these be radically and essentially vicious, all that can be said is, that those men are very unhappy to whose fortune or duty it falls to administer the affairs of this untoward people.

Even Mr. Kipling does not think us "radically and essentially vicious"; but we doubt if he quite realises how far his presentment of the national character overshoots the mark; how much more there is to be said for the Islander's view of "the lordliest life on earth."

Neither force in arms, nor the safety it brings, is an end in itself. Mr. Kipling, who has lived much of his life out of England, and has seen the South African struggle at very close range, may be pardoned for taking a short view and feeling that the one thing necessary for salvation is a gigantic army, and that to have a soul "full harnessed, accepting, alert" for war, is for any people the very state of salvation itself. But the Islander, though for two years he has given much painful thought to war and the things of war, is under no such delusion. He is willing enough to be safe, and therefore asks for the due maintenance of his hereditary sea power, but for any military force beyond the merely necessary, for any life-long and universal playing with drums and swords, he has, we believe, no appetite; nor does he set too high a value even upon safety

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itself, for he comes of a breed that has always known how to take risks.

Since conscription, this saving idea of "the nation under arms," took hold on modern life, how far has the civilisation of Europe fallen; how utterly have the minds of men forgotten those other ideas, of a universal language, a common literature, a fraternal commerce! Foreign words are banned by one nation, foreign books slighted by another; savants and professors are foremost in savage and baseless campaigns of slander; the merchants of the world speak of their trade as "commercial war," and their rivalry and hatred beget more dangers in a generation than the follies and ambition of all the kings since Charlemagne. Nations have been brought nearer together only to look upon each other with more wolfish eyes of greed and terror. They fear to starve if they cannot plunder, to be attacked if they are not ready to attack. To this base Moloch of "safety" the Islander is not willing to sacrifice. Money he would give, comfort he would give; but not his own kindliness and goodwill to man, not the last hope of a peaceful mind and a progressive civilisation for Europe. It is a trust he has received: he alone, as Islander, is in a position to keep in some degree

> the larger equipoise,
> And stand outside these nations and their noise.

In this matter his faith is the faith of a player of games, a follower of warm-blooded active sport. War, like life itself, is either a game, or else a brutality worse than bestial. If its immediate objects are paramount, all is over with the soul of man: to the Islander, at any rate, the child of all ages upon our playing-fields, this is clear: he will "play the game"; he will win if he can do it within the rules; but not at the cost of that which is more than any game, any safety, any life. It is for the leaders of conscript nations to take their dreaded enemy in his weak hour and slay him off his guard; to make alliances behind the backs of their allies, to sacrifice justice and humanity to "the honour of the national army," to alleviate their nervous terrors by vain

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babble of arbitration: it is for the Islander to walk the world as he has done, venturous, kindly, slow to anger, slower to hatred, slower still to fear; spending the strength of his thought, such as it is, on things which are at least in some way for man's good; and going, however indirectly and unconsciously, with upright and fearless steps towards a civilisation which shall deserve the name of "the lordliest life on earth."

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ON THE LINE

WE have now completed a full year since we first undertook to offer to the public a monthly exhibition of readable books. Our object has not been to divide the publications of the day into classes according to merit, or to decide whether any book should take rank as of permanent or ephemeral value: it has been to recommend rather than to dissect, to appreciate rather than to appraise. It may be well, at the beginning of another year, to restate our aims as they were originally put forward.

> We shall give a list; the books will be recent; they will be such as in our opinion no one can ignore without loss; among them will be found foreign books, especially books in French; all classes of literature will be eligible. On the other hand, the list will not claim to be an exhaustive one; it will not necessarily be confined to books appearing within the month; it will not consider the interests of the expert in any branch, but the pleasure of the general or omnivorous reader It will contain comments, but brief and not detailed: the mere report of a patrol, so that the reader may not feel he is being led to attack entirely unknown positions: it is far from our intention merely to add one more to the chorus of critics. The books we do not like we shall leave others to advertise.

This modest programme we may claim to have carried out with some fidelity; and we have certainly been generously paid by favourable comment both public and private. This has, especially of late, been so frequent and so marked, that we cannot any longer allow the common impression to go unchecked which ascribes the whole of the work in this

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department to one hand. The Editor has done but a small portion himself: whatever praise has been awarded is due to the writers whose names are here with their consent subjoined:

Reginald Balfour	James H. F. Peile (Rev.)
Mary Coleridge	A. T. Quiller-Couch
Roger Fry	Gerald Ritchie
Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L.	Edith Sichel
Andrew Lang	F. Warre-Cornish
Alex. Fuller-Maitland	(Vice-Provost of Eton.)

The books hung on the line during the year have reached the total of one hundred and fourteen: of these thirty-four were fiction, ten poetry, and the remaining eighty included Memoirs and Biography, Natural History, Religion, Art, Music, Antiquities, and books on the War. Seven of the whole number were books in French, and no fewer than twenty-eight others were books of American origin or translations from the Russian, French, German, or Swedish. The ten volumes of poetry were all English, and formed, we are interested—but not surprised—to note, decidedly the most remarkable group of all. It is a living and fertile literature which in a single year puts forth fruit on branches bearing the names of Laurence Binyon, Robert Bridges, "Lucilla," George Meredith, T. Sturge Moore, Herbert Trench, and W. B. Yeats. For the rest, the year must be pronounced below the average, as perhaps was only to be expected in the present state of public affairs.

"*Guided by the moon and the dead soldiers on the line by which I advanced*"—the little phrase, dropped into the midst of a description of the Sikh War, lights it up with a flash of vivid remembrance beyond all imitation but that of genius. Shakespeare, when he made Harry Hotspur, uttered a forecast of the character that reveals itself in **The Autobiography of Harry Smith.** (Murray. 24*s.* net.) "Fie upon this quiet life!" said the "little clever-looking old man" when, at the age of seventy-two, he saw himself compelled

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to retire. Here is the record of what he called "life" indeed in 1844:

> I have now served my country nearly forty years. I have fought in every quarter of the globe, I have driven four-in-hand in every quarter, I have never had a sick certificate, and only once received leave of absence, which I did for eight months to study mathematics. I have filled *every* Staff situation of a regiment and of the General Staff. I have commanded a regiment in peace, and have had often a great voice in war. I entered the army perfectly unknown to the world, in ten years by force of circumstances I was Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have been present in as many battles and sieges as any officer of my standing in the army. I never fought a duel, and only once made a man an apology, although I am as hot a fellow as the world produces; and I may without vanity say, the friendship I have experienced equals the love I bear my comrade, officer or soldier.

Sir Harry felt for his horse as if he had been half a horse himself, for his thirteen dogs only a little less. He shot his favourite charger, "Aliwal," with his own hand; but he could not come down to dinner afterwards. Every night, however ill he might be, he dressed; in imitation of the Great Duke perhaps, or because he was vain of his beautiful little foot. He could not bear a man who ate his pudding with a spoon or left his glass of wine unfinished. His powers of resource were, like his prejudices, immediate and direct. In Mobile Bay, where no bread was to be got, "a sort of vision" bade him turn oyster-shells into mortar, and thus enable the men to construct bakers' ovens. When he had no ammunition he fired the buttons off his jacket. He was not afraid of being dramatic nor too refined for popularity. He would weep for a comrade; he said so afterwards without reluctance. He was not ashamed to fall in love and to avow religious faith, and he saw no reason why either of these things should be kept secret; he stood too often face to face with death to care about mystification. If modesty was not among his virtues (and the Ercles vein suits autobiography much better), pride had neither art nor part in him. He was the first to draw attention to the fine conduct of an enemy. He justified to the Colonists of South Africa the Government which had distrusted and super-

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seded him. He accepted an invitation from Lord Grey, the man who, of all others, wronged him, and that in public, and with the added provocation of irony. At the age of twenty-four he married a high-born Spanish beauty of fourteen, who threw herself on his protection after the siege of Badajos; and the rest of the Peninsular War was their honeymoon. Whenever a fight was imminent he would leave her as near the battlefield as might be, and when it was over she would come to look for him. She behaved in the most ladylike manner as regarded crying and fainting, but we are not without a suspicion that he enjoyed this quite as much as her marvellous prowess on horseback, her dancing and singing, her kindly gaiety of heart, her constant courage. Every soldier, from the Duke downwards, became her devoted admirer, and the words in which "Johnny Kincaid" speaks of her rival those of her husband. The note of depression is never struck throughout this gallant Odyssey but when "Enrique" has to leave her; and even then, so cheerful is the temperament of Enrique, that pictures of "The Sorrows of Werther" avail to brighten his existence, and to inspire him with "a hope which never afterwards abandoned me." If Goethe had read this passage, it might have gone far to console him for the maiden who drowned herself with "Werther" in her pocket. Yet sorrow was true enough.

> I shall never forget her frenzied grief when, with a sort of despair, I imparted the inevitable separation that we were doomed to suffer, after all our escapes, fatigue, and privation; but a sense of duty surmounted all these domestic feelings, and daylight saw me and dear Colborne full gallop thirty-four miles to breakfast. We were back again at Castel Sarrasin by four in the afternoon, after a little canter of sixty-eight miles, not regarded as any act of prowess, but just a ride. In those days there were men.

He went to America, where the exclamation, "'Heavens,' says I, 'if Colborne was to see this!'" became frequent. Warfare was not conducted as a Peninsular man held that it should be. He was back again, after a second expedition, in time for the great sensation of 1815.

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As we neared the mouth of the British Channel, we had, of course, the usual thick weather, when a strange sail was reported. It was now blowing a fresh breeze; in a few minutes we spoke her, but did not make her haul her main-topsail, being a bit of a merchantman. Stirling hailed as we shot past. "Where are you from?" "Portsmouth." "Any news?" "No; none." The ship was almost out of sight, when we heard, "Ho! Bonaparte's back again on the throne of France!" Such a hurrah as I set up, tossing my hat over my head! "I will be a Lieutenant-Colonel yet before the year's out!" Sir John Lambert said, "Really, Smith, you are so vivacious! How is it possible? It cannot be." He had such faith in the arrangements of our government, he wouldn't believe it. I said, "Depend upon it, it's truth; a beast like that skipper never could have invented it, when he did not even regard it as news. 'No; no news; only Bonaparte's back again on the throne of France.' Depend on it, it's true." "No, Smith, no." Stirling believed it; oh, how he carried on!

The story of Juana's wild ride to Waterloo to seek her husband among the slain must be read in her own words. The despatch containing the news of Aliwal was praised by Thackeray; who dare praise it after that? "My fight at Aliwal was a little sweeping second edition of Salamanca—a stand-up gentlemanlike battle," says the General himself. Boy or girl, man or woman, not one but must think life a braver, a deeper and more glorious thing with such a book as this in hand. The editor has done his part to perfection; it only remains for us to quote from him the fair and fit conclusion of the whole matter.

Historians may perhaps find some matter of instruction in the autobiography now presented to them. But is it too much to hope that it may have a still happier fortune, and that young Englishmen and Englishwomen yet unborn may be kindled to a noble emulation by the brave and glowing hearts of Harry and Juana Smith?

It would be as easy as it would be unfair to judge and condemn **St. Nazarius**—(Macmillan. 6*s.*)—by the ordinary standards of fiction, to point out that it lacks incident, construction, realism, and, in fact, all the qualities that go to make the success of the Modern Novel. The truth is that the narrative form is purely accidental, though happily chosen

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and skilfully employed, notably in the exquisite treatment of the forest in all its moods and seasons as the background on which the rather shadowy figures move. Essentially "St. Nazarius" is a study of Love from the standpoint of a very pure and noble mysticism, and the author has wisely kept her real purpose quite untrammeled by the limitations of the literary form she has adopted. The story has no very discernible date, for the problems it treats belong to all time and even to eternity. The scenery, beautiful and appropriate as it is, or rather because it is beautiful and appropriate, seems to us scenery of dreamland. The persons of the drama, too, are frankly abstractions; or, as one of them says of another, they are "a dream within a dream, a delicate nothing, bearing all gifts of beauty and hope, all properties save that of actual life." Humphrey stands for Religion, for Divine love, not the love of God for man, but the love which the God-possessed man bears to his fellows. Mirvan is Art, with all the passionate selfishness of the artist, exacting the uttermost from those around him as the condition on which he will consent to live, and even so giving them full recompense. Sebastian and Irène are two aspects of the vast mass of Humanity who are not leaders but disciples: the man, patient, simple and content with duty, and a strong rock in time of trouble; the woman, restless and craving for rest, which she can find only in the tribute of the highest natures. We have not space to tell of the many other Virtues and Vices of this morality, but Mirvan's bear and fox must not be forgotten.

In this gracious setting Mrs. Farquharson presents to us, with singular charm and earnestness, thoughts on the relation of man to God and to humanity, which are worth attention, some because they are really new, and arise from the conditions in which we live; some because they are old and have been very thoroughly forgotten.

It is no small thing to have the spiritual side of love and marriage brought before us so forcibly and delicately at a time when many able writers are trying to convince us that in the

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primary relations of life man always has been, and always will be, as the beasts that perish. It is no small thing in an age when religion and ecclesiastical controversy are commonly regarded as synonymous, to be reminded that the only true service of God is love; and to be shown why it is that religion, as they see it, is repulsive to some sound and honest natures.

If "St. Nazarius" had no other virtue, the English in which it is written would give it a claim to notice. A style so free and simple, yet artistic in the high sense of perfect fitness, is as rare as it is delightful.

More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. (Macmillan. 5*s.*)—Of what correspondent was it said that to know him in the letter was to know him in the spirit? At all events, it is true when written about Edward Fitzgerald. Whoever has known him, whether in life or after death, has never failed to love him, his company, his crotchets—and he kept a standing army of them. The letters in the volume that has just appeared show the whole man, with his pipe and his book and his boat; or in later, sadder days when his sight grew bad, with his reader the cabinet-maker's son, who read to him every evening and said "furniture husband" for "future husband." Most of these letters—and also the best of them—are written to the editor, Mr. Aldis Wright, to the elder Sir Frederick Pollock and to Professor Cowell; some of the tenderest are addressed to his old friends, Frederick Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle. To these, as to Thackeray, Tennyson and Spedding, he was always "Old Fitz"—the strong personality with tastes that ran in strong narrow grooves—the beloved comrade, vigorous yet sensitive, too sensitive to live with the people he cared about. In his literary judgments he was as unfair as he was lovable, which is saying a great deal. His prejudices were of adamant. The mention of Browning's poetry never failed to lash him into a temper, and the thought that Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë could be mentioned in the same breath as

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Scott affected him like an east wind. Happily his prepossessions were also of adamant and he never liked, though he often disliked, wrongly. To Thackeray, Dickens, Crabbe, Cervantes, Sainte-Beuve, he is always just. When he is not blinded by prejudice his arrow usually hits the bull's-eye, and his general utterances upon art are fine and full of sap. Take, for instance, the comparison he draws between Hogarth and Frith.

> There are passages of tragedy and comedy in his (Hogarth's) works that go very deep into human nature and into one's soul. . . . I don't say that Frith is not more natural (in the sense you use the word, I suppose) than Hogarth; but then does he take so difficult a face of Nature to deal with; and, even on his own lower ground, does he go to the bottom of it? Is there in his Derby the one typical face and figure of the jockey, the gambler, &c., such as Hogarth would have painted for ever on our imaginations? . . . If we take the mere representation of common Nature as the sum total of art, we must put the modern everyday life novel above Shakespeare. . . . Nor can I think that Frith's veracious portraitures of people eating luncheons at Epsom are to be put in the scale with Raffaelle's impossible idealisation of the human made divine.

His criticisms of people are as racy as his criticisms of books. Humour was so closely spun into the woof of the man that it cannot be unravelled from the rest of him.

> My paper [he writes] is in mourning, for my Brother Peter's Wife: a Capital Woman, who died five months ago. He really loved her, was like a Ship without rudder when he lost her, and has in consequence just married his Housekeeper. I believe he has done well.

One cannot tell what is humour here and what is not: a kind of salt humour that tastes of the sea. Fitzgerald is, after all, just what he was: an Irishman living on the East Coast. And he was a great deal more besides—an Irishman of genius, a lover of sailors and sailing, a friend who could not change, and a past-master in letter-writing.

An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia. By the Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Clarendon Press.)—The literature of Dante is as wide as the sea, and the tide is still rising. No student can hope to read the hundredth part of

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the books which elucidate or obscure the "Divine Comedy." For the present generation of English Dantophilists, and particularly for those who read Dante as a poet, and do not aspire to be among "those who know" all the heights and depths of his immensity—for to know Dante is to know all that could be known six hundred years ago, and to have genius as well as erudition—the way is now clear enough. With the useful Fraticelli we can get over the ground. Mr. Butler provides a faithful if somewhat difficult translation, and admirable illustrations from Plato, Aristotle, and the *Summa*. Mr. Warren Vernon is hitherto the most helpful guide for those who have not been trained in classical scholarship. His judgment is sound, and his style easy and attractive. Dr. Moore provides a text either in his own "Oxford Dante" or in the beautifully printed volume edited by Mr. Paget Toynbee, which is, in fact, as he tells us in his prefatory note, a second edition of the "Oxford Dante," with "qualche miglioramento nel testo e nella punteggiatura."

Now comes Mr. Tozer, and gives us what has long been wanted, a volume of Notes such as those with which Oxford and Cambridge scholars have enriched the study of the classics. Henceforward an English reader can attack the "Divine Comedy," not indeed with the hope of ever finding it easy reading, but without the necessity of being beholden to German and Italian commentators, the former inaccessible to many by reason of the difficulty of the language, the latter often missing the point or clouding it by a ponderous *catena* of authorities, which bewilder where they mean to enlighten.

Where there is so much to praise and to be thankful for, it is ungracious to criticise. We think, however, that the brevity of the notes—an excellent feature—is sometimes carried too far. Too much knowledge of mediæval Italian forms of language is assumed, and there is not quite enough of the linguistic information which is to be found in Blanc's excellent *Vocabolario dantesco*. In the next edition we hope Mr. Tozer will furnish a table of mediæval and dialectical variations from

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the received types of inflection, giving the usage of Dante's time as shown in the "vulgar" writings of himself and his contemporaries, whether in prose or verse. It is all to be found in Diez; but Diez's "Grammar" is in three volumes, and not accessible to every one. We should welcome also more illustrations from the Provençal literature, which was part of Dante's poetical equipment, and to which his *bello stile* in creating the Italian language was much beholden. Further, the passages cited from Aquinas should be written out in full, as in some cases they are, and should be, if possible, more numerous; for, although every poet is his own commentator (a fact dwelt on by Mr. Tozer in his preface), Dante is so steeped in the *Summa* that every part of every canto can only be fully understood by reference to it. These additions would increase the bulk of the volume, but would be well worth their cost. We miss also an index. The elucidations from the classics, both poetical and philosophical, leave nothing to be desired, and the language is always clear and simple. It is first-rate, scholarly work throughout, and the typography is excellent, including Greek—a rarity.

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EUROPEAN EXPANSION IN ASIA

EUROPEANS have trebled in numbers during the past century and will probably treble again during the present century. These are the facts of far-reaching import which the eminent statistician, Sir Robert Giffen, announced at the last meeting of the British Association; and what this immense growth of Europeans means for Asiatics it is worth our while, as the greatest Asiatic Power, to study.

The growth of the European population (including that of the United States of America, but excluding that of South American countries and Mexico) was from 170 millions at the commencement of last century to 510 millions at the end. The population of the United States increased from a little over 5 to nearly 80 millions. The English population of the British Empire increased from 15 to 55 millions. The population of Germany increased from 20 to 55 millions; that of Russia from 40 to 185 millions; and that of France from 25 to 40 millions.

Besides this fact of the growth of the European, there is a connected fact which bears with almost equal weight upon the problem of the relation of Europe and Asia.

> With a population which not only increases in numbers [says Sir R. Giffen], but which year by year becomes increasingly richer per head, the consuming power of the population increases with enormous rapidity and must be satisfied,

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if at all, by foreign imports of food and raw materials. There is no other means of satisfaction.

The increase of the population has not meant that the individuals comprising it have in consequence grown poorer; for the aggregate wealth has increased even faster than the aggregate population, and consequently the average individual is richer at the end of the century than he was at the beginning. His wants are increasing. He is not satisfied with what was once sufficient for him. A thousand years ago most Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, or Russians would have been content with a rough hut for shelter, a few skins wherewith to clothe themselves, and a mess of porridge, with a little game from the forests, to eat. Even a century ago they had fewer wants than they have to-day. The houses, the clothes, the food which satisfied them at the commencement of last century, do not satisfy them now. A comparison of the accommodation provided for servants in the poky little rooms of old London houses with the accommodation provided for them now will give some idea of the difference in living which a century has produced; and from the windows of a railway carriage running through France, England, and most other European countries can be seen superior new cottages in the country and new rows of houses in the town rising up in thousands to take the place of the low, cramped habitations of the past. And most, even middle-aged, men can notice a rise in the style of living of the population generally; how much better furnished the houses now are, and how both the diet of the people and their clothing have improved in quantity as well as variety. The whole standard of living of Europeans, and more still of Americans, has risen and is rising, and their wants have vastly increased, till what were before considered luxuries are now becoming necessaries.

Now all these increasing and varied necessaries of present-day civilisation cannot be obtained in Europe itself, nor even within the limits of the United States. It is a well-known fact that the countries of Europe are unable to supply their rapidly

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augmenting population with even the barest necessaries of existence, much less the luxuries. Sir R. Giffen, after giving statistics of the imports of food and raw materials into the chief countries of Europe, says: "The inference seems undeniable, then, that the Continental countries named, especially Germany, have largely increased their imports of food and raw materials of recent years—that is, have become increasingly dependent on foreign and over-sea supplies." The tendency is for each country to direct its attention to producing only that which it can produce with special advantage, and to look to exchanging its own special products for the special products of other countries. More especially of moment to the present study is the fact that one and all of these European countries have need to obtain the products of the tropics, which they do by purchasing them with the manufactures which for one reason or other they can turn out more cheaply in Europe than in the tropics. The numerous and rich European population must have cotton, silk, tea, coffee, rice, tobacco, pepper, jute, &c. All these necessaries of existence are obtained in the tropics only; and it is from Asia, especially from the great plains of India and China, that they, as well as the further supplies of wheat required for the European consumers, are most easily and most abundantly obtained. Hence the impulse of Europeans towards Asia.

And it is important that we should clearly understand that the search for tropical products is the great compelling cause of the European impulse to Asia; because in many minds there is still an idea that Europeans go there for settlement, and these think that as experience has proved that Europeans cannot settle in tropical Asia as they can, for instance, in the United States, therefore they will soon retire from Asia. It is, however, only in a small degree that Europeans go to Asia for settlement, to live there for good, and to rear children generation by generation. In the northern regions a few millions of Russians settle down and colonise; but the surplus population of Europe go for the most part to America and Australia for

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purposes of settlement; and the Europeans that go to Asia go there chiefly for trade—to obtain the tropical products which are so necessary an accompaniment of modern civilisation. Until this point is thoroughly realised the real cause of the expansion of some European countries will never be understood.

Consider for a moment the case of France. Her population for some years has been nearly stationary; and yet she not only clings to her existing possessions in Asia, but is ever seeking to extend her influence. She holds Tonking and Indo-China, but she never ceases her efforts to acquire influence in Siam, Yunan, Szechuen, and the country behind Canton; and if the British had not forestalled her she would by now have had Burma under her control. Why is this? Not because she wants more countries upon which to dump down her surplus population; but because her population though stationary is rich and growing richer; because the standard of living of the people is rising and their needs consequently increasing; because they want to buy the tropical products with the products of their home industry; and because they know that they can purchase those products more easily and more advantageously in a market under their own particular control than they can in a market under the control of some one else. The French could never have hoped to use India as a settlement for surplus population. But they struggled with the British for mastery there because they instinctively felt that they could trade with India much more advantageously if it were under their control than they could if it were under British control. And they were right. Though India is nominally as freely open to French trade as it is to British trade, yet, as a matter of fact, five times as much of the products of India go to Great Britain as go to France. This would never have been the case if the French had beaten us instead of our beating them in the struggle for supremacy in India. Their anxiety to gain exclusive control in other markets can therefore be well understood.

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Take, again, our own case. Our population certainly is increasing, but we do not send our surplus population to settle in India because, in the first place, India is nearly full already with a population of its own; and because, in the second place, the tropical climate is not suitable for the permanent settlement of people of our race and for the rearing and bringing up of English children. Furthermore, it is an established fact that white races and coloured races do not work well together. Wherever they try to labour in the same field the white man either becomes master and simply superintends the coloured labouring man; or if he cannot do that he sulks, becomes lazy, and degenerates. Consequently our main surplus population goes to America and to our colonies in the temperate zone; and when we go to India and other parts of Asia we go there not for settlement but to obtain tropical products.

Russia is the only European country which sends any surplus population to Asia for settlement, and these spread in a loose way over Northern Asia, where the climate is temperate and suitable for colonisation by Europeans, and where there are few Asiatics already in possession. In all other cases Europeans go to Asia not to settle but rather to trade. Here then is one of the great generative forces which impel Europeans to expand over Asia. It is not the only one; for besides being impelled there by the necessity to find food and raiment for the body, they are also driven there by more spiritual impulses. But it is the one on which we have to fix our minds in the present study.

Now, if Europeans (in which term are included the people of the United States) are strongly impelled towards Asia at the commencement of this century, with how much greater force will they be impelled thither at its close? Sir R. Giffen has carefully examined the rates of increase of the population of the several countries of Europe and America, and he comes to the conclusion that increase from the present 510 millions "to at least 1500 millions during the century now beginning, unless some great change should occur, would appear not im-

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probable." Europeans trebled in numbers during last century, and there is as yet no sign that they will not treble again during the present century. At any rate, they will enormously increase in numbers. It is no less certain that they will greatly increase in wealth. Once the ball of wealth is set a-rolling it increases by going. The standard of living has been steadily rising, and there is nothing to show that it will cease to rise during the present century. If this is so there will be a still greater demand for the tropical products of Asia. More cotton and silk will be required for clothing and furniture; more tea, coffee and sugar for our meals; more tobacco to smoke; and as the fields of Europe become built over by the spreading towns more wheat will be wanted from outside to supply the very foundation of our diet.

And as the demand increases the efforts of Europeans to satisfy it redoubles. A century ago slowly sailing ships were considered sufficiently suitable means of transport for conveying the products of Asia to Europe. They would take five or six months to reach India and more still to reach China. Now steamers perform the journey in half that number of weeks. Where the Isthmus of Suez opposed a barrier to direct intercourse by sea a canal has been dug to let ships through. Railways have been run into the interior of Asia to facilitate the transport of products. The Russians have constructed one railway right across the breadth of Asia and another into the heart of Turkestan, thus connecting the whole of the northern portion with Europe. The British have built 23,000 miles of railway in the Indian Peninsula, making the remotest parts accessible. France has run a railway into Tongking. Germany has just begun to push a railway into China. And under the influence or guidance of Europeans railways have been constructed in other parts of China, in Japan, in Siam and in Asia Minor.

Europeans are therefore every year being brought nearer to Asia and in closer contact with Asiatics. And whereas a century ago Europeans only touched Asia on the west, they

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are now in position on the east as well, in the United States and Canada; they have expanded over all the north of Asia, and they are filling up the Continent of Australia on the south. Asia is being surrounded by European peoples; it is becoming more and more accessible to them, and at the close of the present century will be incomparably more accessible than it is now. The number of vessels plying between Europe and Asia will have vastly increased; the time they occupy upon the voyage will have proportionately diminished. Already there are railway schemes in preparation for connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and even with India; for connecting Russia with India, India with China, and China with Russia. All these will certainly be carried out during this century, till at its close Asia will be as permeated with railways as Europe now is. In addition, the Nicaragua Canal will have been completed, putting the great American cities on the Atlantic sea-board in direct sea-communication with the Far East.

Europeans will, moreover, press forward with the more keenness to purchase the products of Asia because of the rivalry which exists between them. The Europeans are not one nation, but many, all keenly struggling with each other for the means of sustenance and maintenance. They each want the products of Asia, and one nation cannot afford to let another gain an advantage over it in facilities for obtaining its requirements. The English fought for a century for the control of the trade of India. They obtained it in the face of the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French; and perhaps it is not altogether unconnected with this fact that the three nations named have distinctly fallen away in comparison with the progress the English themselves have made. Russia and Germany are now pressing into Asia, and showing unmistakable symptoms of acquiring special facilities for themselves; and this fear alone makes other nations press on to ensure that they will not be left at a disadvantage. This rivalry in Asia will become more intense in future as the rivalry in Europe

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itself comes to an end, and the numbers of the population yet increase. And the more intense the rivalry of the European nations, the more rapid is likely to be their progress in Asia.

What, now, has been the effect of this pressure of Europe upon Asia during the past century? In the first stages of the struggle for existence among the nations of the world the strong seize individual men and women of the weak and capture their cattle and other means of sustenance, by such methods growing larger and stronger. But in the later stages the tendency is for the strong to absorb the weaker bodily, either in part or in whole. Thus we have France taking part of Italy, Germany part of France, Russia taking Poland, and now perhaps Finland, and America taking part of the Spanish possessions. So it has been, too, in Asia. In the rivalry and struggle of life the powerful Europeans have been bodily absorbing the weaker nations of Asia.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the English were established in lower Bengal and along the coast line on both sides of the Indian Peninsula. But the Great Moghul was still reigning at Delhi; the powerful Mahratta Confederacy held all Central India; the semi-independent Viceroys of the Deccan and Oudh were yet unconquered; and the Northern Chieftains of Rajputana and the Punjab were scarcely known except by name. At the close of the century the Queen of England was Empress of India, not merely by title, but by more assured fact that any ruler had ever been before. Her will was absolute throughout India; the Great Moghul had been swept away; the most powerful Confederacies had vanished into thin air; and the haughtiest Chiefs had proclaimed their allegiance to the British throne.

In more distant China there has been a less vigorous and sustained pressure from Europe, and a more determined opposition from the people or rather the government of the country. Yet here, also, the marks of European pressure are seen. Along the borders of the Chinese Empire States like Burma, Annam and Tongking, which a century ago were tributary to

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China, are now governed by the English and the French. Fortified naval stations along the coast are held by European Powers at Hongkong, Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, and European commercial settlements have been established in many places along the coast as well as in the interior. In the northern portion of the Empire Russia has been steadily extending her influence and control. First the Trans-Amur districts of Manchuria were absorbed; then the coast-line was annexed and a port established at Vladivostok; and now a virtual protectorate has been declared over the remainder of Manchuria. In Japan the effects of European pressure, though different, have been greater. At the beginning of last century the Japanese were as exclusive as the Chinese in matters of trade, and European trade with Japan scarcely existed. By the close of the century the Japanese had only saved themselves from absorption by Europeans by freely opening their country to foreign trade and residence; so that now Europeans can trade with Japan as freely as they can with each other. In Northern Asia Russia has extended her sway over all Siberia. In Central Asia she has acquired control over Turkestan and the Khanates. Persia is every year coming more under the influence of Russia in the North and England in the South. Except, indeed, secluded and useless countries like Tibet, Afghanistan, and Arabia, where there never could be any trade of importance, no Asiatic country has escaped the effects of European competition for the trade of the tropics. Some, like India, where competition was most severe, where the means of applying pressure was easiest, or where the resistance was weakest, have had to submit to being controlled absolutely and to being incorporated bodily with the European. Others, like Japan, have only escaped absorption by conceding all the Europeans asked. But all alike have had, during the century which has passed away, to withdraw that opposition which at the commencement they put in the way of Europeans purchasing with their own products the needed products of the East.

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The net result is that out of the total population of Asia (including Japan, but excluding the islands of the Malay Archipelago) of 844 millions, no less than 344 millions are now under European control, some 250 millions having been absorbed during the last century.

And those Asiatics who are now under European control will remain subject to it during the present century. It would take more space than can be afforded here fully to justify this statement, but it may nevertheless, I think, be safely accepted. It is possible to imagine that through our apathy and callousness, and the neglect of our Indian administration—the finest piece of work that any nation has ever had in hand—a great popular rising, assisted by an attack from Russia or France, or both combined, might result in our evacuation of India. This is, I hope, improbable; but it is imaginable, for it has been imagined by that Englishman who of all his countrymen has given the longest and most profound study to the question. Mr. Meredith Townsend, in his lately published work, "Asia and Europe," states, as a result of a life-long study, that "the Empire which came in a day will disappear in a night."

> It is [he says] a structure built on nothing, without foundations. . . . Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat the slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended. . . . It is the active classes who have to be considered, and to them our rule is not and cannot be a rule without prodigious drawbacks . . . of which the last and greatest one of all is the total loss of the interestingness of life. . . . The catastrophe in India will arrive either in some totally unforeseen manner, or through a general insurrection aided by a voluntary transfer of power from European to Asiatic hands. The insurrection will recur within a month of our sustaining any defeat whatever severe enough to be recognised as a defeat in the Indian bazaars. . . . The Peninsula might be reconquered. . . . Still an uneasy tranquillity might continue for a generation, to be broken again after thirty or forty years by a third uprising.

Such are the gloomy forebodings of one who has lived in India and known India as few know it, and who, moreover, was in India during the great Mutiny.

Nevertheless, there is a ray of hope for us still; and these convictions are not shared by some, at least, of those who have

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had recent and practical experience of governing India. The antipathy of Asiatics for Europeans, upon which Mr. Townsend so strongly insists, is undoubtedly there, and always will be there. He is perfectly right in saying that the active classes miss the excitement and interestingness of their old, wild, gambling life; and are oppressed by the leadenness of our rule. So, however, did the wild, aboriginal tribes of India miss the still greater freedom to hunt, and murder and steal, and wander as they would which they enjoyed till they were brought into some sort of order by the superior races which came flooding into India in recurring waves from the temperate regions of Asia. But the savage aboriginal tribes had to submit to the inevitable march of civilisation. Whether they appreciated it or not, they had to submit to the restrictions which the more civilised invaders imposed upon their formerly uncurbed licence to murder and steal as they liked. Similarly in their turn the present active classes in India will have to submit, whether they find it congenial or no, to the restraints which the last and the most civilised, because most socially efficient, of the invaders from the temperate regions impose upon them to curb that spirit of wild adventure and excitement which had as its main result the anarchy in which we found India a century and a half ago. Even the last Mutiny did not succeed; and it produced no single man of capacity nor any symptom of a government which would have replaced ours and stayed the flood of European invasion. And if it did not succeed in 1857, how is any similar movement to succeed now when there are 28,000 miles of railway running through India, and telegraphs to every corner of the peninsula; now, since the Suez Canal has been cut, and since our steamers have so increased in speed and in numbers, and our whole organisation of Empire so improved that we could more easily place 200,000 white troops in India in 1902 than we could 20,000 in 1857? How could it succeed when all these troops would be accompanied by the most modern artillery, while the natives would not have even the obsolete artillery which they possessed in 1857?

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However, it evidently is imaginable that there may be such a concatenation of misfortunes—attacks from outside and risings within—that we may lose India. But what is not, I believe, imaginable by any one who has the arguments of this article before him, is that India freed from the English will continue free of European control altogether; and this is the real point of importance in the present study. Mr. Townsend's forecast is that after the natives of India have evicted us either by force or by gradually getting into their hands all the power in the Government Offices,

> India will be reduced to the condition in which we found her . . . life will again be made interesting as of old by incessant wars, invasions, and struggles for personal ascendency. The railways, . . . will be torn up, the universities will be scouted by military rulers, the population will begin to decrease, and in short, for one word expresses it all, India will once more be Asiatic.

Now, even supposing the mother country had become so effete as to allow this, and that the great young nations of Australia and Canada would look with indifference on so deplorable an ending to all the efforts which we who spend our lives in trying to rule India justly have made, is it likely that Russia and Germany, and France and America would stand by and see that great market go to ruin from which they require so much of the necessaries of civilisation? The world in general has need of what India *can* produce; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that the European nations—incomparably more powerful as they now are than they have ever been before, even in the days of the Greeks and the Romans, from whose efforts Mr. Townsend draws his analogies—will insist that great rich spaces of the earth's surface like India and China shall be placed and kept under those conditions which most conduce to efficient production. The industrial progress of the world is advancing with ever accelerating rapidity. Greater strides forward have been made in the last century than in all the centuries which have gone before. The forces which favour this progress are continually

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increasing in strength, and the resisting forces are continually decreasing. It is altogether inconceivable, therefore, that the civilised Powers would ever allow the clock to be set back in India in the way Mr. Townsend anticipates and the industrial progress already made to be summarily swept away.

If the English are too indolent, or too indifferent, or too lacking in virility to rule India and allow it to relapse back into the anarchy in which they found it, depend upon it there will be an even keener scramble among the European nations for its possession than there ever was for spheres of influence in Africa or China. And there is nothing so extraordinary or unprecedented in such a movement from Europe to Asia that we should look upon it as unnatural and merely ephemeral. On the contrary, it is a strictly normal occurrence in the general life of nations. Throughout its history there has ever been a succession of waves of invasion from the temperate regions over the fertile plains of India. We are simply in the presence of the last and greatest of these waves, and there is nothing to show that it will be any less permanent than the others. There is, indeed, every indication to show that it will be just as lasting. It may be over-laid by some higher wave still. But it will not be thrown back by the masses over-ridden. Because Europeans do not settle down in India to live and inter-marry with the people like all previous invaders is no indication that their dominion will be less permanent. Quite the contrary; it is, if anything, an argument in favour of the permanence of European dominion; for, while all other northern invaders have been absorbed by inter-marriage with the conquered and have been rendered effete by the tropical climate of India, the Europeans will keep their type true and their vigour fresh. For the coming century at least, we may conclude, the Asiatics now under European control will still remain dependents of Europe.

We may conclude even more than this. Not only will they remain still under the control of Europe, but they will even be used to extend European influence in other parts of

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Asia. The English have so used the natives of India all through the past century. Madras sepoys helped to conquer the Bengal Presidency, Madrassis and Bengalis to subdue the Mahrattas, and all three to subjugate the Sikhs. Besides which, all these separate types of Indian troops—more different in every respect as they are than Italians are from Scotchmen—have been used by us in the extension of our influence in Persia, in Afghanistan, and in China. Similarly the French, from whom, indeed, we first learned the system, have used the Annamese against the Tongkingese, and both against the Chinese; and the Russians have used one class of Asiatic against another. Even more remarkable and significant still is the fact that to quell the Indian Mutiny we raised levies of Indians themselves; that we have used frontier tribesmen to put down frontier risings; and that to relieve the Legations at Peking we took the newly formed Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-wei.

I think it will be a fair conclusion, then, that the 500 million Europeans who wish to trade with Asia will be assisted in their efforts to establish equable trade relations with the 500 million independent Asiatics by the 344 million Asiatics now under European control; and they will be assisted the more readily because of the advantage which these Asiatics themselves gain from free commercial access to new markets. Not only will Europe gain by the opening up of China, but India will too. The trade of India with China at the commencement of last century was quite insignificant. It now amounts to more than the trade of France, Germany and Russia put together with that country.

Further, it can be shown that both the Europeans and also the Asiatics under European control will probably augment in numbers more rapidly than the independent Asiatics. It has already been stated that the Europeans are likely to treble in numbers during the present century. The population of India has also been steadily increasing under the security of our rule, and at the present rate will be two and a

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half times more numerous at the close of the century than it is now. On the other hand, except in Japan, which only furnishes a tenth part of the total, there is no indication that the independent Asiatic population will increase so rapidly as either the population of India or the population of Europe and the United States. Countries like Arabia, Persia and Asiatic Turkey have a way of keeping down their population by incessant wars or massacres. The only country where a great increase of population is likely is China, and I can find no sign that the Chinese under their own rulers will more than double in number while the Europeans are trebling. Mr. Parker, who was for many years in the British Consular service in China, has devoted a chapter of his recently published work on China to a consideration of the increase of the population. His conclusions are that for the 1500 years up to 1260 the population remained, off and on, at about 50 millions, and that it did not reach 100 millions till the beginning of the eighteenth century. According to the most reliable Chinese statistics, in

1700	the population was		100	millions
1741	„	„	143	„
1762	„	„	200	„
1851	„	„	432	„
1894	„	„	421	„

These figures cannot, of course, be taken as strictly accurate, and they are generally considered to be somewhat in excess. They are, however, sufficiently correct to show that there was a pretty steady increase from the beginning of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, when the progress was arrested by the great Taeping rebellion and by subsequent famines. The last two centuries have been the most progressive in the history of China as regards the increase of population, and in that time the population has quadrupled. As far then as the data at our disposal will allow us to draw conclusions, we may assume that the Chinese are doubling in numbers every century.

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The outlook is, then, that while the Asiatics under European control will during the century increase from 344 millions to about 800 or 850 millions, and the Europeans from 500 to 1500 millions, the 400 million Chinese are not likely to increase to more than 800 millions; and of the remaining 100 million independent Asiatics, one-half are unlikely to increase at all, and the other half—the Japanese—already accept European methods of commercial intercourse.

China is therefore likely to receive the chief attention of Europe in the present century as India did in the past. It is known to be a country of great natural resources, which are not at present properly developed by the people, and these wasted resources are needed by the growing populations of Europe. It is no hardship, but, on the contrary, a benefit to the Chinese that these wasted resources should be developed under skilled European guidance, and that they should have unfettered opportunity of interchanging their own special products with the special products of Europe. As, then, the Europeans see their numbers augmenting, and their wants even faster than their numbers, and so feel their need for the products of China increasing in urgency; as they find themselves by the spread of railways and the increased speed of steamers yearly getting nearer to China; as they feel their power of making their will felt steadily developing, it cannot be expected that they will for long tolerate the attitude of exclusion which the Chinese Government have so far assumed.

Under the inexorable law of progress the Chinese will be given the choice of advancing with the foremost nations in the world, opening up their country as the Japanese have opened up theirs, and trading as freely with European nations as Europeans trade with one another, or else of passing under the control of more socially efficient and vigorous races, as India has come under the British, Turkestan under the Russians, and Indo-China under the French. It will be more satisfactory to themselves and everybody else if they choose the former course. But, in any case, we may assume as the result of this

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study that during the century China will be as thoroughly opened up to European trade as are now India and Japan; and the idea of the Yellow Peril may be dismissed as a bogey of badly informed philosophers.

Those European nations who are wise will adapt their foreign policy accordingly. We British may not continue to take the leading part in opening up China. We may allow ourselves to be outpaced by Russia, Germany, or America. But whether we take the most prominent part or not, the work will be done; and if we may judge from our experience in India during the last century, that nation which works the hardest, the most intelligently, and the most resolutely will as ever reap the richest reward.

F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND.

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PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS

IN 1900 Lord Grey applied for a new licence for the village of Broomhill, and the Morpeth Licensing Authority granted his request. The consequences of this action of the Morpeth Justices have been momentous. Lord Grey was informed that his new licence was a valuable property, and could be sold for many thousand pounds. He immediately imparted this information to the papers, and proceeded to organise companies whose object should be to secure to the public use the unearned profits which he had discovered were enjoyed by "the trade"; he set about the undertaking with characteristic energy, he travelled to view the co-operative public-houses in Scotland, he wrote to the papers, he held meetings, and he read Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book. He has been rewarded by the very widespread approval which has been given to his proposals. Newspapers have been filled with sympathetic articles, companies have been formed in many different parts of the country, composed of all the magnates, civil or ecclesiastical, that can be found in Peerage or Clergy List. In many parts of the country lawyers have been instructed to apply to Brewster Sessions for fresh licences, and it has been given out that these applications will be renewed on an extended scale next year.

"The Report of the Central Public-house Trust Association," published in October 1901, gives us the official report, and contains a statement of the principles and objects of the

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Association, as well as a list and description of the different Public-house Trusts which have been formed in connection with it, and a lengthy list of subscribers to what Lord Grey calls "the sinews of war." With this publication before me I propose to discuss the merits, the probable results and limitations of a movement which has secured so much support, and which evidently rouses emotion among classes which have not hitherto been stirred with enthusiasm for the objects for which the Trust Association is said to be established.

The temptation to attribute the popularity of the movement to the prospect of 5 per cent. dividends is (although the rate of interest may seem unnecessarily high for a philanthropic undertaking) to be resisted; on the other hand, the indignation with which the advocates of the scheme regard any criticism is perhaps even more unreasonable.

I have observed that old-fashioned Roman Catholics view with irritation the excessive cocksureness of fresh converts, and it is unreasonable to attribute to veteran temperance reformers, who have spent their lives in the study of the problems of temperance reformation, the unworthy motive of jealousy of any scheme which they have not originated, because they scrutinise with some caution the royal roads which are promised to lead to universal improvement, without danger or opposition, by reformers of yesterday.

To consider whether the safeguards on which the trust founds its claims to be a temperance reform are really adequate, and whether the danger that the influential character of the promoters of the companies, and the undisputed excellence of their motives, may not lead to an increase of the facilities for the sale of drink, should not be regarded as a condemnation of the work of such men as Major Craufurd, who, convinced by his experience in connection with the army canteens, of the importance of strict management, established the People's Refreshment House Association, of which the Bishop of Chester is President. This society has nineteen houses under its management; all these are old licences, and, as far as I can

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gather, it has not acquired any fresh licence. I see, by the way, that the last Long Ashton Licensing Sessions refused a licence to one of the company's houses, on the ground that "the tenant at a weekly salary was not a true resident holder." This decision must seriously affect the prospects and plans of the company, as it is an objection which may affect the reformed trust houses. The Association claim that no police complaint has been made against any of their houses, but this claim cannot be extended to all the houses managed on the "no private profit principle"; and the good management of these old licensed houses cannot be taken as a proof of the beneficent results of establishing trust houses in fresh areas. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's detailed description of several of these houses which they visited shows that, though it is probable that the houses themselves were better managed and more respectable than they used to be, there is no reason to think that the total sales of drink are diminished, particularly in those places where the Association has not a monopoly of licensed houses; but this is a point which leads to the discussion of a difference, which is, I fear, fundamental, between the old and the new temperance reformers.

Whether these associations can really advance temperance, as no doubt it is the wish of their promoters that they should do, depends on whether they can diminish the total amount of drinking in the country. The diversion of the profits of the trade may be desirable, as it may enable the diminution of drinking to be secured; but it does not necessarily bring about any diminution. It is conceivable that it might, on the contrary, increase the consumption, if the benevolences to the public become increasingly tempting. The manifesto of the trust companies appeals to the authority of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell in support of their "two important principles," viz., the elimination of private profit and the taking of the trade out of private hands. It is therefore to no hostile witnesses that I should ask those who are interested in the schemes of the trust to listen, when I refer them to the above

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authors' other and newer book on "Gothenburg Experiments and Public-house Trusts." It is well known that these encyclopædic students of the subject have put forward a proposal for the municipalisation of the sale of drink; they cannot surely be looked upon as bigoted prohibitionists, and I should therefore hope that their first and strongest contention as to the necessary condition of company control may meet with the approval of the promoters of trust companies. They say:

> What is the success that is sought? Is it merely to have an orderly public-house in which drunkenness shall be forbidden? [&c. &c.] or does the success aimed at go farther, and seek to bring about a substantial reduction in the normal consumption? This question is fundamental, as upon the answer that is given to it will probably depend the lines of policy of the trust companies. It is often assumed that the problem to be solved is solely one of intemperance, by which we mean flagrant and manifest excess, and that, apart from this, normal consumption of alcohol calls for no special attention on the part of statesmen and temperance reformers. But surely this view of the problem is inadequate, if on no other grounds, certainly on this, that it leaves out of consideration the serious economic danger that results from the present average expenditure upon alcohol. The present writers have elsewhere conclusively shown that the average family expenditure of the working classes in this country upon drink cannot be less than six shillings per week—a sum that is probably more than one-sixth of their average family income. This expenditure clearly leaves no sufficient margin for the maintenance of that standard of physical and mental efficiency which is now seen to be of primary importance in the industrial competition of nations. In view of this fact it would seem to be self-evident that no experiment could be considered really "successful" that did not bring about a substantial reduction in the normal expenditure upon drink.

I suspect that many of Lord Grey's supporters would own that they merely aim at making the public-house decent, and do not wish to attempt the diminution of drinking or of the total profits of the public-houses, which Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell estimate at £19,400,000. This estimate, when quoted by Lord Grey, appears to have shocked and surprised the Duke of Devonshire, who, at a meeting for establishing a trust company in Derbyshire, is reported

> to have alluded to Earl Grey's statement that the trade profits amounted annually to nineteen millions sterling. He said that such a fact could not fail

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to deeply impress them, especially when they remembered that as the population of the country grew, these figures would naturally also be increased. It would be superfluous to enlarge on the enormous benefits which would accrue to the community if by the universal establishment of public-house trusts all future profits from the licensed trade were devoted to public purposes.

This statement of the Duke's, and the prominence given by Lord Grey to "the certificated nurses, the bowling-greens, the billiard-rooms, the reading-rooms," which the Fifeshire miners procured from the profits of their co-operative "pubs," leads me to fear that it is rather to the appropriation of the profits than to their diminution that the hopes of the organisers of trusts are directed. The examples of Sweden and Norway are always appealed to as a proof of the efficacy of the "public profit" principle. Yet there is much misrepresentation as to the causes of the diminution of drunkenness which has apparently taken place in those countries. The total reduction is attributed to the establishment of the "Bolags" and "Samlags" or trust companies, and the other important factors have been ignored. These are, first, the prohibition of domestic spirit stills (which between 1835 and 1850 diminished the consumption of spirits from 46 to 22 litres per head); secondly, in 1855, an Act, giving every administrative area power to suppress or sell licences, the decision to rest on the direct vote of the electors, so that in one year the voters of 2303 rural districts left only 587 licences, and the consumption dropped to 10 litres per head. This legislation, however, did not apply to the towns, where the so-called Gothenburg system was not applied till 1865, but in the same year the police ceased to have a share of the fines on drunkenness, so that it is not perfectly fair to attribute the diminished number of convictions solely to the action of the "Bolag," even in the urban districts to which it was limited.

What the real effect of these spirit monopolies may be is much disputed, but it is obvious that the improvement of the drink statistics of Norway and Sweden cannot fairly be attributed solely to their action, but that local veto in the

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country districts and the alteration of the police management in towns must account for much of it.

Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, however, though critical, commend the Scandinavian system; but they consider that certain conditions are necessary to the success of its application. These are:

> (1) The elimination of private profit for the sale of drink. (2) Public cupidity must not take the place of private cupidity. (3) In any town in which a company is established it must have a monopoly of the retail licences both on and off. And (4) lastly, if these companies are to achieve any high success they must be conducted as undertakings having for their object a distinct temperance end to which commercial considerations must be strictly subordinated.

Of these necessary conditions it seems that the scheme of the trust company only meets the first. With respect to the second, it is true that the Report admits that "the appropriation of profits in Sweden to the relief of rates has by common admission led to bad results, and consequently the trust companies provide against the appropriation of profits to objects properly chargeable to the rates," and they proceed to put forward the regulations of the People's Refreshment House Association as a model. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have carefully analysed the sums voted by the Association "for public purposes," and they show that 64 per cent. has been spent "either upon objects properly chargeable to the rates or upon forms of charitable aid usually supported by private philanthropy." At the Hill of Beath Tavern the profits of the pub. provide for "electric lighting, bowling-green, football club, singing class, and certificated nurse," "who is regarded as a perfect treasure," and Lord Grey claimed that these excellent results "had fairly set the heather on fire in that part of Scotland." Yet it must be owned that they are considerations which come under the head of "public cupidity," and they are hardly consistent with the claim of the Report that the trust companies will "secure the advantages of the Scandinavian system without the defects." That the new trust

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companies are not free from the defects of the Scotch companies may be gathered from the rules of the Hampshire trust companies, which set forth the objects on which the trustees may apply the surplus profits, among others:

> (1) Making donations or subscriptions to any society, institution, trust organisation or charity; (2) in acquiring sites for the building and restoring, altering and enlarging, maintaining and endowing churches, chapels, whether intended to be consecrated or not, churchyards, burial-grounds, hospitals, colleges, schools, school-houses, mission halls, parish rooms, institutes, almshouses, libraries, washhouses, theatres, music-hall restaurants, coffee-taverns, &c. &c., and homes for the working classes;

and the scheme for the appropriation of profits is very nearly identical in the prospectus of the Northumberland trust company, on which Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell remark:

> Hardly any scheme could be devised more unfortunate than that of giving the churches and schools an interest in the drink trade, by making their incomes dependent in part upon the traffic. The gift which "blindeth the wise" would exercise its ancient familiar power.

In a letter to the *Times*, Lord Grey states that "it is most undesirable that a single penny of public-house trust profits should be expended for a denominational purpose. I cannot think," he adds, "that the trustees would be likely to bestow money which was intended for the benefit of the community at large on any sectarian object." It would be interesting to know where the undenominational churches and unsectarian chapels are to be found in Hampshire and Kent, and whether it will be even easy to avoid "sectarian objects" in giving to the schools of Northumberland.

The third condition of success mentioned is "that the company must have a monopoly of the retailed houses in the district." This condition cannot be obtained in any populous district, as in all these licences already exist in excess. It is claimed for the Scandinavian companies that they have reduced the hours of sale, that they have prohibited the sale of drink to young persons below eighteen, and sales on credit, and have abolished the adventitious attractions in their houses, and these

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benefits are also spoken of in Lord Grey's Report. But experience shows that these influences cannot be exercised, if within a few doors from the company pubs. other licensed houses are opened in which none of these restrictions are enforced. Thus we are told that the managers of one of the new trust houses "are keenly sensitive to the competition of the rival inn," and, therefore, "show an evident desire for trade." The manager of another house pointed out "that even to attempt to close earlier on Sundays would mean a loss of ordinary trade, since it would place the house at a disadvantage with other licensed houses in the town." The manager of another house is reported to have said:

> My principal bother here is drunken people coming from other places. This place is doing no good. One of its kind in a place is no use. If we had all the houses in the place under our management we could do some good; but what be the use of us closing earlier, or anything like that, when our customers could just go across the way to the public-house opposite?

The promise that "the licensing laws shall be strictly carried out," and that "absolute co-operation with the police may be relied on," would, I imagine, be made by any ordinary licensee, and seems hardly necessary on behalf of the lord lieutenant, mayors, and other "men of light and leading" who constitute these companies.

> A company or municipality could easily enforce stringent regulations if it had the monopoly of the local traffic—*i.e.*, when the choice of the customers lay between stringent regulations and no liquor; but when it is a case of unattractive and carefully regulated sale *versus* attractive and free sale, the former will have no chance.

The Report indeed admits "that the plan does not, except by example, touch the management of existing public-houses." Unfortunately, the example of the existing house seems to exercise a greater influence on the new trust house than the latter can bring to bear on the existing trade house.

As to the last condition, "a distinct temperance end to which commercial considerations must be subordinated," I

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have already expressed a fear that the promoters of these schemes will think that their claim to be temperance reformers is sufficiently justified by their establishment of houses in which drunkenness is discouraged even if in doing so they add to the total drink sale of the country. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, on the other hand, consider that "the most decisive test of any scheme of temperance reform is its ability to effect a considerable reduction in the national consumption of alcohol," and they add, "it is not a small or unimportant fact that, if the consumption of alcohol per head of the population in this country could be brought down even to the level of the American consumption, our national drink bill would at once be reduced by £66,000,000 per annum."

I cannot see in what manner the new trusts would or could materially reduce consumption. We have seen that where the new houses compete with old ones, though better managed, they cannot claim materially to reduce the amount of drink sold in a locality, while in so far as they succeed in establishing themselves in new districts, they must inevitably largely increase the volume of sale. Lord Grey, I know, maintained that new licences would only be granted where they are "inevitable"; but, as the Glasgow trust prospectus truly remarks, "law provides no means whereby the licensing bench or the people of the neighbourhood may, in advance of the Court, record their opinion whether or not any licence should be granted." The only means of knowing whether a licence will be granted is to apply for it, and this, we see, has been done all over the country by trust companies; but when such a company as that of Northumberland, consisting of the lord lieutenant, the chairman of the County Council, the mayor of Newcastle, the principal of the College of Science, and every other imaginable potentate in the county, makes an application, can any ordinary licensing board view their request with the same calmly judicial mind with which they would regard that of an ordinary trade applicant? (always supposing that the trade applicant did not offer to give a park to the

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locality in return for the licence!—a plan which was adopted last year in a licensing area which Lord Grey had instanced as exceptionally suited for his purposes). Or, take again the case of the Durham trust company, where a similar array of magnates appealed to a licensing board for the grant of a fresh licence, when one of the elected directors of the company was sitting as chairman of the licensing bench. How can it be certain that licences granted under such circumstances as these are "inevitable" and solely due to "displacement of population"? The danger of the trust companies devoting their efforts to the acquisition of new licences rather than of old ones must be largely affected by the rate of interest which they engage to give to their shareholders, and which they say is necessary to attract capital. Application was made at the last Brewster Sessions for a fresh licence in Surrey, but the authority held that the district was already congested with licensed houses and that they could not grant a fresh licence; but they promised to grant a licence if the trust would buy up and surrender an existing licence, which, owing to the great number of public-houses in the neighbourhood, would not be a costly undertaking. The representative of the trust replied *that, owing to the necessity of providing 5 per cent.*, this offer could not be accepted.

The advocates of the trust will tell you that the zeal for social improvement of the organisers and directors of these companies is a sufficient guarantee for the prevention of any evil result following from the grant of licences to "local bodies of public-spirited gentlemen"; but it is unfortunately true that the best intentions have not sufficed to prevent successive generations of public-spirited gentlemen from making the present hopeless muddle by their well-meant efforts to reform the evils of the sale of drink by coaxing it into harmless channels. When the frightful evils of spirit-drinking forced themselves into notice in the middle of the eighteenth century, the great satirist Hogarth painted the pictures of Gin Lane and Beer Street to show how the country was to be saved by

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encouraging the national beverage; and following this idea the Beerhouse Act was passed with the same good intention. The well-meaning persons who planned and passed it hoped to break down the tied-house system and to discourage the excessive spirit-drinking by the consumption of innocent beer. The disastrous effects of this well-intentioned device still obstruct the administration of the law and bar the way to progress. The next well-meaning effort to destroy the evils of drinking was made by Mr. Gladstone, when he established the off-licences, or commonly called "Grocers' licences," in order that persons might be diverted from spirits and the drinking-bar by light wines and respectable shops. The results of this effort have not answered to the expectations of its promoters. Complaints are made that by these means drink is circulated in carts and vans in defiance of the law; above all, that the facilities of procuring liquor secretly have largely increased drinking among women. These accusations are disputed by the representatives of the off-licence holders, and they ask indignantly for proofs; but it must be remembered that, from the nature of the case, these are almost unobtainable. "Police statistics cannot prove the drinking that results, as by its nature it is secret."

The last effort made to diminish the evils of drinking by increasing the facilities for obtaining it was that of the establishment of working men's clubs, which was advocated by enthusiastic workers for social reform as certain not only to civilise and educate the working classes but also to wean them from their present clubs—the public-houses. The hopes and their fulfilments of these social reformers are illustrated by the history of Prebendary Davison's Model Club.

In 1896 the Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, North Kensington, opened a large club in his parish. The temperance societies of the district protested against the sale of drink in the club; the Prebendary answered "that they were amateurs, and he a professional," "as the Bishop of London had placed 10,000 souls under his care." "It was the business of Chris-

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tianity to produce strong men, not moral invalids, and the club was to be a house of healthy, self-respecting manhood." The club was opened, and a curate was placed in charge of it. Shortly after one member was summoned for disturbance, and some months later an assault was made on the treasurer. In the vicar's words, "First they threw beer at him, then they poured some glasses of it down his back, and finally they dragged him into the back kitchen and thrashed him dreadfully. I fancy they mistook him for my manager." Soon after the club was closed, and, as Lord Grey tells us, it would be well if many more of such clubs could be closed.

Here are three efforts at reform, all made by men with the best motives, who have imagined that they could get round the abuses of drinking by civilising and raising the machinery for consumption.

I trust that the suggestion made by Mr. Chamberlain may soon be acted upon, and that the way may be cleared for further temperance reform by bringing all these privileged social reformers under the control of the licensing authorities. The magistrates of Newcastle have, I am glad to see, agreed to join the magistrates of Birmingham in urging the Government to bring in a Bill for this purpose. But if the guarantee of safety, owing to the good intentions of the promoters, is inadequate, there is the safeguard of the absence of profit from drink to the manager. This safeguard seems to me to have been much exaggerated. The majority of people will drink because they wish to and because they are tempted by the facility of getting the drink, and not because the publican presses them; but even if this be not so, the manager will be interested in "the general trade," and in the success of the establishment, both of which will be dependent on attracting customers. The accounts of the experiments of the Association houses show, what indeed is obvious, that the whole success of the scheme depends on the manager, for it is not to be supposed that the twenty-two dignitaries who compose the Northumberland trust company will personally supervise the

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Broomhill public-house which they own. The celebrated Fox and Pelican at Grayshott is described as "having suffered from frequent changes of management," but the experience of the clergyman who established a "model public-house," "The Anchor," at Scaynes Hill, will illustrate the danger to which the best efforts are open. The Anchor was the only licensed house in the village, yet there were frequent police cases connected with it (reported in the *Sussex Daily News*). The clergyman had great difficulty in getting managers; several of them gave way to drinking. By the aid of a neighbouring clergyman he got a Good Templar who had been an abstainer for several years. In less than twelve months the ex-Good Templar was discharged for drunkenness! The clergyman stated, "I attribute his fate wholly to the wicked bigotry of the Good Templars. He being a total abstainer, not by grace, but from a worldly policy, with the removal of the human prop the total abstinence disappeared." In January 1897 an inquest was held on Henry Cross, manager of The Anchor, who drowned himself after brutally ill-treating his wife, owing to continual drunkenness. The clergymen had implored him to mend his ways, and had withdrawn his notices to quit on his promising to take no liquor except at meals; he had formerly been in the owner's service, and was then a respectable and intelligent young man." After the last experience the vicar handed the house over to the management of relatives, who were brewers.

It is not necessary for my contention that all experiments should be as unfortunate as that of the Vicar of Lindfield, but the difficulty of obtaining a number of men possessing the rare qualifications necessary for a successful manager must always make the success of these ventures uncertain.

The instruction of the People's Refreshment House Association, which directs their managers that they should

> By the exercise of their personal influence try to do great and permanent good; that they should try to become acquainted with their customers, so that they may be able to help those whose self-control in the use of intoxicants

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is weak, or to check by a timely hint the excess which might lead to his having to refuse a customer drink,

may possibly be followed in a small village inn; but it would be impossible for the most ideally perfect manager to act upon it in a popular town corner house, where (as I am informed is commonly the case in Liverpool) customers stand five or six deep waiting to be served. Similarly the safeguard of the prominence given to food supply may be of some service in village inns; but the circular of the Glasgow trust points out that this "does not seem quite so necessary in our towns, *well equipped as they are with restaurants*," and the Corporation of Glasgow seem to have agreed with this view, and further to have considered that the provision of fresh houses for the consumption of whisky was unnecessary.

I should regret if these criticisms were considered to express disapproval of "the acquisition of existing licences from private owners or from public corporations," where it is found that these owners will not consider the possibility of doing without the licence, and of managing these in the careful and unambitious methods of the People's Refreshment Association, or of the establishment of canteens for temporary collections of workmen, such as those managed by the Birmingham and Harrogate Waterworks Committees.

These are works which were being carried on before Lord Grey's enthusiasm had covered the country with an array of organised trusts, who, unless they extend their energies into fresh fields, will appear to be rather superfluous, and who, if they increase the number of drinking-houses, will not be prevented by their high enthusiasm from being nuisances.

The numbers of shareholders who will become, though indirectly, interested in the sale of drink, may considerably add to the forces, already sufficiently powerful, interested in the trade; but I should prefer to hope that the predominant result of so much effort may be in the opposite direction, and that the experience which these masses of notables will gain from practical contact with licensing problems may lead them to

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take still further and more effectual steps in the direction of temperance reform.

CARLISLE.

P.S.—Since writing these few observations another, apparently semi-official, apology for Lord Grey's scheme has appeared, "Public-house Reform," by A. N. Cumming, M.A.

It contains, besides some of the information which I have already described, "A Reply" to criticisms, which indicates, I think, some exacerbation on the part of the advocates of the trusts.

Anyhow, Mr. Cumming is *plus royaliste que le roi.* Hitherto, when criticisms are made on the scheme, Lord Grey denies that any grounds for these criticisms can be found in his scheme; but Mr. Cumming boldly answers that criticisms coming from extremists are worthless and that the companies are wise in ignoring them. Thus, when the Bishop of Hereford points out the dangers of endowing Church and Education from drink funds, Lord Grey answers that he could not dream of doing such a thing; but Mr. Cumming boldly says, why not? *Non olet pecunia.* But the most significant change in the attitude of the apologist is seen in his treatment of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's description of the Gothenburg experiments. These I had certainly supposed would have had weight with all who believed in "municipalisation," and certainly with those "moderate reformers" who are never tired of quoting Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's criticism on prohibition; but, above all, as their opinion is appealed to by the Central Public-house Trust Association in their report as conclusive on the first principles of their undertaking, it is surprising to find Mr. Cumming saying that "their attitude is critical, not to say captious, to the verge of hostility," and that "enough has already been said of this attitude (viz., that of the extreme temperance party)."

Beyond this attempt to discount the criticism of the

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representatives of "public profit" principles by calling them extremists, Mr. Cumming really provides no reply.

For his treatment, for instance, of the question of the necessity of monopoly is hardly serious. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell contend that a local monopoly is necessary for the success of the company system, and that without this local monopoly no improving or restrictive experiments are possible. To this Mr. Cumming answers, "that the most creditable attempts have been made, notably in the Elan and Hill of Beath experiments"; when, in point of fact, there is a local monopoly both at Elan and Hill of Beath. He then adduces the success of the Scandinavian system, "although the companies have no monopoly of the sale of beers, but only of spirits"; but this, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell point out, is the "weakest point of the system and distinctly proves the need of the monopoly of all kinds of alcoholic liquor; but the most amazing answer of Mr. Cumming's is, "that the South African Alliance for the Reform of the Liquor Traffic does not exclusively propose a Government monopoly for the whole of South Africa, as Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell contend, it merely asks for Government control in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony!" I need hardly point out that the monopoly which is spoken of applies to the town or district, and that the action of the South African Alliance is founded on the belief in the necessity of the monopoly principle, instead of being an argument against it. The fact is, that this latest exposition of the intentions of the trusts seems to be rather anxious to show that "they do not imply any hostility to the interests of brewers and publicans," and that their houses are "elysiums," than to meet the criticisms of those whose fault it is to have studied the question.

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BRITISH INDUSTRY AND THE WAGE SYSTEM

THAT British industry is approaching a dangerous crisis is, it is to be feared, only too true. It is a mistake, however, to assume that this crisis is wholly, or indeed chiefly, due to the inefficiency of the British workman. His inefficiency, however deplorable, is only part of the general inefficiency gradually creeping over the nation; the outcome of an incapacity to realise the importance, whether in social or industrial matters, of the intelligent direction of means to secure the desired end; an intellectual defect which is gradually reducing our efficiency as a nation below that of races originally less favoured, and even yet less competent. This defect is shown in the character of the controversy now proceeding as to the effect of trades unionism upon industry. A mass of evidence is adduced to prove that that effect is injurious, that it unduly hampers the activity of the employer, and occasions indifference and indolence on the part of the employed. These propositions having been established to the general satisfaction, a chorus of reproach arises, and indignant citizens vie with one another in denouncing, in the daily papers, trades unions and all their works; but of any rational desire to discover the source of the evil, or indeed of comprehension that any cause beyond the natural depravity of trades unionists need be sought, there is no trace.

Now to seek to prove that under the *régime* of trades

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unions work is inefficient, is a work of supererogation. The presumption in favour of such a proposition is quite strong enough to throw the burden of proof on those who deny it, if any may be found.

The important matters for inquiry are: Must labour combinations be accepted as essential to the well-being of the working class? Why do they preach the doctrines they do? and why do the working men give ear to them? and finally, Is the method of production in vogue calculated to give us efficient labour?

The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. Upon investigation we shall see that the inefficiency of labour is the inevitable result of the conditions under which it is employed in this country.

The relations of capital and labour must be viewed in light of the facts that, with us, labour has practically no other resource than industrial employment, and that the supply is always somewhat in excess of the demand. The wage system, acting under the above conditions, is demonstrably sufficient to explain the existence of all that is alleged against the efficiency of the working man.

It would be but little more difficult to show why the class from which employers are drawn is too fond of amusement, too impatient of steady work and moderate profit, too apt to regard business as a dreary pilgrimage to the Elysian Fields of luxury and pleasure; but, following the fashion of the hour, let us confine our investigation to the cause of the shortcomings of the working man.

As all know, speaking generally, capital undertakes the business of production, for this purpose hiring what labour it requires at a wage. The root evil of the wage system is that the wage earner is denied any share in that which he helps to produce, consequently capital and labour, which are necessarily associated for the purposes of production, are associated as antagonists and not as allies. The bond which unites them is as close as that of the Siamese twins, yet they are condemned

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to perpetual conflict one with the other. That under such conditions production should not be very cheaply or satisfactorily carried on need hardly occasion surprise.

Where trades unionism comes in under such a system, and in what directions its influence will be felt, has now to be considered.

Trades unions are, of course, combinations of working men. To some extent they are friendly societies, undertaking the care of their members in sickness and so forth, but this side of their activity may be disregarded from the economic point of view; so far as concerns the present subject they are organisations directed to the regulation of the relations between employer and employed, and aim at protecting labour from the encroachments of capital. To be effective the association of labour must be wide, and to attract the largest numbers to their ranks trades unions must aim to secure the highest possible wage to the largest possible number of men. But if their nets are spread wide they will enclose men of every degree of capacity, while the natural interests of the most capable differ widely from those of the least capable; if, therefore, solidarity is to be maintained, unionism must be based upon conventions which will identify so far as possible the interests of all. In dealing with the remuneration of labour, therefore, unions will favour equality as a means of assimilating the interests of all their members.

Now, equality in wage necessarily tends to equality in the return given for the wage. If, for instance, two men are working side by side, and one is capable of turning out twice the work of the other, he will not be likely to do so, or to continue for long to do so, if the remuneration of both remains the same. Before long some sort of standard of a day's work will be arrived at. But inasmuch as the day's work must not, in the interest of the union, be beyond the capacity of any of its members to perform, the standard cannot be fixed with reference to the capacity of the most efficient, nor indeed with reference to the capacity of the average man; it must be

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based upon the capacity of the least efficient. The tendency of unionism, therefore, is to reduce the labour of all to the standard of the least efficient. Moreover, unionism is only interested in seeing that this standard is not exceeded; it is not concerned to maintain it.

It may be said that this argument fails to recognise that in many industries piece-work prevails, and that piece-work is not open to the objections indicated above. Although piece-work leaves the antagonism between labour and capital untouched, in this case the evil might be expected to disclose itself in quality rather than in quantity. It may be admitted that if the men were paid in proportion to the work done an adequate incentive to exertion would be afforded. But piece-work is not likely to be fairly treated on either side; nor, so far as the information which I have been able to acquire goes, is it in fact fairly treated. The payments for piece-work are settled between masters and men with a view to securing the workers about what they previously received in weekly wage. If, as often happens, exceptionally able men earn very much more for several weeks in succession, the masters become dissatisfied with the prices paid, and reduce them. The consequence is that the less capable hands have to increase their exertion to earn as much as they did with the weekly wage, and some few are benefited at the expense of the many. If the best men worked their best at piece-work it would enable the employer to get from the men at large an increase of work without any increase of wage, and this result would not be likely to commend itself to the unions, who would best protect their members by discouraging the efforts of the exceptionally capable men. This we are told they in fact do.

The effect of trades unionism on the efficiency of labour is therefore seen to be prejudicial, whether labour be remunerated by weekly wage or by the piece, on account of the natural desire of unionism to promote equality; but not only does it seek to deal with wages, but its interests are also concerned in securing employment for as many of its members

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as possible. Hence the desire to spread labour. If the employment of two men to do the work of one can be forced upon the employer, the immediate interests of the unions are served; consequently they will be inclined to support any measures calculated to secure that result. The most obvious way is to limit the amount accomplished by the individual. Not to limit output; that is a heresy into which some of the working class have fallen, but with which unionism has nothing to do, and which need not now be considered. The natural objects of unionism are attained if increased production leads to a proportionate increase in the number of workmen employed, and it is to this end that the "ca' canny" and "go-easy" principles are applied, as well as the restrictions imposed upon the use of labour-saving machinery, and the limitation of the number of machines to be tended by a single workman. It is only fair to say that these methods are repudiated by the more intelligent trades unionists themselves, but I am here concerned only in showing that they are the perfectly natural outcome of the tendency of trades unionism. The "lump of labour" principle is derided because it is alleged to be based on the economic fallacy that the anount of labour to be done is fixed. It must be remembered, however, that the truth of economic law requires time for verification. The immediate amount of labour to be done *is* fixed, and the working man is justified in his conclusion that the more one man does the less there is for the rest. As an illustration, let us suppose that the individual output of the workman to-day is 25 per cent. below his maximum. If to-morrow he were to increase his output to the maximum, 25 per cent. of labour would suddenly be thrown out of employment; whether this loss would ever be regained would depend upon the increase of the employer's business by the same amount. Cheaper production might be reasonably relied upon to secure increased orders, and in the end a great advantage would probably result to both masters and men; but for an indefinite period the "out-of-works" would have

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nothing but their hopes for the future to live upon. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising that the lump of labour doctrine should obtain with some trades unionists, especially when it is remembered that, in the circumstances supposed, the master would make an immediate saving of 25 per cent. in his labour bill, while all that he pretends to offer to his workmen for their sacrifice is the salvation of a trade which, I fear, neither he nor they seriously believe to be in peril.

We have now seen that every count of the indictment recently made against trades unionism might naturally have been expected to be true, from the tendencies of the wage system, if the popular belief that under it combination is essential to the welfare of the working man is well grounded. Inasmuch as reliance upon the operation of the natural laws of supply and demand to meet the difficulty has been advocated, it is necessary to examine somewhat closely what the actual position of the working class would be in default of combination.

The working man has but one commodity to dispose of, his labour; and the supply of that commodity is always slightly and sometimes largely in excess of the demand, while it is incapable of ready transfer to another market, and must be disposed of promptly. Under such circumstances in the case of commodities other than labour there is no limit to the depreciation which might follow, so long as the supply continued in excess of the demand.

From the point of view of the political economist, such a condition of the market could not endure. Capitalists, finding they could not secure the normal profit, would leave the trade and employ their capital elsewhere. If the working man were content to await the operation of the laws of political economy, the first result would be the fall of wages to the point of bare subsistence, at which point they would remain until the members of the working class had been starved, or driven out of the country, in sufficient numbers to reduce the supply of labour below the demand, a process which would

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not be accomplished for several generations. It is frequently forgotten that "in the long run" must be read into most of the propositions of the political economist. The capitalist who should embark in trade in the belief, engendered by a superficial study of political economy, that his capital would necessarily secure the normal profit, would soon find occasion to correct his ideas; and the working man who willingly left his remuneration to the operation of natural laws would soon have cause to regret it.

The force of public opinion would not, as some suppose, ensure a fair wage to the worker. To talk of a fair wage at all is a misconception of what competitive industry means. Commodities are bought and sold not at a fair rate, but at the market rate, and to attempt to make the competitive system fair, would be as sensible as to try to make war humane. In fact, public opinion has no such effect. In some trades the wages paid are not sufficient even for bare subsistence for any length of time. The writer of the articles in the *Times* on the crisis in British industry may be called as a witness to prove how the rate of wages is settled. He tells us that in the Birmingham tin plate trade, a firm employed women to manufacture lanterns, which had previously been made by men at a wage of 35*s.* to 40*s.* a week. The women were found to do the work as well or better than their male predecessors. They were paid 14*s.* or 15*s.* a week. Women are less able to protect themselves than men. Moreover, if it is desirable that the laws of political economy should assert themselves, the interference of public opinion is unjustifiable.

Nor will the "standard of living" prove a sufficient protection. It is quite true that no class will willingly abandon its style of living for a lower one, but the question here is not of the will but of the power to prevent it. In an overstocked market the vendors of a commodity, which will not keep and cannot be transferred, can only maintain their price by combination. This the working class have long understood.

The existence of free labour associations proves nothing to

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the contrary. What the free labourer seeks to combine, or at all events succeeds in combining, is the advantages both of trade combinations and personal freedom. The strength of his position lies in the fact that trade unions exist, while he is unfettered by their rules. Though the unions do not include the majority of the working class, the subtraction of their numbers would reverse the position of supply and demand. But for trades unionism the free labourer would only be free to serve the employer on his own terms, and would soon regret his liberty.

That employers could destroy trades unions if they thought it worth their while, is I think hardly open to doubt. Against the individual employer combined labour can enforce its terms so long as what they leave him is sufficient to induce him to continue his business, but where combined labour meets combined capital the latter is certain to prevail. It then becomes simply a question of resources. Labour must stake its subsistence against the disinclination of capital to forego profit. The wider the combination the more swift and certain the catastrophe to labour. If a universal strike be conceived as possible, it only makes the point more clear, for assuming the inflow of the means of subsistence to be suddenly arrested, existing supplies would be secured by the owners of the longest purses, and the working class would starve before the employers were hungry. No strike can succeed against a strong combination of employers if only the combination be maintained. The Engineers' strike, the strike of the South Wales Miners, and the strike against the Steel Trust in the United States, are all recent verifications of the truth of this proposition. Strikes no doubt have succeeded in the past and may succeed in the future, but only in cases where combination on the part of the employers is non-existent, or where the prospect of immediate gain proves too strong for the loyalty of some members of the combination.

That employers, however, should combine to fight trades unions to the death is improbable. Hitherto, rather than face

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them, they have already submitted to a degree of interference in the efficient conduct of their business, which seems to the onlooker intolerable, and almost incredible. But further, were they to do so, it is very doubtful if their position would be advanced. The working classes could be, if they chose, a great political power, and employers would probably soon find their business restricted by legislation, to an even greater extent than by trades unionism.

The above considerations lead to the conclusion that trades unionism is inimical to efficient production, but that under the wage system it is essential to the welfare of the working class, and at all events cannot be got rid of. We are able, moreover, to appreciate the mental attitude of the average working man. He knows that his position has substantially improved of late years, and he attributes that improvement largely to trades unionism. He begins to suspect that in a fight with the employers to a finish, the chances are all against him, but he believes in the power of trades unions, in case of dispute, to give a good account of themselves and to inflict heavy loss upon the employers. The history of his class has taught him, that he is far more patient to endure privation than his opponents to suffer loss. He believes either avowedly, or tacitly, in the lump of labour theory, and when he is told that his methods will ultimately bring disaster upon himself as well as upon his employer, he is either not impressed by the tale, which he has often heard before, or frankly disbelieves it. Generations of wage earning are not conducive to providence and foresight, nor has the education of the working man been calculated to make him receptive to the truths of economic science. Moreover, he cannot fail to observe that when the shortcomings of his employers (to which he is by no means blind) are in question, the existence of any cause for alarm is confidently denied.

Such as he is we have seen the conditions of his labour are calculated to make him, and in proof that I have not been merely arguing from the effect to the cause, perhaps I may be

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allowed to quote a short passage from an article written in the autumn of 1900 and subsequently published in *Copartnership*, the organ of the "Labour Association."

> The tendency of combination is to reduce the labour of all to the standard of the least efficient. The less work one man performs the more he leaves for the rest, and the argument naturally follows that by reducing exertion to a minimum he is consulting the true interests of his class. His (the workman's) only concern is to earn his wage with the smallest amount of trouble to himself.

These views were strongly denied at the time, but I find a passage from an ironmaster's experiences published in one of the *Times* articles, as follows:

> What I find in regard to the men who have come under my notice is that they have ceased to take any pride in their work, and their only concern is how they can get through it with the least trouble to themselves.

What theory shows to be inevitable experience confirms.

The problem is how to change the mental attitude of the working man. How to insure his interest in his work, and to incite him to put forth his full powers, in view of the fact that trades unionism has to be accepted?

Now in this connection the aims of trades unionism must be considered separately. So far as it seeks to fix and maintain wages, and so far as it seeks to reduce unduly long hours of toil, its action, though it may sometimes be ill-considered, is perfectly legitimate, and in the interests of the community at large. On the other hand, so far as it seeks to limit effort, or hamper production, its action is wholly mischievous, and calculated to involve employers and employed in a common ruin. Such a catastrophe is not beyond the range of reasonable apprehension. The apologists of our industrial position base their arguments in favour of the permanence of our prosperity, upon the continued pre-eminence of British products, where highly specialised skill is required in the artisan, and treat our position in regard to machine work as of minor importance. But the skilled hand-work of to-day is the machine work of to-morrow. The field in which high class hand-work is of

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importance, is a continually contracting field. The limit to its contraction no one can put, for successive inventions disclose possibilities in the application of machinery, undreamt of before. The case of the optimist, therefore, amounts to this: that with regard to processes, some of which continually do, and all of which shortly may, become obsolete, British industry still holds the field. If in America, as we are told, five men will tend fifty machines, while under existing rules it would take fifty men to tend them in England, it is quite obvious that where English machine-made goods have to compete with American, they will be driven out of the market.

The situation, therefore, appears grave enough to warrant the adoption of any measures to improve it, even should they at first sight shock our conservative instincts. If the defects pointed out above are inherent in the wage system it may be worth our while to consider whether it is in fact the only system under which production is possible. It is, it is true, of wide extension, but it is a mistake to include it in the category of the divine institutions sent direct from heaven for the benefit of the upper classes; on the contrary, it is a thing of mushroom growth, the evil effects of which we are the first to feel, because we are in a later stage of industrial development than our neighbours.

It is remarkable that while the proposals of socialists are very properly condemned, on the ground that they offer no adequate incentive to exertion; while it is recognised that under a socialist *régime* the whole nation would be likely to "ca' canny" and "go easy"—into the abyss; the absence of any such incentive under the wage system, affecting as it does the majority of the people, should pass unchallenged and apparently unnoticed. The very symptoms foreseen to be the inevitable result of the one system make their appearance under the other, yet they are attributed to original sin, false teaching, anything but the same cause. Yet in truth this incentive to exertion must in some way be supplied; without it all the preaching in the world will be without effect.

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In America we are told that the difficulty is met and a sufficient incentive provided by what is termed the premium system. Under that system men are engaged at a weekly wage, in return for which they have to perform a certain amount of work per hour, failing this they are dismissed; but on the other hand the benefit of all extra output is divided between the employer and the man prducing it, in agreed proportions. This system is said to work well, and there are good *primâ facie* reasons why it should, but we are not told to what kinds of work it is applicable, or to what extent if at all the unions oppose it.

The position of the working man in America differs widely from his position here, and it is, therefore, ill arguing from one country to the other. Masters and men here are alike slow to take up a new system, particularly one which requires considerable elaboration and very careful checking, and it may be feared that if this system were attempted with us, either one party or the other, or both, would succeed in making it a failure, for it has not the merit of reconciling the interests of capital and labour. The rate of the minimum wage and the amount of premium are left of the first importance, and are as likely to provoke conflict as ever. The strike against the steel trust shows how readily such a conflict may arise.

The system of profit-sharing has been the method adopted in England by those employers, far-sighted enough to deal promptly with the labour difficulty, who have recognised that part of a loaf is better than no bread, and that the denial to labour of all share in the profits it has helped to make may defeat its own purposes in the end. This system would appear to afford a more hopeful prospect. If the share given to labour is sufficient to make the men identify their own interests with the profits made, it goes a very long way towards uniting the interests of capital and labour. Apart from the question of its sufficiency, the only weak point would appear to be that the idle may share the benefit derived from the exertion of the industrious, since each man's remuneration does not entirely

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depend upon his own efforts. The opinion of his fellow workmen, however, might be expected no longer to encourage idleness. I believe in the case of navigators working in gangs shirking has never been tolerated, and certainly what evidence comes to hand is in favour of the efficiency of the profit-sharing system.

On this point we may again put the *Times* correspondent in the box. He shows a startling difference between the labour cost per ton of the coal dealt with at the South Metropolitan Gasworks and other gasworks. This he attributes entirely to freedom from trade union influence, omitting even to mention the fact that the business is conducted upon the profit-sharing system. Yet these works were among the first, if not the first, to adopt a carefully thought-out system of profit-sharing identified with the name of Mr. Livesey, while it has been denied that trades unions are in a position to influence the men in the other works with which the comparison was made. Under these circumstances it is surely permissible to attribute the admitted improvement in efficiency to the fact that the men have been given an interest in the profits. Profit-sharing concerns already employ 60,000 work-people; yet it may be doubted if what profit-sharing can do, if fully developed, has ever been tried. Capital and labour combine to produce, and the share which each contributes can be readily ascertained. After payment of the normal rate of interest on capital and the normal wage to labour the natural division of profits between them would seem to be in the proportion of their contribution to production.

The argument that it is not fair that labour should share profit, inasmuch as capital must bear all losses, is based upon a misconception of the ground upon which the adoption of profit-sharing is urged upon employers. If employers are satisfied with work as it is, or if they can find any other means of making it satisfactory, it would be idle to ask them to forego any part of their profits for the benefit of labour; that is no concern of theirs; admittedly, it is the business of labour to take

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care of itself. Wise men, however, know that it pays better to give a good price for a good article than to buy cheap rubbish, but when it comes to dealing with labour all this seems to be forgotten. The labour in America, which is now so lauded, is paid from fifty to a hundred per cent. more than British labour, yet during the whole of the attack upon trades unions, I have not seen one single suggestion of any consideration to be given to the working man, in return for the improvement demanded in his labour.

But though it represents a great step in advance of the crude wage system, profit-sharing cannot be accepted as the model method of production. To ensure the full exercise of the faculties of the individual it is of first importance to ensure to him the entire product of his labour. To labour with unabated energy, notwithstanding the abstraction of the greater part of the produce, is a quality man does not appear to share with the bees. So long as capital is master of labour, of brain and hand alike, this seems the inevitable result. Fixed remuneration to capital, and reward to labour in proportion to the services rendered, is the only method of production calculated to ensure the exertion by the individual of his full power. This involves the provision by labour of the capital required for the production in which he is concerned. Already upwards of 15,000 men are working under this system in this country, while France is outpacing us. The great stumbling-block at the present time in the way of rapid development of the system, is that experience has not yet taught the working man how far success depends upon management, that management depends upon brains, and that brains must be paid for at a very different rate of remuneration from that accorded to manual labour. Time may be trusted to correct this mistake. The merit both of the profit-sharing and co-operative system of production is that, each in their degree, they attack the cause of the inefficiency which has resulted from the wage system, viz., the exclusion of labour from any share in profit and the consequent enduring antagonism between the interests of capital and labour.

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The fatal weakness in all proposals for reform of which we hear to-day is that they are content to deal with symptoms, and leave unsought and unremedied the cause of the social ills they undertake to alleviate. Even in a case like the present, where the cause stands plainly in view, the last thing thought of is to attempt to deal with it. On all hands it is ignored or explained away. It is quite useless to complain that things are as they are, unless we are prepared to alter the conditions that made them so. So long as the remedy is thought worse than the disease, the disease must be accepted.

It is not suggested, of course, that the wage system is to be abolished to-morrow. The wage system must be employed over a vast field in any case. What is urged is that it is not calculated to give good results in competitive production. Profit-sharing and co-operative production are making way even under the dead weight of hostile opinion, formed, in the vast majority of instances, without inquiry or appreciation. Given a fair trial, I believe that by the law of selection they would gradually oust the old system. When labour has learnt that high wages, short hours, and go-easy is an idle dream; when capital has learned that a monopoly of profit may end in the destruction of the profit itself, they will become more receptive to new ideas. The question of pressing importance is whether either or both of these lessons will be learned in time to save the trade upon which our prosperity depends. The answer to this question turns upon the intellectual attitude of the nation as a whole.

RALPH NEVILLE.

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CORONATION PEERAGES

AMONG the many half-forgotten features of the coronation of an English king is a special creation of peerage dignities in honour of that joyous event. An antiquity of more than five centuries can be claimed for this historic practice, which takes us back, indeed, to Froissart's days. In the glittering pages that bring before us chivalry and all its splendours we read how Richard II. was crowned in his eleventh year (July 16, 1377),

et fist ce jour IIII contes et IX chevaliers, premièrement messire Thomas son oncle conte de Boukingham ; le seigneur de Persi conte de Northanbrelande, messire Guichart d'Angle, conte de Hostindonne, le seigneur de Moutbray, conte de Notighen.

The earldoms and the houses which received them are now alike extinct, and Richard's creation proved to be but an anticipation of a practice which could not then attain its full development; for it was not till about the middle of the fifteenth century that the peerage finally assumed its present shape. Knighthood as yet remained the gift that kings conferred, and Richard's successor, Henry IV., founded, it is held, the Order of the Bath when he made at his coronation six-and-forty knights.

With Richard III. we at length begin the long series of precedents which, however fitful at first, have now crystallised into custom. Eleven days before his coronation, and within two of declaring his own accession in person, he divided the

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titles of the House of Mowbray between its two co-heirs, creating Howard Duke of Norfolk, and Berkeley Earl of Nottingham (June 28, 1483); and on the same day Edward Grey received the viscountcy of Lisle. It was reserved, however, for Richard's successor to associate more closely with the coronation festivities the gift of peerage honours. Henry's uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, was raised to the dukedom of Bedford; and Lord Stanley, to whose adhesion he owed his great victory, received that earldom of Derby which is still possessed by his house. As the dukedom of Norfolk is now held under the Flodden creation (1514), the earldom of Derby is the oldest existing of all coronation peerages.

In the quaint "Device," as it is termed, for Henry VII.'s coronation, we read how,

> in arayaing the auncyaunt nobles of England, the King hath appoynted a good noumbre of noble persons of this his realme to take the order of knyghthode, and be made Knights of the Bath, in the Tour of London the 28th daye of October next, called the evyn of his coronacion, . . . wher shalbe a seige roiall prepared as accordeth for his estate, wherin his grace, sitting or standing, shall order the Knights of the Bath after the forme of the auncient custome of Kinges of England, and may then in the same create lordes in such estate as shalbe thought to his highnes, for the maner and wele of hym and his roialme.

We see here that, although the King's creation of new peerage dignities was treated as a part of the ceremony, that of Knights of the Bath was still the essential feature. Henry was crowned on October 30, three days after his bestowal of the new peerage honours.

The Tudors were by no means prodigal in creating or promoting peers. Henry VIII., I have argued in my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," set the example of swamping opposition in the House of Lords when he created, in the critical Parliament of 1529, seven new barons; but his coronation was not marked by any changes in the peerage. His son, at the time of his accession, was a puppet in the hands of Somerset, who conveniently discovered that Henry had intended to bestow a number of fresh dignities on himself and his

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friends. Ten days, therefore, before Edward's coronation, a dukedom was created for himself, and the marquisate of Northampton for Parr, while Lisle and Wriothesley received respectively the earldoms of Warwick and Southampton. The baronies of Seymour of Sudeley, Rich and Sheffield were created at the same time, and that of Willoughby of Parham four days later. Of all these dignities the dukedom of Somerset alone survives at the present day.

The fresh creation of the earldom of Devon (September 3, 1553), under which the Courtenays now hold it, can hardly be connected with Mary's coronation (September 30); but that of Elizabeth (January 15, 1559) was made the occasion of creating, two days before, the baronies of Hunsdon, Howard of Bindon, and St. John of Bletsho, of which Hunsdon was bestowed on her own cousin Carey, and of raising to the peerage the son of the fallen Somerset as Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford. St. John of Bletsho is the only dignity created on this occasion which has escaped extinction.

With the Stuarts began, as we all know, the lavish distribution of peerage honours. The British Solomon started the game even before his coronation. As early as May 13, 1603, he created four baronies, Cecil of Essendon (the oldest of Lord Salisbury's dignities), Sydney of Penshurst, Knollys of Grays, and Wotton of Marley. Four days before he was crowned (July 21), in the great hall of Hampton Court, he personally bestowed three earldoms and no fewer than eight baronies. Of the former, Suffolk still survives; of the latter, four have suffered extinction, Harington, Ellesmere, Danvers, and Gerard; Russell of Thornhaugh is now merged in the dukedom of Bedford, Spencer in the earldom of that name, and Grey of Groby in that of Stamford and Warrington; Petre remains a barony. The industrious monarch proceeded, two days later, to knight with his own hand 300 gentlemen, and lastly, on Sunday the 24th, the day before his coronation, there "was performed the solemnity of Knights of the Bath, riding honourably from St. James' to the Courte."

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Mr. Gardiner holds that it was because Charles I. had no expectation of any opposition in the Upper House "that he neglected the opportunity which the coronation afforded of raising to the peerage persons in whom he could confide." But no Stuart felt that an "opportunity" was needed, and Charles had already raised an incompetent Cecil to the peerage. It was more graceful and dignified to make, as he did, his coronation the occasion of bestowing earldoms on eight existing peers. From this occasion date the earldoms of Berkshire, now united with Suffolk, and Manchester, which for nearly two centuries has been merged in the dukedom of that name. Cleveland, Mulgrave, Danby, Totnes, Monmouth and Marlborough are all of them now extinct.

The restoration of the monarchy in the person of Charles the Second was signalised by scenes of great splendour, of which his coronation was the climax (April 23, 1661). Monk had received his dukedom and Ormonde his English barony nine months before, and the faithful Hyde had been raised to the peerage in the month of November preceding; but the great creation of new dignities was reserved for the King's coronation. Charles, in accordance with the ancient practice, first created Knights of the Bath (April 19), and on the following day personally bestowed six earldoms and six baronies in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. Pepys, of course, was there:

> Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to White Hall; and in the Banqueting House saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, Earls, and Mr. Crew and several others, Barons; the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for the Barons, only he is led up but by three of the old Barons, and are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back.

Pepys would have agreed with the French consul, who observed to me in plaintive tones, at an official dinner in the East, "*Pas de dames! Comme c'est triste!*" Evelyn, a more

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sedate observer, who was present at the same ceremonial, records that

> after obedience on their several approaches to the throne, their patents were presented by Garter King-at-Arms, which, being received by the Lord Chamberlain and delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the Secretary of State, were read, and then again delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the several Lords created. They were then robed, their coronets and collars put on by his Majesty, and they were placed in ranks on both sides the state and throne; but the Barons put off their caps and circles and held them in their hands, the Earls keeping on their coronets as cousins to the King.

Among the new dignities created were the earldoms of Essex and of Bath, bestowed on the sons of the loyal Capel and the gallant Sir Bevil Granville in reward for their father's services, whilst that of Cardigan was obtained by Lord Brudenell for his own. It was now that Clarendon received the earldom he had fairly earned, but that of Anglesea fell to a peer (Arthur, Lord Valentia) who had only "found salvation" after the King's execution, while that of Carlisle was given to a still more recent convert, the Howard who, even less than three years before, had stooped to accept a peerage from Cromwell himself. To the student of political history the only wonder is that the Liberal Unionists of the day had not the lion's share.

Of these earldoms three, Essex, Cardigan, and Carlisle, alone exist to-day. Of the six baronies, those of Crew, Holles, Cornwallis, and Delamere are all to-day extinct; that of Townshend is now merged in the marquisate of that name; and that of Ashley, though given, like Townshend, for services at the Restoration, was the prize of that "false Achitophel," who soon obscured it by his later and more familiar title, "a name to all succeeding ages curst."

The inauspicious accession of Charles' hapless successor (1685) was not marked by the grant of coronation honours. James contented himself with creating two Scottish viscountcies (Melfort and Tarbat) some five or six weeks before his coronation-day, and three English baronies (Dover, Churchill, and Jeffreys) three weeks after it.

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It could only be expected that so great an event as the overthrow of James II. and the accession of the House of Orange, as the result of the "glorious Revolution," would involve the bestowal, by creation or promotion, of several new peerage dignities. On the coronation-day of William and Mary the *Gazette* contained the announcement, dated from Whitehall the day before (April 10, 1689), of ten new dignities, to which an eleventh was added immediately afterwards. A dukedom of Cumberland was conferred on Prince George of Denmark, the husband of the Princess Anne, and the earldom of Portland on the king's favourite and trusted servant, William Bentinck, a dignity still possessed by his descendant. The native recipients of favours, of course, were those who had taken an active part in securing the triumph of the Whig cause. The holder of the ancient marquisate of Winchester (1551) received a dukedom of Bolton, which became extinct with his heirs male in 1794. The famous John Churchill, already a baron, was promoted to the earldom of Marlborough, and earldoms were bestowed also on Viscount Fauconberg, whose wife was a daughter of Oliver Cromwell; on that ardent supporter of the Revolution, Lord Mordaunt, better known by his later title as the eccentric Earl of Peterborough; and on another active supporter of William's cause, Lord Montagu, whose London residence, Montagu House, is now the British Museum. Henry Sydney, "the great wheel on which the Revolution turned," according to Burnet, received the barony of Milton and viscountcy of Sydney.[1] Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, the head of the ancient house of that name, had secured Newcastle for William, and now received as his reward a viscountcy, to which was added a year later that earldom of Scarbrough which is still the peerage dignity of his heir. Like Lord Lumley, Lord Cholmondeley already possessed an Irish viscountcy; his support in arms of the

[1] Only the former of these honours was announced in the Coronation *Gazette*. They are both erroneously assigned in the "Complete Peerage" to "Sep." 9, 1689.

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Prince of Orange now procured him an English barony, a revival of that which had been held by his family from 1645 to 1659. This promotion was an interesting precedent for those which have figured regularly at the three last coronations. There remains only the creation of an Irish viscountcy and barony in favour of an English baronet, Sir George Hewett, with whose death in the same year they both became extinct.

"To the victors the spoils!" James II. was busy, on his part, in creating or promoting peers in this eventful year, but these, who were mostly Irish or Scotch, had put, in the language of to-day, "their money on the wrong horse." As we examine the names of those on whom William bestowed his honours, we are reminded of the aristocratic character of the old Whig party, which forms so peculiar a feature of the one English "Revolution." And we are reminded, further, of the really curious fatality by which peerage dignities have been so often attended. Of the eleven recipients of honours at William and Mary's coronation, only two are represented to-day by heirs male of their bodies who possess the titles bestowed on that historic occasion; these are the Duke of Portland and Lord Scarbrough. But, as Lord Cholmondeley received his barony with a special remainder to his brother, it is still enjoyed by his family.

The accession of Anne was in marked contrast to those of her predecessor and her successor; it was associated with no national event, such as the Revolution or the Restoration, and was not even marked by so striking a breach with the past as the advent of the House of Hanover. She followed, therefore, her father's example in refraining from coronation peerages. The two batches of creations in her reign were those of March 1708 and December 1711—January 1712, both of which were purely Ministerial devices to secure a majority in the House of Lords. On the second of these occasions the ranks of the Tory peers were reinforced by the addition of twelve new barons within five days.

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With the coming of George I. the Whigs might have claimed their revenge; but the King, instead of merely adding to their voting power in the House of Lords, gave to his coronation peerages a far more dignified character. Following the precedent of Charles I., he created eight earldoms, their recipients being in every instance already members of the House. He also bestowed English dignities on four of the peers of Ireland; and he bestowed new baronies on an earl's brother and on a baronet (Henry Boyle and Sir Richard Temple). In the quaint language of a contemporary work, "The Political State for 1714" (p. 344):

> The King's Coronation being near at hand, his Majesty, in imitation of his Royal Predecessors, resolved to add to that great Solemnity by a new creation of Peers. Accordingly on the 15th of October his Majesty was pleased to direct Letters Patent to pass the great seal of Great Britain, &c. &c.

It is remarkable that in this first announcement only seven earldoms were named, while the list ended with a barony for "Sir Michael Wharton, Knt." But, although thus actually gazetted, Sir Michael declined the honour, and was permitted to do so. This we learn from the following further notification:

> On the 18th of October it was declared that his Majesty had been pleased to order Letters to be passed for creating Henry Lord Paget and Burton, Earl of Uxbridge; but Sir Michael Warton [*sic*], who had been mentioned in the *Gazette* to be created a Baron, having, with the utmost sense of duty and gratitude to the King, declined that Honour, his Majesty was graciously pleased to accept his excuse. (*Ibid.* p. 346.)

The best known among the earls created on this occasion was Thomas Lord Pelham, who obtained the earldom of Clare,[1] which his mother's brother had held, and who added thereto the next year his dukedom of Newcastle. Next, perhaps, in interest to this well-known Whig statesman is Lord Chandos, the "Princely Chandos" of his later and ducal days, who received the earldom of Carnarvon. Among the

[1] Its creation is strangely assigned in "The Complete Peerage" to July 26, 1714.

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"Lords Justices" of the realm who had helped to secure it for George was Halifax, who now exchanged his barony for an earldom. The King, however, did not, it seems, restrict his favours to one party; Lord Guernsey, who now obtained the earldom of Aylesford, had been one of the four Tories—"the violentest of the whole party," as Burnet termed them—who had been included in Anne's first batch of creations, while Lord Paget and Burton, who was one of the twelve in the second, was now raised to the earldom of Uxbridge within three years of that date. But John Hervey, who, although a Whig, had obtained a barony by private influence, when Lord Guernsey had received his, was also now among the new earls. The others thus promoted were Lords Rockingham and Ossulston, of whom the latter became Earl of Tankerville, a title which his father-in-law had held. Here again, of these eight earldoms, those of Rockingham, Carnarvon, Halifax and Clare are all now extinct. And neither of the two baronies created on the same occasion passed to an heir.

George II. and George III. appear to have held, like Anne, that as there had been no change of dynasty or great political convulsion, there was no occasion, when they were crowned, to create peerage dignities; but George IV. established, as it has proved, a precedent. As in the case of Richard II., he succeeded to a monarch whose prolonged reign had blazed with martial glory; for, although the fact seems now forgotten, the reign of George III. was the most glorious in our history. In the reflection of that glory George IV. was effulgent; he omitted nothing that could add to the splendour of his own coronation, and dispensed with bounteous hand a shower of peerage honours. In addition to a marquisate and five earldoms bestowed by way of promotion, he created eight fresh baronies, and distributed a viscountcy and seven baronies among those Scotch and Irish peers who had no seats in the House of Lords.

It is from this coronation that date the earldoms of Eldon, Falmouth, Howe, and Stradbroke, and the marquisate of

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Ailesbury. Of the eight baronies bestowed on commoners, two (Glenlyon and Maryborough) went to sons of peers, and three (Delamere, Ravensworth, and Forester) to the old families of Cholmondeley, Liddell, and Forester; two (Oriel and Rayleigh) were given to comparatively new families who had "married into the peerage," and one to a representative of the law in Lord Eldon's brother.

Although but ten years had elapsed between the coronation of William IV. and that of his brother, the precedent set by the latter was followed with strict fidelity in 1831. The promotions and creations again numbered no fewer than twenty-two, or, counting the earldom of Ranfurly, twenty-three. The earldom of Westminster was raised to a marquisate, and two Scottish earls who had seats in the House of Lords, Lords Cassilis and Breadalbane, received the same promotion. The earldoms of Lichfield and Camperdown were bestowed, it is interesting to note, on two holders of naval peerages, Viscounts Anson and Duncan; and that of Burlington, merged since in the dukedom of Devonshire, was created for Lord George Cavendish.[1] Seven Scotch and Irish peers received English baronies, and in the peerage of Ireland Lord Northland gained a step by becoming Earl of Ranfurly. Of the nine baronies, three were given to cadets of ennobled houses, namely, those of Panmure, Oakley, and Templemore; four were carefully bestowed on those who represented by birth or marriage old territorial families, the titles chosen being Poltimore, Wenlock, Mostyn, and Dinorben; the holder of the Berkeleys' historic estate obtained under well-known circumstances, the ancient title of Segrave, and a distinguished admiral, who also represented one of the oldest Channel Islands families, received from "the sailor king" that of De Saumarez.

But, in spite of their aristocratic character, these creations reflect the fact that the King's coronation took place in the

[1] This earldom is wholly omitted in the list of the Coronation Peerages of 1831, given in "The Complete Peerage," which shows the difficulty of ascertaining the facts even at this late period.

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midst of a fierce struggle, that Lord Grey's Reform Ministry had recently triumphed at the polls, and that the opposition of the House of Lords was the rock in the Reform Bill's path. The coronation afforded the Ministry a chance of strengthening by many votes their party in the Upper House, and the chance was not lost. Yet the Lords were still able, a month after that event, to reject the Bill by a majority of 41, and had to be threatened, as is well known, with an even larger creation in the following year.

Thus, within less than eleven years, coronations had been made responsible for forty-four peerage honours. It was deemed needful to call a halt when, in 1838, her late Majesty was crowned. The creations and promotions were, on this occasion, reduced by half in number; but the same principle of distribution was observed with marked fidelity. The total of eleven was made up of three promotions, four baronies bestowed on Scotch and Irish peers without seats in the House of Lords, and four baronies given to commoners. The marquisate of Normanby was added to the earldom of Mulgrave, and two barons were promoted to the earldoms of Lovelace and Zetland. The holders of the Irish baronies of Rossmore and Carew and viscountcy of Lismore, and of the Scottish earldom of Kintore, received baronies of the same names in the peerage of the United Kingdom. It is of interest to observe that in the selection of four commoners to be raised to the peerage, the precedents of the two preceding coronations were again closely followed. All four were chosen from the same classes as before. Baronies of their own name were given to Sir John Wrottesley of Wrottesley, whose baronetcy dated from 1642, and who was descended in the male line from a founder knight of the Order of the Garter, and on Mr. Methuen of Corsham Court, whose ancestor gave his name to "The Methuen Treaty" with Portugal (1703). Mr. Hanbury-Tracy's title of Sudeley was taken from the ancient inheritance of his wife, and Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, a younger son of Lord Bessborough, became Lord de Mauley, having married a co-heir of the

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Mauley barony, instead of that ancient dignity being called out of abeyance in accordance with the fashion of the day.

In one matter, however, there was introduced a change which would probably be overlooked by all but close observers. It was the old practice, as might be expected, that the whole group of honours should be granted on the same date, and this was the case with fourteen of the fifteen baronies created by George IV. and with fourteen of the sixteen at William IV.'s coronation. But every one of the eleven honours bestowed at Queen Victoria's coronation (June 28, 1838) was dated on a different day, ranging from June 25 to July 13, the three promotions heading the list and the four elevations of commoners forming its "tail." In 1821 all the honours, except the earldom of Eldon, were announced five days before the coronation, and the bulk of the patents bore date two days before it; in 1831 all the honours, except the baronies of Cloncurry and De Saumarez, were announced the day before, and the general date of the patents was two days after it; in 1838 all were announced together on the actual day of coronation, and the patents, as observed above, all bore different dates.

One more feature of the last coronation may be noticed. The baronetcies conferred at the same time as the peerage honours had increased in number from twenty-four in 1821 to twenty-eight in 1831. At the Queen's coronation, instead of undergoing, like the peerage honours, a sharp reduction, they were further increased to thirty. The elastic character of the "Degree"—it objects now to "Order"—appears to have no limits, and the distinction between the holders of patents and those of royal warrants threatens to become in time of little or no consequence.

It would be obviously vain, if indeed it were not indecorous, to speculate on the probable number of creations or promotions in the peerage in honour of so great a national event as the coming coronation. We have seen, in this brief survey, how diverse has been the practice since the first coronation honours were bestowed by an English king; and the sovereign's

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prerogative is unfettered. On the other hand, the last three coronations have given perhaps an indication, if they have not constituted precedents, of the principles likely to govern the distribution of honours. The only feature, however, that can be safely anticipated is the further bestowal on peers of Scotland and Ireland of peerage dignities of the United Kingdom. This has become a settled policy, although in the case of Ireland the excessive proportions of its peerage are due to the lavish bestowal in the past of what was deemed an inferior dignity on Englishmen as well as on natives. The result has been that, as has been shown by the learned author of "The Complete Peerage," although, up to the time of the late Queen's Jubilee, seventy-eight peers of Ireland had received since the Union peerages of the United Kingdom, there were still nearly ninety without seats in the House. In view of this further absorption of Scotch and Irish peers, one may perhaps venture, with all deference, to suggest that every care should be taken to ascertain, in the case of those selected, that their right to the titles they bear has been proved before the House of Lords; for it is still possible, in both countries, to obtain recognition of a title without so proving one's right thereto.[1]

J. Horace Round.

[1] See "Studies in Peerage and Family History," pp. 18, 99.

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THE SCANDAL OF THE MUSEO DI VILLA GIULIA[1]

NEVER, perhaps, since the forgeries of Mr. Shapira, has a greater archæological fraud been perpetrated than that for which the recent Administration of Public Instruction in Italy has been responsible in the creation and publication of the collection of the Villa Giulia at Rome. Seldom have false accounts been published and original documents suppressed with greater levity. In no country but Italy would it have been possible for a small band of public officials to dispose of the whole machinery of Government for its own private purposes, to seize the honours due to excavators, to garble their reports, to exhibit their finds as its own, to hush rumours of its own malversations, to throw dust in the eyes of students, suppress their inquiries and investigations, present false material for their studies, while denying them all verification and proof of this material, and boldly to claim this mystification as a laudable and suitable achievement of Public

[1] (1) *Monumenti Antichi.* Pubblicati per cura della Reale Accademia dei Lincei. Vol. iv., with atlas, 1894. (2) *Reale Tribunale Civile di Roma.* Prima Sezione, Principe del Drago contro Ministero della Pubblica Instruzione, Allegati, Roma. Casa Editrice Italiana, 1899. (3) *Estratto dal Supplemento al Bolletino Ufficiale,* il 10. Giugno, 1899. *Inchiesta sul Museo di Villa Giulia.* Relazione. Ludovico Cecchini, 1899. (4) Fausto Benedetti. *Gli Scavi di Narce ed il Museo di Villa Giulia.* London. David Nutt, 1900. (5) *Le Rivelazione di Fausto Benedetti sopra il Museo di Villa Giulia e la stampa estera.* Rome. Scuola Tipografica Tata Giovanni, 1901.

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Instruction. And nowhere else would the partial disclosure of these profane proceedings have received more decent and courteous sepulture at the hands of men of science.

The Museo di Villa Giulia is perhaps not as much visited as the other museums of Rome. It lies outside the gates, about half-way between the Piazza del Popolo and the Ponte Molle. It contains no sculptures. It purports to be scientific. Its appeal lies to archæologists. Those who find their way there discover a charming villa, a fine sarcophagus of terra-cotta with recumbent figures (much like a second example in the British Museum), the restoration of a Faliscan temple, and, in the upper story, a large collection of vases, wooden coffins, ornaments, odds and ends, and a few beautiful, but much restored terra-cottas. The tourist retreats with the profound conviction that all these things will interest others. He errs, however.

Among all there are but few of intrinsic importance. There is, indeed, a very fine case of Greek vases in the central hall; and there are a few more scattered here and there. The museum can boast of the famous astragalos, probably by Syriscus; a fine dog's head, a psykter with centaurs, and some other treasures. The Faliscan vases have a character of their own, loose indeed in style, but retaining something of Greek grace; and the evidence that they were often produced in almost exact duplicate is interesting. But in general the collection is poor, consisting of vases that could not find their rightful place in a museum except on some plea extraneous to artistic merit.

The common superstition that an archæologist delights in anything that is old hits only a part of the truth. He will delight in anything old that will help him to appreciate what is important in ancient art, literature, or history—anything that will establish a date, give the solution of a problem, or, if possible, complete the *disiecta membra* of a ruined past. But he no longer, like Vergil's farmer, merely wonders at bones dug up from ancient sepulchres. He tries to put them together.

The museum, in fact, rested its claim on quite other grounds

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than that of the artistic quality of its exhibits. It supplied—or, till lately, was supposed to supply—a want very vividly felt by students.

The Government, it is well known, reserves all excavations for Italians. It is almost a crime to see any object come out of the ground. Your presence gives rise to fearful suspicions. Doubtless you are meaning to spirit away the "national patrimony," or secure for yourself the glory of its discovery. Any native who chooses to speculate on a capital of four or five hundred francs, any yokel or *imbroglione* is more welcome than you.

We doff our hats and respect the wise patriotism of a nation, which, as we have been recently assured by Professor Pigorini, is "amply competent to dig up and bring into full light the relics of its past."[1] The history of the Museo di Villa Giulia, on which the professor is commenting, proves precisely the contrary; but foreigners must evidently be content with what they can get, and, failing excavations, they were glad to see, as they supposed, the results of excavations exhibited in scientific order in a museum.

The plan of this museum as announced was perfect. You were to find the contents of each tomb arranged together. A descriptive volume was to tell you in what sort of a tomb they were found, an Atlas was to give you designs of the tombs and plans of the cemetery. From this you were to draw your own conclusions.

Perhaps the greater archæologists, who can carry the Annali and the Notizie degli Scavi in their heads, would not have rejoiced in such a collection so perfectly as the man who only remembers what he sees. But all would have found it delightful to be able to confute a controversialist by telling him that the kinds of art he is so anxious to hold apart are at least contemporary, since they are represented by objects found in one tomb. The flash of light on a single moment of the past

[1] Non abbiamo bisogno dell' opera di alcuno, per ricercare e mettere in piena luce quanto rimane sepolto del nostro passato.—*Inchiesta*, p. 1142.

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which is given by the heavy fall of the stone door of a sepulchral chamber is no less impressive to the student than to the traveller in search of emotions. One or two objects, or an inscription, decide the question. Sixth century, end of fifth century, you say, and all the things found must fall into line. Some shard reveals to you that at that date an early style survived in decrepitude, or that a new style was already begun. All the learned arguments of Professor Dry-as-dust must collapse before the proof of fact, and, what is perhaps best, you do not need to read the professor's lucubrations. But a tomb, especially if it is filled with mud, and a little lake on top, may cost something in time and trousers to excavate, and may contain nothing to give you a clue. Not nine out of ten tombs, but perhaps thirty-nine out of forty, are useless. What a blessing to have the contents of the best tombs of a necropolis arranged in order, with a handbook full of notes on the general character of the rest, not worth transportation! This the Museo di Villa Giulia was supposed by the archæologist to furnish. But he erred.

True, a very rich necropolis, one which should have exercised the special watchfulness of the "defenders of the national patrimony," had furnished the materials for the museum. For a part of the finds accurate notes had been handed in. But the notes had perished, when the museum chose to destroy the whole (!) of its archives, and the contents of the tombs, like the babies in "Pinafore," had been mixed up. All certainly had vanished. It was thought that some of the finds themselves had likewise vanished after being placed on the shelves of the museum. This, it seems, was not true. They had vanished long before, because the museum had refused to buy them.[1] In extenuation it must be said that some of the finds so refused were important and valuable. The museum was evidently bent on maintaining its character—poor but honest.

Professor Helbig, however, had heard ugly rumours, and disallowed the second adjective. He would not accord scientific

[1] Fausto Benedetti. *Gli Scavi*, p. 13.

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consideration to unscientific material, and he said so in the introduction to a new edition of his well-known guide. There was no escape. A Commission had to be appointed. It was appointed, of course "at the request" of Professor Barnabei, director of Fine Arts and Antiquities, who, however, was not suspended from office, though two of the Commissioners held office under him. The Commission sat for some time—without visiting the site of excavations. It heard such evidence as could easily be brought before it, and did not trouble itself much with further investigations. Its report (*Inchiesta*) resembles nothing more than the antique and therefore appropriate practice of closing the barn-door after the horse is stolen. The door closes indeed in a manner expressive of some exasperation. It is suggested that Professor Helbig be expelled from the offices he holds (there is no mistake, it is Professor Helbig, not Professor Barnabei, the *fons et origo mali*, whom the Commission proposes to expel). To justify this extraordinary proposal a few ancient accusations are furbished up, accusations which have never been proved, though proof has frequently been challenged. They are stated by the Commission to be justified by documents existing in the archives of the Ministry, the Italian Government being, it seems, more careful to preserve archives that may compromise, or may be thought to compromise, foreigners than those which concern science and might compromise their own officials—but no one, save the initiates of the Ministry, has seen these archives or knows what the accusations are. As for that part of the Commission's charges which was explicit, the well-known writer on liturgical antiquities, Monsieur l'Abbé Duchesne, director of the School of France in the Palazzo Farnese, had written to protest against reflections on the School, denying the allegations in the most unreserved manner. Evidently no justification was forthcoming. The Ministry merely acknowledged receipt of the Abbé's letter.

So the matter rested. Professor Barnabei, in spite of proved mismanagement, retained his office. Italians could

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explain Professor Helbig's zeal only by interested motives. Later on Professor Barnabei was *collocato a riposo*, of course, again "at his own request"; but he could still appeal to the judgment of the Commission:[1] "It is deplorable that because of a few mostly irrelevant or unfounded criticisms on the collection of Narce, Professor Helbig should have raised so great a storm." (The Commission here assumes that, setting apart the collection from Narce, the remaining collections in the Museum are in order. We shall see that this can at most be assumed of antiquities from Corchiano, but these are as yet unpublished, and the notes on them (*Fundberichte*) appear to have been destroyed.)

The Commission had reckoned, however, without a certain excavator, Signor Fausto Benedetti, who had long been burning with indignation against the systematic falsification of the results of his excavations in the volume published by Professor Barnabei under the authority and at the expense of the Accademia dei Lincei. Benedetti had protested time and again while the publication was in progress, but his protests had been disregarded. He had explained to the Commission that he possessed certain documents—notes taken while excavating, letters written at the time, designs of tombs, rough drafts of his reports to the Government—but the Commission had passed judgment without waiting to see these. Benedetti was not content, and has laid before the public in a pamphlet of eighty-five pages, *Gli Scavi de Narce ed il Museo di Villa Giulia*, the evidence to be derived from these documents.

It is now eighteen months since this pamphlet appeared; and, since no answer, not even a provisional answer, has been made to the indictment it contains, although the *Revue Archéologique* offered its pages to Professor Barnabei for the purpose, there is perhaps occasion to sum up the results of the controversy.

We have to deal with many sites—Civita Castellana, Mazzano Romano, the neighbourhood of Calcata, Corchiano,

[1] *Inchiesta*, p. 1135.

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Monte Sant' Angelo—in general with the valley of the Treia, a stream which finds its way through deep ravines to the Tiber below Civita Castellana. For convenience we may divide the region into three districts: (1) the necropolis of Civita Castellana itself, the ancient Falerii; (2) the necropolis of Narce including Calcata and Mazzano Romano; (3) the necropolis of Corchiano. The tombs of the Monte Sant' Angelo, few and far off from these centres we may leave on one side. All these burial grounds have furnished antiquities to the Museo de Villa Giulia, but the antiquities of Narce alone are published. Of these Benedetti excavated about one half.

He began to excavate at the age of fifteen, and under no supervision. He learned by experience. He had only a common school education—no archæology. Under the circumstances the Government should not have accepted his results, or made any publication. But, as we shall see, it was indifferent to the officials whether notes were correct or not. In his early days, when he knew nothing of his business, as in his later days, when by assiduous endeavour he had become probably one of the best, as he is certainly one of the most conscientious, professional *scavatori* in Italy, they alike accepted his notes without verification, published them with fantastic alterations, and finally burnt them up, or caused them to disappear in some fashion. The Corchiano reports, his ripe work, have gone the same way with the primitive memoranda of his boyhood, and all his notes on Narce, whether early and unsatisfactory or late and well done, are treated with the same pretence of accuracy and disregard of facts.

Benedetti's pamphlet begins with his own excavations, taking them in order of time. His earliest documents are: a receipt and a letter, each signed by Conte Cozza, Professor Barnabei's factotum, on behalf of the Government. The receipt mentions certain objects "from Calcata." These are published in the volume of the Lincei, but not as from Calcata. They are stated to come from Monte Soriano, where no Benedetti ever made excavations. The letter gives directions

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for the conduct of the work. "Note the principal measurements of the tombs (if you haven't them, jot them down from memory with an effort at approximation)." It is the result of such efforts, at best, that is submitted to the scientific world; at worst we should have variations on the theme excogitated by officials. In no case—speaking always of the earlier stages of Benedetti's activity—should we have the full information that science requires, and that is ostensibly provided by the publication. Sometimes we have a part of it, in Signor Benedetti's papers, not in the official account. Thus he retains the designs made on the spot of a tomb and its contents. In the publication we recognise the design of the tomb, but it is there stated to have been found vacant. The contents we identify among objects stated in the publication to have been found in a second tomb. Another instance. In the publication a certain tomb is taken as typical in its arrangements—the body being placed on one side, the vases on the opposite side. Now Signor Benedetti happens to have in his possession a full description of this tomb, and this shows that all the objects were found on or near a skeleton, or along the wall opposite the door, not one in the "typical" position along the wall opposite the skeleton. In a third case—a tomb where no sarcophagus was found—the design of the said sarcophagus is published. Special attention is called in the publication to the discovery of two bodies, one of a man, the other of a woman, in certain *tombe a fossa*. The case would be interesting, but Benedetti, who excavated the tombs in question, tells us that it never occurred. In each tomb he found one body only. We find also a hill (*monte*) which, by a privilege hitherto restricted to faith, has been removed from the place it occupied in nature to another place which it occupies on the published map.

These otiose inaccuracies, bad enough in any case, as implying what Benedetti calls the "infinite frivolity of Professor Barnabei and Count Cozza," become scientifically unpardonable when tombs of a different type are not held apart; when, for instance, the contents of a *tomba a camera* are mixed up with

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those of a *tomba a fossa*—a case proved to the hilt by letters written at the time of the excavations. They become more than scientifically unpardonable when a sarcophagus, stolen from Signor Benedetti's excavations, finds its way into the museum and is published as found in quite a different place. The purpose of assigning to it a new origin would be plain enough. We should have a reason for its existence within the walls of the museum. It would not have been discovered by Signor Benedetti but by a certain Signor Mancinelli, for whose excavations the Government ultimately paid, securing thus the right of possession.

The Commission, adopting this view, has tried to establish a line of defence—a line ingenious rather than persuasive. It points out that the published plan shows—if drawn to scale—a larger sarcophagus than Signor Benedetti's, and concludes that there were two similar sarcophagi, one published, but not in the museum, another unpublished which arrived at the museum unnoticed.[1]

It will be observed that this argument, were it true, leaves untouched the question of theft. The fact that no one can tell how the sarcophagus came into the museum, is, of itself, suspicious. The defence, then, at most would justify the scientific character of the publication. It would not establish the right of the museum to possess the "unpublished sarcophagus." But even as a scientific justification, it falls to the ground in a manner which does no credit to those who devised it. The difference between the measurements of the sarcophagus in the museum and measurements given in the published plan, is demonstrably an inaccuracy and only makes matters worse. The plan is not drawn to scale. We gather this from the following facts. The sarcophagus is stated in the publication to have contained a baby (*bambino*). The design represents the outline of the baby's body sculptured in the stone, precisely as we find it in the sarcophagus preserved

[1] Nessuno serba memoria circa il tempo e il modo del trasporto a Roma del sarcofago.—*Inchiesta*, p. 1131.

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in the museum. This outline in the sarcophagus would suit the proportions of a baby. But if we take the design and calculate on the basis of the scale given, and of the outline represented, the height of the "baby," we find that this interesting infant would have been one metre forty centimetres, or four feet seven inches tall. The plan clearly does not agree with the publication which provides us with a baby only. It cannot, then, serve as evidence for measurements, and the only other evidence is the strict identity of design in a very unusual case. For the interest of the sarcophagus, which is not valuable, consists wholly in the rarity of the sculptured outline. A plain man would never have doubted that the sarcophagus preserved was the one designed; and it is distressing to see the Commission descend to such sophistications to justify the administration, especially when we consider the character of the gentlemen who composed it.

The President was the Conte Bonasi, at that time only Senator, shortly afterwards Minister of Grace and Justice. He was assisted by Signor Ghirardini, at that time Professor of Archæology at Pisa, immediately afterward Professor of Archæology at Padua, and "Commissario delle Antichità del Veneto." The third member of the Commission was Signor Pigorini, Professor of Palæo-ethnology in the University of Rome, and Director of the Prehistoric Museum in the Collegio Romano, who drew up the report. These illustrious gentlemen should have discovered that the government official who made the plan was only following official directions. "If you have not the measurements, jot them down from memory with an effort at approximation."

In sum, Benedetti finds that there is not one tomb, or at most, there is only one tomb, of which he retains any notes, which can be said to have been published without error.

The Commission has tried to meet some of his objections by referring to the receipts given by his father, when the objects were sold to the Government. But these receipts were drawn up by Count Cozza, who acknowledges that their

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purpose was formal and financial, not archæological.[1] They are admittedly inaccurate and slovenly; they often enough disagree with the publication; and if their admission as evidence would in some cases help the administration, they would considerably damage it in others. Yet the Commission, for want of proper material of verification due to the destruction of the archives, is reduced to calling these disorderly receipts "documents of capital importance."

The only other documents to which the Commission can appeal are a few rough notes taken by a certain Cardella when objects entered the museum. They are cited for only five tombs, and, as Benedetti remarks, the citation is particularly unfortunate. In the case of three tombs they mention objects not in the museum, in the case of the fourth they do not enumerate objects which are in the museum, and in the fifth they register an assembly of objects which, though confirmed by the publication, the Commission itself considers to be a confusion. One may almost say that Benedetti has given himself needless trouble to overthrow these sorry arguments, yet they are all that the Commission can adduce in proof of its thesis; that the tombs of the Villa Giulia "have not undergone such alterations as should place in doubt their scientific value."[2]

Of the charts of cemeteries excavated by him, Benedetti says that, with one exception, they are simply the offspring of the official imagination, desk-work elaborated in Rome without data, and so they would be, for, as far as evidence goes, no chart save one (the exception above mentioned) was handed in by Benedetti, and only one official ever visited the site, and he only once, and for scarcely an hour, and without taking notes. The beds are said to be bad in the neighbourhood.

When Benedetti leaves his own ground to discuss the material furnished by others from the same district—that of Narce—he has little to add to the facts already in possession

[1] Si preoccupava soltanto di avere un documento il quale guistificasse presso la corte dei conti la spesa incontrata.—*Inchiesta*, p. 1138.

[2] *Inchiesta*, p. 1130.

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of the public. But he becomes on that account the more interesting. Traversing ground which the Commission had gone over, he reaches quite opposite conclusions.

We here enter on a much debated question, and a short explanation is necessary.

The excavations of Mazzano Romano, with which we are now dealing, were conducted (like all the excavations through which the museum profited) by private people, in this case mainly by a certain Cianni,[1] within territory belonging to the Principe del Drago. The products of the excavations were, according to Cianni, placed in a shed (*tinello*) where the cattle were accustomed to pass with the hay, occasioning much damage to objects not well preserved when found. They were finally packed and sent to the Prince, who sold them to the museum. To this Professor Barnabei adds that the objects so received were uncatalogued. The only information, then, by which they could be identified, or their original position in the tombs determined, would be furnished by certain notes, said to have been taken by Count Cozza—the gentleman whose inaccuracy has been above mentioned; and these notes, whatever they were, are admitted to have been derived, for the most part, not from observation, but from the reports of Cianni.[2]

The Commission points out that notes taken on hearsay are customary, that Professor Helbig often contented himself with such at Corneto. They neglect to add that such notes were not intended or used for the magnificent publication accorded to Count Cozza, or shall we say to Cianni, in which designs, measurements, plans and sections abound. But even if we allow to Cianni the maximum of archæological authority, the full authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, the question remains how such ruined objects were to be identified. Any one who has had to do with such things knows how hard it is to identify fragments or even mended vases without the most accurate descriptions and measurements, how quickly facts are lost (never to be recovered) unless noted at once. It is to

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 5. [2] *Inchiesta*, p. 1136.

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Cianni's notebooks, not to Count Cozza's, that we should have to go for this information. It is from Cianni's notebooks that we should have to identify the potsherds extracted from beneath the feet of the cattle to be sent to the museum uncatalogued and published with all circumstance. Now it is not affirmed that poor Cianni ever had any notebooks. In this respect his honour is untouched, like that of the Knight of the Pancakes.

But if we are so far satisfied, and, if our satisfaction is further confirmed by the statement of the Commission[1] that under other auspices another part of Del Drago's territory yielded valuable and well authenticated results—apparently unpublished—our satisfaction is brief. We fall at once into a new quandary. Were the antiquities acquired from the Prince's territory in all cases exhibited and published as from Mazzano, or were some of them mixed up with those from a different site—Civita Castellana?

The Prince thought so. He believed that the cases he had received and sold to the museum were not the whole produce of the excavations, and he brought a law-suit against the Ministry of Public Instruction for connivance with theft. Now the supposed thief was Cianni. The evidence was intended to prove that Count Cozza visited Civita Castellana not solely to take archæological notes, but also objects reserved by Cianni from the excavations at Mazzano — which objects, so far as one can conjecture, would have been exhibited as found at Civita Castellana. The trial brought no definite results. The administration, after a very damaging defence, escaped under the Statute of Limitations. It is needless to discuss whether the indictment was convincing or not. Benedetti thinks it was. The Commission thinks it was not. However this may be, we may take it for certain that any archæologist would refuse to accept material certified only by the Statute of Limitations. The Commission does not think so, but the Commission has its own way of thinking.

With all respect for that way, it is unfortunate that

[1] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1129–30.

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Benedetti should be able to cite certain statements from documents which were under the eyes of the Commission, statements which point to the opposite conclusion.[1]

They are made by certain Zocchi, father and son, to the effect that no objects—save the down-trodden lot above mentioned—were sold to the museum from the territory of the Principe del Drago. They are confirmed by Count Cozza, who says he knows of no such sale. But the Commission itself publishes a receipt given by Zocchi, the son, for certain objects now in the museum, and these objects are said in the official publication to have been found at La Pietrina—which is precisely the place excavated by Cianni in the territory of Prince. This certainly seems difficult to explain away. The archæological memory of Count Cozza and Zocchi appears to have been rather treacherous, and the publication rather treacherously honest.

But if the archæologist is to refuse materials from Mazzano, he must also disregard those from Civita Castellana, despite the very strong stand made for them by the Commission.[2] It was not stated by whom these excavations were conducted; but we are told that a guard was present and made notes, and that Count Cozza superintended the work. To his report we are referred as a document "the high value of which is contested by none."[3] Signor Benedetti rejoins that it is not published, and cannot therefore be contested—to say the least, a pertinent observation. But it may be doubted whether its publication would throw light on any side of the subject. We know Count Cozza already too well. Even passing by the question whether he would have an object in assigning to Civita Castellana things found at Mazzano, we cannot forget that it is to him we owe certain fanciful alterations in Benedetti's tombs, a series of receipts which are a monument of inaccuracy, and that his name is mixed up with almost all the irregularities of the museum. Under the circumstances not even the Minister of Grace and Justice, nor Professor Pigorini, nor

[1] *Gli Scavi*, pp. 70–71. [2] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1133–35. [3] *Ibid.* p. 1135.

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Professor Ghirardini is likely to succeed in imposing his authority on the archæological world.

There remains only Corchiano. This necropolis was excavated by Benedetti, who sent in full reports with charts, designs, sections, and extensive notes—his best work, accomplished after four years of experience, and between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. At that time he had already mastered the requirements of a serious *scavatore*, and in patience and care he was indefatigable. The results, naturally, are more important than the work is difficult. The point is accuracy. Your reports, measurements, plans, &c., must be absolutely correct; your description of objects sufficient for incontrovertible identification. At this point your materials pass into the hands of archæologists. It was this point which the museum had hoped to reach, with the addition, of course, of precise archæological description, references to analogies, &c.—a catalogue with comments such as could be drawn up after the finds had been transported to Rome.

It is thought that the objects from Corchiano reached the museum without confusion. Their arrangement there is, for the present, at least, not attacked. With the *scavatore's* notes they would be invaluable—would have, in fact, all the certainty which is conspicuously absent in the rest of the museum. But from the report of the Commission it is to be inferred that all these highly important notes, plans and designs have perished.

> The archives [it says] are wanting, although the Royal Decree by which the Museum was instituted prescribed in article 2 that they should be kept, with the documents that refer to the history of discoveries, that is to say, journals of excavations, plans, &c.[1]

No exception is made for the excavations of Corchiano, and no explanation is offered of the extraordinary disappearance of matter known to have been sent in.

We have done with sites excavated; but our survey would be unfortunately incomplete, if we did not deal with at least

[1] *Inchiesta*, p. 1138.

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one site not excavated. On page 448 of the *Monumenti* we find the description of a *sepolcreto* consisting of fourteen tombs. It occupies six columns of text, and is illustrated not only by reference to "typical" designs, but also by a general plan of the cemetery, showing the relative position of the sepulchres. On all this Benedetti's comment is brief: "I have visited the place and discovered that it has never been excavated."[1] The statement is so startling that it suggests an error on Benedetti's part; but, if so, an error so easy of rectification by a little digging that one would have expected Professor Barnabei to appeal at once to the evidence of the facts, and this he has not done.

The Commission asserts[2] that an excursion to the site of excavations would have been lost time; but it is clear that one discovery such as this would have been of the greatest service. It is easy to be very foolish while being very wise.

We have done with the museum. It remains to consider the conduct of the Administration. The Government, while buying, publishing, and destroying in this haphazard way, did not hesitate to claim for itself the whole credit of the excavations so long as those excavations were supposed to be creditable. In the *Monumenti* the account of what was found by a solitary boy in the country—a boy who was neither employed nor appointed nor supervised by the Government—is pompously introduced by phrases such as "we found," "we discovered." The Minister of Public Instruction, in opening the semicircular hall of the museum, was allowed to say that officials of the Government "had found and set in order the objects exhibited," and that all had been done "with rigorously scientific method." The Commission has dispelled this illusion. It acknowledges that the excavations were mostly done by private people, so that official reports tomb by tomb are wanting.[3]

[1] Avendo visitato il luogo, ho riscontrato che in questa località non si è mai scavato.—*Gli Scavi*, p. 66.

[2] *Inchiesta*, p. 1115. [3] *Ibid.*

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The Commission, however, as usual, has not measured the whole extent of the deception. In the publication *Mon. dei Lincei*, iv. p. 22, we find an acknowledgment of faculties granted by the township of Calcata for excavations in its communal territory. (The author of this part of the volume is Professor Barnabei.) In Signor Benedetti's book (p. 57) we find the certificate of the Mayor of Calcata that such permission was never granted to the Government, nor even asked by the Government. A few trenches (*saggi*) had been driven by Signor Benedetti's father, and these were sufficient to show that excavations would be useless. Accordingly none were made, and no antiquities found. Professor Barnabei is thanking the municipality for an imaginary permission to conduct imaginary excavations; and all this to veil the fact that the Government had no share in the work.

Much the same is the case with Mazzano. Professor Barnabei[1] mentions Government excavations in lands possessed by the township of Mazzano. The mayor knows only of excavations made by Signor Francesco Mancinelli. It would go hard with Professor Barnabei to acknowledge that the Government and Signor Mancinelli were one thing, and, in truth, the Government's share in these doings was confined to the payment of 400 francs to Signor Mancinelli four years after the excavations.

But this is not enough. One of the two tombs thus discovered is contested by Mancinelli himself. He is not, it is true, a particularly weighty witness, and the Commission reproves Professor Helbig for taking his evidence[2]—evidence, however, which it does not disdain when it thinks it may tell against Professor Helbig.[3] But it is unfortunate that in this very tomb the sarcophagus is supposed to have been found which contained the "baby" 4 ft. 7 in. high. If we believe in the tomb, we must believe in the baby.

Can we doubt after this that Benedetti is right in dis-

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 89.
[2] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1133, 1140.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 1141.

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claiming the discovery of Tombs XXXIX. and LVII., which are published as found in his excavations? After all, had they been so found, Professor Barnabei would still be in a pickle; for he certified that they were discovered under the supervision of a functionary of the Government, while it is admitted on all hands that Benedetti's work was not supervised at all. If, on the other hand, we admit that they came, as seems probable, from Mancinelli's excavations in the township of Mazzano, Professor Barnabei jumps from the frying-pan into the fire, for he asserts that these excavations were governmental, and even mentions the payment for them.[1] Count Cozza asserts that he received the objects from these excavations,[2] and yet, notwithstanding the payment and delivery which should have completed the transaction, they were subsequently sold to the museum in a roundabout way.[3]

It is evident that the archæologist, if he is to arrive at scientific results from the Museo de Villa Giulia, must fish in very muddy waters. Professor Barnabei, however, is of quite the "contrary opinion." Speaking in court at the time of the *Processo del Drago* he said:

> The Ministry of Public Instruction has obtained in these last times abundant praise by the institution of the Museo di Villa Giulia. By means of this Museum it has been able to demonstrate that the care of Public Administration wisely directed is that which most greatly subserves the progress of scientific and artistic culture whenever the undertaking is one of archæological exploration. It has been possible to show in what manner that series of documents must be made up which shall give to us the greatest aid in the reconstituting the historical development of an ancient centre. And together with this it has been also shown that for the better direction of such investigation the authority of the Government must intervene.[4]

Verily a cloud of words!

We may measure its substance by considering what the Commission relates concerning the museum inventory. This inventory, begun when the museum was constituted, dragged on for three months and then collapsed. After that time, for

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 89.
[2] *Inchiesta*, pp. 1122, 1123.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 68.
[4] *Processo del Drago*, p. 85.

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ten years, no inventory at all was kept. The museum satisfied itself by asserting annually in response to reiterated requests that it was being compiled. The assertion is quite as interesting as the fact. But the fact is also noteworthy, since it shows what limit Professor Barnabei was disposed to set to salutary Government intervention, a limit which it has, at times, been hard to define. We now know that it stops before the inventory begins, and with the assertion that it is being compiled.

But, if we are enlightened concerning the limit not to be exceeded, we are still in some perplexity as to the tasks to be accomplished within that limit. Something, it seemed, was to be gathered from Professor Barnabei's complaint,[1] that the criticism of the museum tormented officials with infinite anguish (*angoscie infinite*), calling their honour into question, and taking them away from the serene surroundings of their researches. Research, then, was the province of Administration, and, as we gather from another part of the same deposition (p. 88), topographical research. If so, it is an endless pity that the Administration should have failed to determine the site of a hill, and remained in ignorance whether "Tombs" that it published had ever been found or not. The very discovery of the existence of Narce appears to have been made not by the Government, which took the credit of it,[2] but by the local schoolmaster.[3] He apparently, being domiciled at Calcata, had some time to walk about the neighbourhood, an example to be recommended to those who, like Professor Barnabei, are mainly interested in topography. What, then, were the services rendered by the boasted intervention of the Government? At Professor Barnabei's advent to office, the objects, which were destined—after some damages and transpositions—to form the collection of the Villa Giulia, were all in the tombs. They were admirably arranged; for the Faliscans, in addition to their many other graceful and charming qualities, possessed, by a caprice of destiny, a peculiar privilege. They were archæologically infallible.

[1] *Processo del Drago*, p. 87. [2] *Ibid.* p. 23. [3] Benedetti, *Gli Scavi*, p. 4.

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The objects thus disposed might very properly be called national patrimony; they might still more properly, considering the inheritance of all civilised nations from Greece and Rome, be called the world's patrimony; held in charge, unfortunately, by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction. The value of this patrimony consisted not so much in the objects themselves as in their archæological classification due to the Faliscans, wiser than they knew. It was no use dragging the poorer things to light unless such order could be preserved. This was the position at the beginning of Professor Barnabei's administration. At the end of that administration we find the necropolis ransacked with that consummate ability to bring things into full light of which Professor Pigorini boasts, the contents of the tombs mixed up, the notes on their original position, so far as such notes were handed in, destroyed, the science of the thing lost, and no chance to begin again. This, which looks rather like wanton destruction, is represented as the defence of the national patrimony. This is that method "on which we may most rely in reconstituting the history of an ancient centre." The excavations done by private people, and in part very well done, but more and more confused as the share of the Government in the work becomes greater, are the triumphant proof that for the better direction of such researches administrative authority must intervene. One cannot regret that the Administration was torn from such researches. It would have been better occupied in making the inventory.

To Signor Benedetti's pamphlet, as has been said, no reply was vouchsafed. Professor Barnabei, who had been "at his own request" withdrawn (*collocato a riposo*) from his post as Director of Fine Arts and Antiquities before the pamphlet appeared, was made deputy. But the *Processo del Drago* was still hanging over his head. An appeal had been allowed. Here we pass into the unknown. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (July 19, 1899) reports a rumour that the Government was attempting to bring the Principe del Drago to accept a compromise (transaction) and to withdraw his prosecution.

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A writer in the *Centrale* of Teramo (November 12–18, 1901), states that the Prince accepted an indemnity of 250,000 lire. If this is so, we should have the rather comic spectacle of the Ministry of Public Instruction paying out of the people's funds to keep the people, and indeed the world of students, in ignorance, and consenting with unusual modesty to hide the glorious history of its model museum, its chief achievement for many years, and the special pride of Professor Barnabei. But whether the treaty was negotiated and concluded or not we shall never surely know. The secret service fund in Italy is 1,000,000 lire, and, besides this, there is a *fondo per combattere il malandrinaggio* amounting to 1,500,000 lire, of which accounts are never rendered. If any of this has been used to put an end to the *Processo del Drago* we shall not be officially informed.

But there is one thing that should be known, and that, one would think, Italians would like to know. There have been excavations over an immense tract and numberless tombs were opened. The eighty-three tombs of the collection of Narce do not represent the whole museum collection, nor even all the sepulchres of Narce. The museum, in purchasing, made a choice, excluding on the one hand, as we now know, some which appeared too valuable and important, and on the other hand, as we must in courtesy assume, some that were considered too insignificant. It is true, Signor Benedetti complains, rather ungratefully perhaps, that many insignificant things were bought from him. But then neither he nor we can tell to what end the researches were tending when the officials were torn from their "serene surroundings" to become the prey of "infinite anguish." Perhaps their speculations were such as could be most appropriately illustrated by the purchase of insignificant objects. We may have missed some instructive conclusions. However, this may be, the number of cemeteries explored was large, and though all, or practically all, were dug up by private persons, the excavations were represented as governmental for a number of years—seven or ten

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years, according as we count from the public announcement of the Government's achievements by the Minister of Public Instruction, or from the beginning of those achievements and the foundation of the museum itself. Now, were these excavations ever paid for on behalf of the Government? If so, by whom, and to whom? So simple a question, which might settle many other questions, never appears to have occurred to an Italian deputy. Yet it is the only way of bringing the truth to light, seeing that he has by virtue of his office the privilege of examining accounts.

Truth to tell, however, on matters pertaining to knowledge, Italians are grossly apathetic. Professor Barnabei, as deputy, is allowed without remonstrance to continue his sempiternal orations on the defence of the national patrimony of antiquities. He has even, since the appearance of Signor Benedetti's pamphlet, been candidate for the directorship of the Museum of Naples. The Accademia dei Lincei, which bore the expense of his luxurious and useless publication, has not yet had the self-respect to exclude him from membership. Count Cozza continues to draw his salary. No one resents what has been done. Grace leads Justice by the hand. Faliscan excavations, the national patrimony and so forth, are not taken seriously in Italy, and Italian officials must be somewhat amused when at the hand of some innocent foreigner they have better luck than the Faliscans.

Properly to appreciate what goes on in Italy, we must not associate with high-sounding titles the ideas of seriousness, dignity, independence, and interest in the public good which they connote in other lands. The moral tone of such departments is not essentially different from that of the pedlars of antiquities. The latter present you indiscriminately objects genuine and false. The department of Fine Arts and Antiquities presents you a museum of "tombs" which in their "scientific" arrangement and publication are partly genuine and partly false. The purpose in each case is to furnish what will satisfy the unsuspecting foreigner for the moment.

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The reason of this low standard is to be sought, of course, in the "rings" which control Italian politics. For the purposes of these rings it suffices that a man appointed to a position shall be of their faction, and not likely to give them too much trouble. The only person to be dreaded in archæological matters is the foreigner, since he alone is profoundly interested in the "national patrimony." From him alone will come the protest which might make the Italian position difficult to hold. To the Italian it makes no difference that a copy of the nude youth pouring oil attributed to Praxiteles is first cleaned till it is ruined, then provided with a plaster head portraying a Roman model, and thus disfigured, set up in the Museum of the Conservatori, when it would have been perfectly easy to place on it a cast from the proper head, a copy of which exists in Naples, mounted on a draped Dionysus. The Italian does not trouble about such things. The foreigner does. But after all, he is not so terrible; for in the event of any disturbance, the same interested motives which prevail in Italy, and are alone comprehensible to Italians, can be imputed to the interfering foreigner, and the whole scandal covered over with the veil of Italian patriotism.

Occasionally, in consequence usually of foreign protests, the holders of public offices may be men more suitable for their position. Thus Professor Fiorilli has received the Directorship of Fine Arts and Antiquities, and Professor Pasqui has been placed in charge of the Museum established in the Baths of Diocletian. But confidence once shaken is not easily regained. And very drastic measures, notably the sweeping away of a number of subordinates bequeathed to the new administration by Professor Barnabei, are necessary as a guarantee that good intentions will be carried out. Not less important is extreme vigilance in making new appointments. There are many hanging, as it were, about the doors of public offices with the whole-hearted desire to renew the exploits of their predecessors. *Uno avolso non deficit alter.* The reformer is not supported by public opinion, not even by the academy.

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The intensely corrupt methods which to the Italian are synonymous with business, and which have invaded the public administration, are taken as matters of course. The reputation of Italy is abandoned by the Italians, and especially by those who speak most of the *patrio decoro*. No wonder that old residents in Rome consider all efforts useless.

AUDITOR.

P.S.—Since the above was written Professor Barnabei has at last broken silence. In justice to him his letter (*Tribuna*, October 21, 1901) is translated in full.

ROME, 20 *Ottobre*.

ILLO SIGNOR DIRETTORE,—I have just been shown a treatise with the title, "The Truth concerning the Roman ships in the Lake of Nemi," in which the writer has endeavoured to be amusing by reopening the stale subject of the mystifications alleged to have taken place in the Museo di Villa Giulia, which Museum I had the honour to direct, and by declaring that enormous expenses were incurred by the Treasury for this Museum.

If any can have forgotten it, it is well to recall that the question of the alleged mystifications was amply treated by the Commission of Inquiry composed of most competent archæologists, men beyond cavil, under the Presidency of the ex-Minister Bonasi. These gentlemen demonstrated that the accusations made against me were utterly unfounded (*destituite d'ogno fondamento*).

As for the exploitation of public moneys, it is really astonishing to hear now of millions thrown away, though there was a time when the purveyors of antiquities went about to nullify government contracts on the ground that antiquities were being sold at less than the lowest market price.

After the verdict of the Commission of Inquiry there were published in foreign newspapers articles inspired by speculators and merchants of antiquities containing a mass of gratuitous affirmations now repeated in the book on the Lake of Nemi.

To these speculators and merchants of antiquities I did not, and do not reply. Their insinuations suffice to prove that I was worthy of the lofty post that I had the honour to occupy in the Administration of the State.

Believe me, with profound respect,
Your most devoted

Prof. FELICE BARNABEI.
(Deputy to the Parliament.)

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STATION STUDIES

I. IN EAST AFRICA

AT six o'clock, when I am roused by the bugle and look from my window, the dawn is just breaking through a sky of passing shadows, surely and gradually winning to victory, but as yet unable to chase them quite away. Dark clouds still hold their own above; a chaplet of mist rests upon each mountain peak; a grey veil floats over the lake; the plain lies hid beneath a robe of haze. For a moment darkness lingers, fading but not defeated, and the light grows but slowly to its strength. Then the moment passes, and with a joyous sudden charge the day is upon us. Rosy lights flash out across the sky; the mists fade swiftly into space, leaving uncovered a breadth of stirless glittering water, mile upon mile of tanned prairie, and behind all a range of grim clean-lined mountains. From every corner of heaven the last grey shadows are caught aside like a curtain, infinite blue dimmed by the tawny glare of day takes their place, and I know that far behind me in the East the sun, spurning all gorgeous ceremony and flinging his crimson robes about him, has stepped forth to run his course, fully and vividly astir within a moment of his rising.

As yet, however, he has but little power of heat to shed, and there is a hint of frost in the air, which makes me shiver as I pass along the verandah to urge my boy Hamis to action. We stand five thousand feet above the sea at Eldala, and the sun, for all that he can bake us to 120° at mid-day, can do

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little at this early hour to change the 45° of the night and unborn morning. As a result of this I am in a mood to call down fire from heaven on any who fall short of their duty; and until the more natural sources of warmth gain ground am apt to become a very currycomb to all who venture to cross me. It is unwise, therefore, for my boys to provoke me to anger at this hour, and they should know it by now. Nevertheless, they repeatedly take the risk of punishment, and this morning is one selected by them for a trial of my good nature. I see no smoke or sign of life in their huts; they are asleep half an hour longer than my law allows.

"Hamis," I call—with toleration as yet: he may just be astir.

No answer; he is not.

"Hamis!" I repeat, still calmly, but with such acids in my tone as will consume him if awake. A long pause. Then the ineffably drowsy sound,

"S-a-h."

He hears me, but only in his dreams—an unsafe environment at such a time.

"HAMIS!"

"Ndio, Bwana (Yessir)?" is queried slowly and with some surprise. He is half-conscious now; the dreams are passing.

"Maji moto; upessi (Hot water; hurry up)." This is thundered, and awakes him thoroughly to the sense of panic and impending disaster which I desire him to feel.

"Ndio, Bwana; baada kidogo (Yessir; directly, sir)," he replies loudly, at top speed, and with an air of reassurance and conciliation intended to persuade me that he has for long been watching my interests and the water boils.

It does not; the fire is not even laid. I rate him soundly for a few minutes, to his lasting terror and temporary improvement; then return to feast my eyes on the great scene before me.

The sun is soon on his way, gathering power with each rushing step, and pouring abroad a flood of light as he hastens

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up the sky, with a promise of white heat in later hours. The lake, under his rule, has changed its hue from iron to steel, from steel to silver, from silver to unruffled glass, till now at length in the still radiance of the morning it is able to drink in and flash back with unerring accuracy every line of the clean-cut mountains that guard it, every tree and feather of the papyrus brakes that fringe it, every film of the soft flesh-tinted haze above. Far away round its shores, and round each of the islands that float upon its central waters, a clear deep duplicate of reed and rock, bank and bush, looks up as bright and vivid as its original, and from the midst a second sky as distinct as that which peers down into it. Only on the hither side of its broad face, near to the hill from which I am looking, is there any dimness to spoil the mirror. Here, right up to the rocks beneath my feet, and stretching far out into the deeper waters, there lies a great garden of water-lilies, whose broad leaves roof the surface against all light, and carry the lines of the sweeping prairie out beyond the shore. Here are great purple blossoms opening from their sleep as the sun touches them; here too clusters of white egrets sunning themselves after their morning bath: and all along the waterside there are tribes of birds—teal, coot, spoon-bill, ducks, geese, and a hundred more—fluttering from bay to bay, splashing, feeding, chuckling, playing, and quarrelling among the shallows. A fat white pelican is waddling through a bank of mud in search of food. Beyond him a line of white flamingoes stalk arrogantly, apart from the common herd, on a cape which they have made their own. Guinea-fowl call and chatter from the bushes close at hand; and a bell-bird rings his strange notes among the larger trees behind them.

To the brown caked shore of the lake too comes a string of huge hump-backed cattle, filing slowly over the bright green marsh land into the water to cool their lips before the sun becomes too hot for movement. Behind them, on the edge of the plain, hundreds of scattered sheep and a senate of thoughtful donkeys crop busily at the rich grass of

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the meadows. A few herds of goats, a team of mules, and a pony or two are dotted here and there amongst them, making the most of their pasture while the dew still hangs upon it in heavy abundance. And when I take a telescope and scan the long plains which sweep away, on the right to a low line of jagged hills, on the left to a gaunt volcanic peak, I can see a host of varied kinds of game. Quite close at hand are two herds of gazelle boldly feeding in the open, the broad fringe of black from shoulder to loin plainly distinguishable on their rich brown coats; a few fisi are slinking cautiously home after their night feast of camp remnants; a pair of bustards are quarrelling angrily over food. Further away, close to a belt of trees, stand a few brick-red mpala; beside them a cluster of grey zebra, whose dim rounded outlines suggest through the haze a cloud at rest upon the plain; and still further, in the open ground beyond, a score of tawny hartebeest, guarded at each corner of their feeding-ground by a sentinel on the alert for danger. Amongst them stand more and more gazelle, more and more clouds of zebra; a knot of water-buck is moving slowly among the trees which line the river; and just within the glass's utmost sight lies a dark spot of black, which by all the laws of Africa should be ostrich.

After a long look at all this scattered assembly of the plain I turn to the day's business. The water has at length boiled. I dress speedily in the thinnest of flannels, and take my *chhota hazri*—tea, toast and bananas—alone in the verandah. Hamis, attending me too closely, as he always does when anxious to propitiate me for his sins, receives a rough reminder of his error, and retires to his right place round the corner within call, glad to be out of my reach.

Breakfast finished, I issue flour, sugar, and oatmeal sufficient for the day's needs to mpishi,[1] who is a Swahili and has no sixth commandment, nor would obey it if he had; and then at half-past seven it is time for the day's work to begin, and I stroll to the office with a cigarette and a comfortable sense of

[1] Cook.

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virtue in that I am setting thus early to work which, had I the inclination, I might leave majestically undone.

In the outer room of the office Manuel, a man of Goa, is already at his desk, making out forms and documents of all sorts for a horde of Indian traders who stand at the door, desiring to pass their goods through the gate of fees and customs which it is my duty to keep against them. They scatter as I approach. Hosain the Somali, my headman, who is Joseph of the station to me, Pharaoh, and Majaliwa bin Suliman, Swahili orderly, an ape made peacock by his blue uniform, worshipping himself, to me Ariel and scapegoat in one, leap from their seats like corks from a pop-gun to do me honour. I acknowledge their greetings, have a host of papers thrust into my hands by Manuel, and pass into the inner shrine, thereby relieving the assembly, who promptly resume their seats.

Accounts, correspondence, lawsuits—which shall I take first this morning? The correspondence strikes my mood as being the most unpleasant part of the work, and therefore the first to be tackled. I settle down to finish some long outstanding letters, and answer those which have just come in.

Of the many waiting for my reply one in particular has been shouting to me for days "You must write me," while I have as often answered, "Not so, you may easily remain till to-morrow." It relates to the case of Private Mongorora bin Hassan of the Company of L—— Rifles in my charge, who has created an insoluble problem. At the present moment, he is lamentably useless to the King owing to a legion of disorders pronounced by the doctor incurable, and I wish to discharge him. But this apparently cannot be done in a moment, if at all. Once upon a time Mongorora was a deserter; then he was recaptured, found to be ailing, re-made in hospital, taken back into the ranks, and given the wages of his calling from that date onwards. Now he is what a young American of my acquaintance (a man, of course) once described to me as a "goner for keeps," and to retain and pay him as a soldier of

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Edward VII. would be to waste twenty-two excellent rupees belonging to the latter every month. Yet, despite this waste, and for all his Majesty's apparent power, he cannot, as it seems, say to and of the man, "Go; and he goeth." When I write a recommendation to the officer commanding L—— Rifles that the man be discharged, he is all afire with indignation, and snorts back that it is impossible.

"No," he writes, "you cannot discharge a man who deserted. Mongorora deserted on March 21, and ceased from that date to be part of the army."

"But he was taken back," I reply. And the correspondence proceeds on the following lines:

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He should not have been taken back."

Self. "He *was*."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "That is a mistake on your part, which must not occur again. As it is I shall probably be compelled to bring it to the notice of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

Self. "I regret the error. But civil officers placed in charge of military work cannot be expected to be infallible. The man *was* taken back, and is now incurably ill. He ought not to be kept."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He cannot possibly be discharged. He deserted on March 21."

Self. "But was re-captured March 28."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "Is that on the books?"

Self. "Yes; and since then he has been paid his wages and ration allowance."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "How much, in all?"

Self. "Six months pay, 120 rupees; and rations, 15 rupees."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "Has he drawn all his money? Can't you get some of it back and strike him off from March 21?"

Self. "No; I cannot recover the rations, and as for his wages, he has been fined fully half what he earned by me, sitting as a criminal court, for a criminal offence."

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O.C. L—— Rifles (*furiously*). "You cannot possibly try a member of the Armed Forces in this Protectorate except by court-martial."

Self. "I am sorry for the error; but as a civil officer I felt some diffidence about forming myself into a military court."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "That is beside the point. The only possible course now is to consider the trial as having not taken place, and for you to refund the money."

Self. "I cannot possibly re-pay the money, as my doing so would disturb the accounts for some months past."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "I cannot take that fact into consideration at all. The error was yours, and I must ask you to pay in the money without delay."

Self. "Such a course of action would cause wide-spread confusion throughout the books; and I cannot admit that your demand is correctly founded."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "If you fail to transfer the money within a period of two months, I shall have to request H.M. Chief Commissioner to set the liability for it against your private account."

Self. "I dispute the liability. And I repeat that the man, being incurably ill, ought to be discharged."

O.C. L—— Rifles. "He has no official existence, and therefore cannot be discharged. I shall now place the matter in the hands of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

So far, up to the present. It looks as if I have but a poor chance of victory. But of Mongorora bin Hassan I must and will be rid. I contemplate the whole correspondence for some time to seek an outlet, then give up the search in despair and send in my version of the history to headquarters, hoping that I may there find an ally, and gain peace with honour.

The other letters laid before me do not take long to answer. Two of them, I can see at once, come from Indians, for I know the hand of Haku, writer of petitions to the nobility and gentry of my district, as well as I know my own, depend upon him indeed for half the amusement of my life.

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The first explains itself—for a wonder; Haku is seldom able to express his meaning at the first attempt.

"HONOURED SIR (it runs),—With utmost possible respect I beg to pray that it is now many days I apply to you for a licence to shop to which your goodness replied sanction will be obtained now we shall feel divine if your honour will inform us with the result and grant us a leave which to gain we send rupees one hundred and fifty and shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity.

"Your respectful servants

"RAM DITTA and KIRPA SINGH."

Trading licence issued—the evidence tends to show that this is what they want—receipt for Rs. 150 made out in triplicate; caution given to the applicants' messenger against their selling liquor or opium; the whole transaction entered in the day-book; rupees counted through twice and placed in the safe.

Haku's other effort is less lucid.

To the SUB-COMMISSIONER AND MAGISTRATE.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I most humbly and respectfully beg to pray to bring to your kind notice that Allah Din late Jemadar of first earthworks sub-division has complained against me falsely of Rs. 270, and I beg to state he is player of tricks and was dismissed by his misconduct and mischives and I beg to pray that I am a poor man kindly go through the matter and kindly inquire from Allah Din that for what purpose he gave me the above mentioned sum of money. I am not a gambler and your honour can inquire about my conduct and about the money from the men of Din for which he complained against me and if he has any false receipt with him kindly let me kn· the writer of it and I beg to state that kindly inquire the matter fully whether who is liar and who is true. For

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which act of kindness I shall ever pray your long life and prosperity.

"WADHAWA
"(Cooly of Ram Surru's gang)."

What does Wadhawa require? Who is he? Where does he live? To whom has Allah Din complained falsely? And is his complaint false? All these questions occur to me as being, on the face of the matter, obstacles to the execution of justice in the affair of Wadhawa *v.* Allah Din. In addition, who am I that I should try a case of defamation of character between two Indians? Solomon himself could not solve such a tangle as this must be, and I am not even Oriental by birth or training. The letter is docketed and filed—put in preserve, so to speak—and I pass on without further consideration to the next.

It is in a hand unknown to me, and I open it with the feeling of flatness which I always experience after reading one of Haku's letters or an intensely exciting story. But, though Haku's mark is not on the title-page I find it to be a work of even richer material than any which he has yet produced. It comes from a railway camp lying eighty miles away, just beyond the limits of my district, and properly it should have been sent to the officer of the next station to mine. But I read it, in spite of all the laws of red-tape, and soon become exceedingly glad that I have done so.

"Honoured Enormity," it begins, thereby arousing my interest at once, for though I have been approached as "Respected Magistrate," "Most Gracious Light," "Sanctified Effulgence," and, of course, "Honoured Presence," and "Protector of the Poor," I have never before been addressed in these exact terms.

"HONOURED ENORMITY,—I beg to pray that Fazel Din promised me for Rs. 25. But when I ask him for the sum he denies and has a mind to kill me: and the whole gang is of his district and only I am a poor, being a other district man

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so that I go in fear of my life: wherefore plaintiff solicits the honourable Court to put a mark on eight asses belonging to the defendant so that your poor petitioner may be benefited by your renowned justice. Even your own holy Church teaches that those who help themselves will be helped. Therefore I implore with much hope that you would be kind enough to give me a judge for which act of kindness may the almighty whom your honour much resembles send to you a long life happiness and much prosperity from your most respected servant

"IZAMDIN."

Poor Izamdin! I feel that he is not leading a very comfortable life; and I should like to assist him if possible, for he is certainly respectful, and even respectable if his own evidence may be believed; more than that, he has brought me to the verge of death with laughing, and therefore has no small claim upon me. Yet he does not live in my district, and, strictly, I ought not to interfere. Can I do anything to help him? "No," says my official conscience, "let him apply in the right quarter." "No," also would say the inexperienced who read his letter; for considerable knowledge and wisdom are required to detect what he means. "Yes," however, say I, very wrongly obeying my personal conscience. The man has made me laugh, and he comes from a camp lying only just beyond the border of my district; equity itself demands that I reward him, even though I risk the pleasure of my neighbour by doing so. This, as a matter of fact, is not likely to be very terrible, for he would go down on his knees to thank me if he knew that I had taken even one from his load of Indian lawsuits; as would I to him. So I determine to do him this illegal kindness, and write to the district engineer, under whom Izamdin serves, asking him to explain to the latter the process whereby he may bring the law to bear upon Fazel Din.

A few more letters have to be finished before I feel justified in laying down my pen: then I am ready for the receipt of

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custom, and any fees, moneys, or dues which the public desires unwillingly to bring.

First come three Indian traders, who are reported unwilling to pay the road dues demanded of them by the law. Manuel lays bare their iniquity, eloquently, lashing them with his tongue; Hosain takes them by the shoulders and solemnly sets them in a row before me, bidding them be silent till I give the signal for speech. They fold their hands as for prayer, and then, at my word, begin to whine out their complaint, half in Hindustani, half in bad English, Hosain interpreting into Swahili, and I listening to both.

"We have come from far over the sea to this foreign land to make some livelihood——"

"Stop that bunkum; what do you want?"

"We hoped that the honourable court would have taken notice that we have lost caste by crossing the sea and——"

"Stop it, I say."

"May it please the honoured court that we are poor men——"

"STOP IT."

"And is it fair that we pay the dues?"

"Fair; why not?"

"Because we have brought up our goods only by the *gharri* line, and we only desire to go upon it to our own shops, and till then we will not leave it, nor at all go upon the honourable court's road."

"Well?"

"We hoped that it would have been considered by the court whether it is justice that we should pay—we are poor men——"

"You will pay."

"But, sahib——"

"You will pay."

"We desire to do no evil, but——"

"You will pay. Go."

"But, sahib——"

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"Out. You will obey the law."

"We are poor men, sahib."

"OUT!"

They are summarily ejected, wafted away by Hosain, and I am left to reflect upon the just laws of my Protectorate, which demand of every man a due of eight annas upon each load of goods he brings into its borders for the protection of roads he does not use, though he has already paid portly rates on the railway which he does. I am sorry for those traders; but when in office I am a talon, not a man; and as I am here to administer the law and not to expound it, I eject before I explain.

Fees for gun licence and trader's licence, deposit on their porters and customs-dues, besides the disputed road-dues, I take from each of the three, and from half a dozen more of the same calling—a pretty haul for one morning's work—and then throw aside my *rôle* of collector and become a judge.

A dirty brown man of the country, name and tribe unknown, his clothing no more than one ancient rag, pitifully unequal even to the light task it was ever set to do, and his whole expression crying out "What fun life is, full of surprises!" is brought in by Hosain, arraigner of criminals, and set in order for trial. His accuser, Mahmoud, sergeant, and guardian of the railway station, stands opposite him, theoretically at attention, but in reality shaking with nervous fear that his evidence may not be considered good.

"Found on the *gharris*" is the prisoner's offence as stated in the charge sheet which lives, like Homer, not in writing but on the lips of men, principally those of Hosain; and Mahmoud is the one witness. On the face of things the accusation is not serious, for though Mahmoud has orders to arrest all natives travelling on the *gharris* without passes, the arrested seldom incur more than a censure and a warning: "Found" is not a criminal offence. In this case, however, there is evidence of blacker guilt beneath the surface, for prisoner has a rifle in his hand—in itself an unlawful act for a native who is not, so to

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speak, "organised," and part of some white man's following—and obviously he must have committed some sin to acquire so rich a prize. It is true that the breech-bolt is altogether missing, and he cannot possibly do more with his booty than excel in the eyes of his fellows as a man of substance and consideration; but this does not lessen the illegality of his being abroad with the rifle in his possession, nor weaken the strong presumptive evidence we derive therefrom that he is a porter by calling, who has deserted from his master's caravan and left his load, possibly a case of whiskey or something even more invaluable, in the heart of the thirsty wilderness. If so, the man merits death by some slow process; and if it can be proved he will actually get at least a year's hard labour; for we are rightly inexorable to deserters. But unfortunately proof is lacking to-day. Though he can give no account of his recent life which is even plausible, I can gather nothing but moral certainty that he is guilty of the great offence, and do nothing but send him to prison for a month, there to wait lest his master, afire for vengeance, and coming to make inquiries as to his whereabouts, find me unable to answer them. "Next."

Next comes Maula Bux, Indian merchant and rogue, with a piteous complaint against Nur Din, coolie, who is absent. He bows his head, curtseys, puts his hand to his forehead, saluting me and murmuring "Ji, sahib," then stands in an attitude of prayer beside Hosain, who still paws him suspiciously as though anxious about his good behaviour—a tall, solemn, weak man, clothed in dirty white draperies and turban to match, his silky black beard twirled into horns, his shoes left outside the door. Feeble, handsome, treacherous, vicious, loathing me and my race, and yet cringing to me as to a god, he folds his hands together, whines out his name, swears by the Koran that he will not lie, and at my signal begins to do so.

He has lent Nur Din Rs. 700, and Nur Din will not pay.

"Who is Nur Din?"

"Lately a sweeper of Jemadar Khuda Bux, Second Earthworks Division, Mr. Doone's camp."

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"When did you lend him the money?"

"It is now ten months."

"And why?"

"He pleaded with me; he had debts."

"What interest?"

"Three annas in the month on a rupee."

"What security!"

"He promised with me."

"What does he earn?"

"Twenty rupees in the month."

"You knew that?"

"Yes, sahib, but he is a gambler, may it please the honoured court, and a wicked man, and——"

"You knew that, too?"

"Yes, sahib."

"And still lent it him? Where is he now?"

"Who can tell?"

"Then how in thunder do you expect to recover?"

"You will perhaps, I beg, find the man, sahib, and take the money from him."

"I! Go to blazes. Turn him out, Hosain. Manuel, make out the summons and tell him we'll serve it when he finds his man. Next case."

The next case is sent in, that of Kirpa Ram, also an Indian trader, known throughout the length of the railway as a fierce and ready litigant. He has a great portfolio of documents under his arm, and a host of witnesses (all well paid) outside the door. Plainly the twenty defendants whom he is equipped to meet will have but a poor chance against such overwhelming testimony. But as a matter of fact none of the latter are present; and I am reluctantly compelled to give judgment against them by default, though I know full well that Kirpa Ram makes his living, and a rich one at that, by bringing actions against all and sundry, and would rather give him two years hard labour than a favourable judgment. But to-day, as on every day, there is no proof against him, and he must go on and flourish in his iniquity.

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A period of peace follows upon the departure of Kirpa Ram, and I settle down once more to the endless task of correspondence and the invention of a Monthly Report. I say invention, because I know that the report has not only to be constructed, but created. Nothing has happened during the month; nothing ever does happen; and out of this void the two queries arise: How am I to compose a record of any sort? and how am I to put colour into a narrative which does not exist? Both problems seem insoluble at first sight, for there is never anything to record which could possibly be of value or interest to anybody, and this month there seems to be even less material than usual to start upon. However, I go to work bravely, and record such small details as I can find. So many pounds of flour and corn have been taken in; so many more have been issued. The revenue exceeds that of last month by a hundred odd rupees. The road to the railway station has been finished. The tribes have been quiet and friendly—that is a stereotyped phrase and might be omitted—and for the rest I am entirely at a loss. No, there is always one passage which has often served me before, and will yet do much good work for me if I do not press it too hardly. "The need of a new prison is beginning to make itself felt at Eldala, and the matter merits early attention. I have some doubts as to the possibility of controlling any large number of prisoners, should occasion arise, with the present limited accommodation, and I beg to submit that a new building should be erected in the near future."

That is, I find, a safe form in which to put the suggestion. No one will give me my prison on such a tepid appeal; and instead of what I ask I shall obtain the far more desirable opportunity of asking for it again and again. So the report shall end. The rest I will invent.

Monthly Reports are presumably intended for those of our children's children who will write the history of Africa; for they can certainly be of no interest to any contemporary reader, and, if the truth were known, are perhaps not even glanced at by those who ask for them. Nevertheless, they

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form an interesting study, for after all there is no little element of art in a Monthly Report, and considerable scope is afforded for the imagination in the task of covering the paper at all. Incidents have to be invented with an eye to their possibility (or the reader may cast doubts upon them), events have to be expanded (if one is so lucky as to have any events), and comments brought in so as to make the most of some facts and the least of others. Then statistics have to be arranged with such tact as to form a petition for future favours rather than a thanksgiving for what crumbs one has; and there are a hundred little matters in which great care must be exercised; for the writer's object in writing at all is to make the needs of his district into mountains, and its financial successes into molehills; and to effect this, he must keep a vigilant eye on his figures and the wording of his sentences. Some may question whether I do not assign too much importance and difficulty to a task apparently so trivial, and deny that it requires any more skill than the drafting of an invoice. But I assure them that they cannot realise till they have tried how many subtle qualities are required for success in this form of fiction; tact, restraint, and selection are all necessary parts of the writer's armoury, and—to take an instance—no small delicacy is needed to dwell upon the penury of a district in different terms each month, with such emphasis that the reader will take notice of the distress, and so little importunity that he will not be unduly harassed and purposely forget it.

The Report is hard to come by to-day, both in matter and manner, and I spend an hour's tough work upon it before approaching what I consider to be a satisfactory conclusion. Long before reaching it I am interrupted by Majaliwa, who enters with a sheaf of telegrams, and stands before me at the salute, desiring my instant attention. He does not get it, for I am at a critical point when he comes in, and much to his annoyance and improvement he has to remain standing for more than ten minutes. But when at last I turn to him and take the telegrams I am well rewarded; for, though most of

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them are requests for "adjournment of case" from Indians (surely that fine Greek edifice, ὠρθρο-φοιτο-συκο-φαντο-δικο-ταλαιπωρος, "early-rising, base-informing, sad-litigious, plaguey knave," was expressly built to describe the Indian), there are two pearls among the sand which make up for whole hours spent on Monthly Reports.

One is from Mulki Ram, Jamadar, of an Indian coolies' camp, eighty miles up the line. He does not waste words.

"Issa run away with my rifle anywhere," is his simple message—no need for comment or instructions. I shall presumably throw aside all other business on hearing his news, and without waiting for or needing further directions scour the district till I have run the villain to earth, divining by instinct such small details as his nationality, profession, appearance, and line of flight.

Mulki Ram must lose another of his ideals, I fear; the British Empire has larger affairs than his to occupy its servants' time. I docket and treasure up the telegram in the Eldala archives and hope for the best: but Issa is left running.

The other telegram comes from Nawaz Khan, signaller of a camp neighbouring that of Mulki Ram; and it is equally flattering to my omnipotence, even at eighty miles distance.

"Ram Singh escaped with my wife and property. Please return property."

Serious business becomes impossible after this. I look at my watch, consult the sun, find that it must be almost midday, give the order "Piga ngoma" (blow the bugle), by which it is *made* twelve o'clock, and then lock up the office and retire to lunch and rest.

A British Official.

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ART AND THE PUBLIC MONEY

THE angry outburst which greeted the German Emperor's recent efforts to direct and encourage German art, must have afforded some members of our Government a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction. Last July, it may be remembered, Lord Stanmore proposed the establishment of a Fine Arts Commission; a body which would have had to undertake duties analogous to those undertaken by the Kaiser; and which would have had to face disadvantages which William II. had not to face. For the *Avenue of Victory*, the Emperor seems to have furnished the funds out of his private resources. The English Commissioners would have had the responsibility of administering public funds. Where the German Emperor, riding one of his hobbies—at his own expense—can, no doubt, safely ignore the discontent he may excite, a Government largely dependent upon popular opinion is compelled to act more timorously. If any doubts existed as to the discretion and wisdom of our Government in opposing Lord Stanmore's motion, this object-lesson from Germany must serve to remove them.

There can be no question that the House of Commons is as strongly averse from spending public money for the encouragement of art, as the Upper House showed itself to be on the occasion referred to. But whether this attitude is the result, as Lord Salisbury said, of a national lack of interest or appreciation of the achievements of art, may well be

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questioned. For if England has no use for Fine Art, why is any public money devoted to Art-education? What the sum, even approximately, may be, is, I believe, in the muddle of our whole educational system, impossible to ascertain. But the total must represent a very considerable amount. And as our legislators are spending thousands yearly on the special education of our youth in artistic matters; as, moreover, the State itself undertakes the cost and responsibility of training a body of teachers, in order that this important branch of education may be adequately carried forward; it seems only reasonable to assume that the objection to spending a comparatively insignificant thousand or two on the employment of the artists thus anxiously trained, does not spring from a national disapproval or contempt of art. The real reason must be sought elsewhere.

Now, the practical issue within all the rather vague talk of patronage and encouragement is, whether national funds shall be used for commissioning, or purchasing, the works of living painters, sculptors, and other art-workers. But who has any confidence that any government, or any single representative, or body of agents they might appoint, would, or could, employ the money so destined, in supporting only good art? As the Premier so truly remarked—though for obvious reasons he did not give the remark its due importance: "I do not know whether it" (*i.e.*, a particular work of art) "is ugly or not myself, but I am certain that if the noble lord and his artistic following say it is ugly, it would be possible to find another artistic following equally strong who will say it is not." It is this distrust of the experts, this feeling that there are no competent hands into which the business could be safely and confidently placed, which forms, I venture to submit, the weighty and sufficient reason which is at the bottom of the general and deeply rooted objection to undertaking it. Those who would be most energetic in obtaining such support, are unnerved and daunted by the thought of the incompetent hands into which it would be placed. The Government, likewise, feel

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they have no one who could be confidently entrusted to assume the initiative, and exercise the proper superintendence, which the executive side of the scheme would demand. In this knowledge, it opposes an unhesitating resistance to the half-hearted and spasmodic efforts that are made to induce it to take the matter up. That in shrinking from doing certain harm, even though the sacrifice of an indefinite and very problematical amount of good may be the price involved, is, after all, not conduct which can be lightly, or hastily, condemned.

It might be thought, that the knowledge and training engaged in the task of Art-education could be utilised by the Government for this further task; and no doubt, these officials would readily place their expert knowledge at the nation's service. But the Government has no confidence in them; and the common sense of the country is with the Government. The experts may be suitable for their position. They may, at any rate, be the best material for this kind of work procurable by the methods of our Civil Service. But in the absence of any check, or any way of estimating the value of the work they perform, who can reasonably feel much confidence in them? The prizes and meed of commendation bestowed on successful students are given only for proficiency in learning what these experts choose to teach them. There is absolutely no guarantee that they are being trained in the most likely methods of producing good art. The only test of the results achieved is the test supplied by the teachers whose competence is in question. For it is impossible to take the after-career of students as any certain test, because, in the event of failure, the causes may be altogether outside the system of training; as the ignorance of manufacturers, employers, and patrons, in refusing all monetary support for good work and only being ready to encourage bad. Or the worker himself may be at fault; he may be lazy, or given to bad habits, or subject to bad health. In short, there are a thousand considerations which effectually prevent the afterwork of art-students being taken in evidence against the system of education to which they have

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been submitted. It is the same in the case of a successful artist; for even badly trained students can, by rigid self-discipline and self-culture, overcome in after-life the effects of a bad early training. Under such circumstances, then, it is not too much to say that the system, or systems, of Art-education supported at present by public money produce results whose value admits of no definite appraisement whatever. Good results may be achieved; or we may have only elaborate organisations for the equipment of a large number of persons with a special sort of training, which is of no use to themselves, and which the country, in general, has no desire to employ. The chances certainly are, if these specialists do not know how to distinguish good from bad art, they are not likely to be able to fit their students with the training which should enable them to produce the one and eschew the other. It is, however, only fair to confess that, at present, it is all a matter of mere individual opinion. Nothing is capable of proof, or even of a moderate degree of demonstrative probability.

As a matter of fact, one is forced to confess that most things connected with the subject of graphic art seem a mere matter of opinion. The Kaiser's question, "Wie ist es mit der Kunst überhaupt in der Welt?" has never been satisfactorily answered. Nothing whatever is known about the value of art, about the position the achievements of the artist take in the hierarchy of man's mental and manual labours. Doubtless the artist himself has knowledge, sure and scientific knowledge, —according to his rank as an artist,—but it is of the means by which he produces his results, of the means by which the work of art is brought into being. When the artist has done his work, who can determine its value to the community? He is a bold man who shall pretend to clear ideas of even the elementary factors which go to make up the problem.

Yet upon the correct answer to this question must depend the success, or failure, of any steps taken to encourage art. And if the qualifications of the educational specialists are not of a kind to warrant their assumption of the position of advisers

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to the Government in a matter which involves such an answer, it is evident that the only other authorities upon whom it could rely are similarly disqualified. For a certain amount of distinction as an executant in some single branch of art-practice (the social dexterity needed can here be left out of consideration), which is sufficient to command such positions as President, or Member of the Council, of the Royal Academy, is far from warranting the assumption of any general authority over art in its relations to the common good.

And with the third, and last, class of experts,—whose reputations for special knowledge of some one period or subject of art are supposed to ensure the proper discharge of their duties in our museums and public institutions—their qualifications are seen to be just as illusory. For a man may be a great authority on the subject of old bookbindings, but that will not constitute him a reliable expert on architectural or pictorial matters; and it is possible to have a large fund of enthusiasm for, and knowledge of, say, early Florentine painting, and yet be the worst possible judge of other periods, and different manifestations of art. What is wanted is a broad-minded appreciation and wide knowledge of all the various manifestations of art, together with a just appreciation of the relations of art to the other branches of human activity. And there are no grounds for crediting any class of art-experts with such knowledge.

If our aim were only to pander to the general sentiment of the commercial classes with regard to art, enough had now been said. But as our aim is rather the removing of the obstacles which prevent art from receiving the amount of national encouragement which we think it to deserve, we may perhaps be allowed to pursue the subject somewhat further. For though we cannot indicate any class of official art-experts who might be presumed to possess the knowledge needed; though we can do little more than draw attention to the complete absence of such knowledge; yet even thus, may some useful result be achieved. For, as has been well observed, "a

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false imagination of plenty is among the principal causes of want, and as too great a confidence in things present leads to a neglect of the future," so the most likely way of obtaining the knowledge which the welfare of art requires is, perhaps, to draw attention to our unmistakable, but nevertheless, generally unobserved poverty.

To distinguish a good boot from a bad one, it is necessary to consider the general purpose for which boots are made, and the individual requirements of their wearers. The only grounds on which experts can differ are in determining whether various adaptations of design and material are more, or less, likely to ensure the maximum amount of protection with the minimum degree of discomfort for the wearer. Differences of opinion only exist as to the best means of arriving at certain clearly known results. As with foot-gear, so with most of the other articles produced by human skill and industry, the end in view is sufficiently simple and obvious. But what effect does a work of art have on the community, or on the section to whom it may be addressed? For what purpose does a work of Fine Art exist? To pretend that the social result which is the justification of the artist's activity is simple, obvious, or clearly known, —either to the community which rewards or neglects, to the worker who gives his labour, or to the public appraiser of this class of work—would be to make an assumption not warranted by the facts of the case. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of this fact. Certain it is, though, if other branches of industry suffered from such a stultifying disability, their productions would be characterised by the infirmities of purpose and eccentricities of performance, which do much to countenance the dislike, or contempt, with which many practical and serious-minded men regard painting and sculpture, architecture, and the so-called minor arts.

If we consider the answers given to this question, we shall see that it is a question which is still vehemently disputed, and to which the most diverse and contradictory answers are given. Of course every worker and writer is ready to state, generally

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in highly poetical diction, the results he is immediately seeking to obtain, or the results which appeal to his personal predilections, and to attempt to foist these on the public as the only true standards of artistic achievement. But we may well ask, as Huxley asked in a somewhat analogous case, can the pigeons be expected to produce their own Sir John Sebright? Of course not! And that is why the whole conglomeration of special-pleading which passes as art criticism, can be safely ignored in this connection. And it would be idle, too, to pretend that among the thousands of different answers given some may not be correct. But the correct answer cannot command adhesion because it is, after all, only a brilliant guess; and it is necessarily lying *perdu* in the heap of other brilliant and obscure guesses. When the real answer is proved, so that every educated person must accept it, the lucky guess will no doubt be rescued from the rubbish heap and its maker duly honoured. But until the answer is proved it cannot be discovered.

The only two answers which serious attempts have been made to prove, will be found to labour under one of two disqualifications. They are either, with Mr. Herbert Spencer's, too limited (*i.e.*, important divisions of the subject are not comprehended), or they are, like Hegel's, so vague and limitless as to be practically useless.

There is one answer, one attempt to define the purpose of the Fine Arts, and to give them their proper position in our intellectual life, which is very largely accepted among English thinkers of to-day. It is an answer which receives support from the prestige attaching to the names of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Bain and Sully, and Dr. G. F. Stout. According to these thinkers, the province of art is sharply separated from the province of utility. Mr. Spencer points out that every other human activity, "the bodily powers, the intellectual faculties, the instincts, appetites, passions," and even those "egoistic sentiments which prompt care of property and liberty, or those ego-altruistic ones which regulate conduct

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towards others," are all useful to society; they have for their immediate or remote end the maintenance of individual or social life. Not to be necessary, or useful, to the individual or society is the proud and singular distinction of the activities which are employed in the production and enjoyment of the Fine Arts. According to Mr. Spencer, the aim of the Fine Arts is to produce something which shall be at the same time pleasant and useless. If this be so, it is difficult to see why the country should waste money in the endeavour to teach Englishmen to produce anything useless, even though it be pleasant.

It is not Nature alone which, in the prodigality of its productive energy, brings organisms into a world, where the stress of adverse circumstances shall prevent their ever performing the functions which their fellows seem created to perform. Modern industry is responsible for similar tragedies, and it is easy to imagine an article of human apparel, manufactured by the thousand, which has, unfortunately, failed to find the purchaser for whom it was intended. Hanging disconsolately in some retail establishment, it might lure Mr. Spencer, or any other eminent thinker, into a clothes philosophy, as amusing and one-sided as is the æsthetic theory under consideration; provided—and this is the important point—provided they had never experienced in their own persons the uses for which such garments are generally employed, nor been instructed by their more experienced fellows in them. In such a case, the appeal to experience would alone prevent the greatest intellect from error and, similarly, the appeal to experience is sufficient to warrant the dismissal of Mr. Spencer's theory as inadequate.

Of the art of primitive tribes and nations, little is known to to us that can rightly be considered useless. Most of it came into being to serve very definite ends. It was a means of record and of imparting information; it was an important agent in the magical and totemistic bonds of tribal solidarity; it was also the instrument of the historical and biographical requirements of savage man. In Egypt and in Greece, painting and

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sculpture always had religious and social ends. They expressed, in the oldest language, the doctrines of the priests, popularised the national and social virtues, glorified the rulers and the achievements of the race. In mediæval Italy they formed the most effective means of bringing before the minds of men, the horrors of hell and the temporal splendour and power of the founder of their Church; while round the figure of Mary, they grouped the bewitching grace and the loveliness and sacredness of motherhood. In the hands of the artists, the Virgin Mother became the supreme manifestation of woman's affection and self-sacrifice. The written word, with its tedious and cumbersome methods of calling up ideas by means of arbitrary signs, whose significance has to be learnt by a long process, was ineffective compared with the pictorial language, which calls up ideas by signs invariably associated with them by experience, and whose power of recall is, therefore, so instantaneous and impressive.

I know not what misbegotten and misapplied wastrel of modern art may have induced Mr. Spencer to assume so rashly the uses and functions of all art. But if, throughout the largest known portion of man's history we find, as we undoubtedly do, that painting and sculpture have acquitted themselves as the potent allies of religion, of sociological stability and advancement; and that the wisest and most capable men have not disdained to employ them, to guide them, and superintend them for these ends; then this I know very well, that it is not accurate to define the essential quality of art as its uselessness to society.

But if we turn from the jejune speculations of men, distinguished and able enough in other departments of knowledge, but singularly uninformed in this, we find, on the other hand, men whose personal enthusiasm for the activities exercised by art leads them to claim so much for it that all the boundaries seem abolished. Hegel's theory of art suffers from this defect: "The absolute realising itself in the relative; the absolute passing out of latency into self-manifestation." This definition,

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profound and true as it may be, yet surely is too unlimited and indefinite!

Enough has now been said to show that no satisfactory answer to the problem of the social effect of the Fine Arts has yet been given. But such an answer, of fundamental importance though it be, will only express in general terms the result towards which every branch of art is consciously, or unconsciously, striving. It will only set up the boundaries, will only, as it were, delimit the territory which will have to be conquered. Suppose, for a moment, that Ruskin's dictum should prove correct, and painting be "nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." That would not go far in enabling us to estimate the value of any work, or help us to build up a rational system of education. If painting is only a language it will be necessary to know what ideas it is most fitted to express, and wherein it differs as a medium of communication from the written and spoken language. *A priori* deductions of what art should, or ought to, do are totally misleading. It is only safe to assume that what art has once done it can, given similar conditions, do again. The accurate and careful study of all art-remains will have to be undertaken, and the reasons for which these works were brought into existence made evident.

Of a truth, the numerous so-called Histories of Art which have been put forth are of a nature to obscure the degree of our ignorance of the art of the past. So much enthusiasm and labour has been devoted to the discovery and the publication of details of the private lives of art-producers the question of the accurate chronology of individual specimens of art has loomed so large, that the need for further and different efforts, is not apparent. It is, nevertheless, only too true that a reliable history of art must still be set down as "wanting." For though a certain class of writers attach such extraordinary importance to information about Michael Angelo's broken nose, to Andrea del Sarto's unfortunate marital relations; though the facts that

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would warrant our considering Turner of a mean and grasping disposition, or Sir Joshua a warm-hearted but prudent gentleman, or a cold, calculating, heartless man, are debated at large with much gravity; yet one is bound to confess that from our point of view these matters seem trivial and extraneous. If only half the time and labour that has been squandered over the petty accidents of Turner's life had been spent in the intelligent study of his works, we should not be as ignorant as we are of the essentials of good landscape painting, nor of the means for its production. Consider the wealth of material at hand for such a course of study! In the National Gallery hang specimens of the work of the untrained boy, the uncouth water-colours where every object is outlined by a thick ink-line, and the whole completed by washes of dirty and disagreeable colour. Under the same roof hang specimens of the work done by the artist in every stage of his development. The alterations of method and practice are the result, not of chance, but of deliberate design. From the first bald and childish efforts, we see him learning to produce those elaborate and complex works which are capable of affecting mankind so profoundly, but so inexplicably. What are the steps by which the man has passed from this one extreme to the other? If we could only state exactly what he had done in each of these pictures, we could express, in unmistakable language, the steps by which simple art develops into complex.

To write the history of art is to make evident the successive steps of this development. Whether we trace it in the individual or in the race, we are sure to be struck by the similarity of the streams of tendency thus discovered. We can study, across the ages, the gradual unfolding of the graphic ability of mankind; and in each individual artist we can trace the same law of development unfolding itself. That the great paintings in the National Gallery have hitherto defied all rigid analysis is not to be wondered at. For the method of investigation which has proved so successful in the study and classification of natural phenomena has yet to be adopted.

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Instead of starting with the most complex specimens, the simplest would have first to be studied.

It is strange how far we are from even the first attempts at any such method of study. Only the most complex and highly developed works of art are considered fit for notice by the highly strung and enthusiastic writers, whose hyperbolical periods and turgid rhetoric are supposed to constitute the high-water mark of art-criticism. Had physiologists been content to remain thus, in an attitude of mental and physical fluster before the most complex organisms, instead of, with diligence and painstaking effort, analysing and comparing the simplest, our knowledge of the functions and relations of the human body would be as vague, fragmentary, and inaccurate, as is our knowledge of the functions and relations of the plastic activities of man.

It is a remarkable instance of the lack of perception of the useful ends to be sought by a study of art-history, that the sole aim of all writers, up to the present, has been to differentiate its various manifestations and to mark off one from another as totally and radically distinct. Secondary differences are exalted into fundamental ones, and art is broken up into arbitrary and useless divisions. Conventional art is opposed to Realistic, Decorative to Expressive, Classic to Romantic, Romantic to Naturalistic, and Naturalistic to Impressionistic. As no effort is made to realise the fundamental unity of aim which underlies all graphic art, the minor differences are not seen in their proper proportions. Even Ruskin, whose disinterested love of art enabled him to penetrate so deeply into its meaning, must "divide the art of Christian times into two great masses, Symbolic and Imitative;—the Symbolic reaching from the earliest periods down to the close of the fourteenth century, the Imitative from that close to the present time." If modern Imitative art is the due development of the art of the past, a closer investigation would have revealed the fact that art was only undergoing a progressive differentiation or further development, and that there was not that profound and radical distinction that was supposed. In

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the same way, in his endeavour to exalt the achievements of Turner, Ruskin did not attach sufficient importance to the work of the preceding painters who alone rendered Turner's achievements possible. By ignoring, or belittling, the work of the Van de Veldes, of Bakhuizen, de Koninck, Van de Cappelle, Cuyp, Rubens, Gellée, Gaspard Dughet, Wilson, and Gainsborough, the glory of Turner was supposed to be increased. It would have been more instructive to have shown how his work, at first dependent upon theirs, gradually came to represent a higher or more complex development. But Ruskin's failing has set the bad vogue for all forms of panegyric, and every writer, to-day, who undertakes to laud the achievements of any single artist, is at great pains to prove that his work is totally different from, and quite uninfluenced by, any art that has gone before. It is surprising that the gentlemen who write the advertisements for other industries do not take the hint; they might claim, for instance, their bicycles of the 1902 pattern as being constructed on principles absolutely and fundamentally different from those of last year's machines. Whether the bait would prove equally tempting in the one case, as it is supposed to be in the other, it is difficult to say; but it would be equally true.

However, it would never do to imagine that the artistic millennium is likely to arrive, even when we know for certain what is the sociological value of art, and have attained some clear ideas of its life-history. Such knowledge will not enable everybody to turn out the best art, without any effort; nor is it at all likely to ensure the possibility of its production by machinery. At most, it can only supply the data necessary for the elaboration of a rational system of education; and it may place the patronage of art on, what may be called, a sound business basis. But until we have such knowledge, I have no hesitation in saying no Government would be justified in spending one penny of public money in the direct support of any kind, or branch, of Fine Art. That the money spent every year on Art-education in England is not wholly wasted is because much of it is used in providing facilities for self-education and self-improvement,

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for earnest and self-reliant workers; but the whole system of education at present in vogue is tentative and empirical, and it is liable—nay, certain!—to require the most drastic and complete revolution of its methods, as soon as the knowledge which is now absent shall come into being.

ALEXANDER J. FINBERG.

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THE STORY OF A FAMOUS BOTTICELLI

VASARI, in his life of Botticelli, speaks of the little altar-piece, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, in two several places, by way of especial commendation; a thing which he does of no other work by the master. After ascribing to him the altar-piece in the National Gallery, which is now known to have been painted by Francesco Botticini, for the chapel of Matteo Palmieri in San Pier Maggiore, Vasari goes on to relate that

at this time, Sandro was commissioned to paint a little picture on panel, with figures of three quarters of a *braccio* each, which was placed in Santa Maria Novella between the two doors of the principal façade of the church, to the left on entering by the middle door; and therein is the *Adoration of the Magi*, in which is seen so great a love in the first old Mage that, as he kisses the foot of our Lord, and is overcome with tenderness, he plainly shows that he has accomplished the end of his long journey. And the figure of this king is the proper portrait of Cosimo de' Medici, the elder; and of all those that are to be found at the present day the most lifelike and the most natural. The second, who is Giuliano de' Medici, father of Pope Clement VII., is seen, all intent with his soul, devoutly doing reverence to the Child, and offering him his gift. The third, who is also kneeling, and who appears, as he adores him, to render him thanksgiving, and confess him the true Messiah, is Giovanni, the son of Cosimo. Nor can the beauty be described which Sandro showed in the heads, that are to be seen therein, which are turned in divers attitudes, some in full face, some in profile, some in three-quarter face, and some bending down, and others in other manners; nor the diversity of airs both of young and old, with all those rare fancies that are able to make known the perfection of

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his workmanship: he having distinguished between the retinues of the three kings in such a manner that one is able to perceive which are the servants of one king, and which of the other. A work it is, certainly most admirable, and for colouring, design and composition, carried to so fine a finish, that to the present day every craftsman remains astounded at it: and at that time it brought him, both in Florence and abroad, such renown that Pope Sixtus IIII., having built the chapel in the Palace at Rome, and wishing to have it painted, ordered that he should become the director of the work.[1]

Except that Vasari adds in the second edition, the statement that the figure of the third Mage is a portrait of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, the passage is the same in both editions of the "Lives." Vasari, as I have said, alludes to the picture a second time, towards the end of the life of Botticelli, in a passage which stands thus in the first edition:

Truly Sandro deserved great praise in all the pictures which he made, wherein he was constrained by the love and passion which he bore towards his art; and although he may have been led, as I have said, to the things by which the beautiful considerations of the art are, through hypocrisy, rendered distasteful [Vasari is here alluding to the baneful influence which the teaching of Savonarola exercised over Botticelli's art]; it does not, therefore, follow that his works are not beautiful and greatly praised, and especially the panel of the Magi in Santa Maria Novella.[2]

Of the writers who followed Vasari, Raffaello Borghini in his *Riposo*,[3] and Filippo Baldinucci, in his *Notizie dei Professori del Disegno*,[4] are content with reproducing, in a more or less modified form, Vasari's notice of this altar-piece. On the other hand, Francesco Bocchi and Giovanni Cinelli in their editions of the *Bellezze di Fiorenza*, which appeared severally in 1591 and 1677, make no allusion to the picture in their description of Santa Maria Novella. The earliest indication of the subsequent fate of the picture occurs in the annotated edition of the *Riposo* of Borghini, published at Florence in 1730, where it is recorded in a note, that at that time the altar-piece had

[1] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol i., par. ii., p. 472.
[2] Vasari, ed. 1550, vol. i., par. ii., p. 496.
[3] *L.c.*, Fiorenza, 1584, p. 352.
[4] *L.c.*, Firenze, 1681, vol. iii. p. 138.

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PLATE I.—The Adoration of the Magi, by Sandro Botticelli, now in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, and now in the Gallery of the Uffizi, No. 1286

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Original from

already disappeared from the church.[1] For more than a century, the commentators appear to have made no attempt to discover what might have become of the picture; so little was Botticelli regarded at that time. At length, in the fifth volume of the Florentine edition of Vasari, published by Le Monnier, which appeared in 1849, it was stated in a note to the passage in question, that the altar-piece once in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and long thought to have been lost, had been recently discovered by Carlo Pini, one of the annotators of that edition, "still fresh and well preserved in Florence, in the Royal Gallery of the Uffizi, where up till now it has been admired as a stupendous work by Domenico del Ghirlandaio."[2] Carlo Pini's attribution has long been endorsed by all intelligent students of Florentine painting; and the *Adoration of the Magi* in the Uffizi, No. 1286, is now generally acknowledged to be the altar-piece by Botticelli, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella. But although more conjectures than enough have been put forward concerning the portraits which the picture contains, or is supposed to contain, the researches of the modern archivist have hitherto failed to bring to light any document which might illustrate its origin, or history.

In the course of my reading in the Riccardian Library at Florence, I chanced upon a *Sepolcrario*, or catalogue of all the tombs and chapels in the church of Santa Maria Novella, "diligently copied," so ran the title-page, "from the original, in the possession of the Fathers of the said church, by me, Father Gaetano Martini, in the year of our Lord, 1729." It appears from an inscription on another page, that the original was compiled in 1617, when Niccolò Sermartelli was prior. There, in the course of the description of the chapels and tombs in the nave of the church, I found the following passage:

THE ALTAR OF THE VECCHIETTI.

Between the two doors, that is to say, between the middle door [of the façade] and the door on the side towards San Benedetto, is the altar of the

[1] *L.c.* p. 285.

[2] Vasari, ed. Le Monnier, 1846, vol. v. p. 116, note.

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Annunciation, of the family of the Vecchietti, which was anciently erected by Giovanni Lami, a citizen of Florence, together with a sepulchre of marble, under the title of the Epiphany, and called the Altar of the Magi, because there had been painted in the *Ancona* by Sandro Botticelli, a most excellent painter, the story of the three Magi, held by all to be a marvellously fine work, which, in the course of renewing the altar, was taken away by Fabio Mandragoni, the Spaniard, and placed in his palace, which he had built a little distance from the said church; and in that exchange, he caused the picture to be executed, which is at present to be seen there, wherein was painted by Santi di Tito, a most rare painter, the *Annunciation of the Virgin by the Angel*. This altar was the first time constructed of the richest marbles, and ornamented with the noblest carvings, by the aforesaid Lami; and afterwards it passed to the family of the Fedini. They, after possessing it many years, sold it to Fabio Mandragoni, who then remade the altar, pulling down the old one in order to follow the order of the altars, and covering with the steps of the altar the burying-place of the first founder of the house of Lami, intending to make his own in front of it, conformable to what the other Patrons of the Altars had done, who in the reparation of the church placed their tombs in front of their altars; but this thing did not come to pass, (for what reason I know not,) and he sold it to Bernardo di Giovanni Vecchietti, on the condition that he might remove the arms of the Mandragoni, and place there those of the Vecchietti, as we see at present.

The aforesaid panel [the writer adds by way of correction, meaning that of the *Annunciation*, painted by Santi di Tito,] was executed at the instance of the Vecchietti, when they entirely completed the said chapel left unfinished by Il Mandragoni.

At the foot of this passage in the original manuscript, are tricked the arms of Lami, or del Lama—viz., or, a chevron gules.[1]

It is evident, then, from this account, that Vasari was in error when he stated that Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* was originally placed above the altar to the left of the principal door of the façade, on entering the church; an altar which, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, if not earlier, belonged to the Attavanti. On the contrary, the altar above which it was placed, formerly stood to the right of the principal door of the façade, on entering the church; between that door and the door opening into the right aisle of the nave, which

[1] The original document will be found printed at length in the Appendix.

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Plate [illegible] a Portrait of Pietro da Mercato, B Cristoforo, by Niccolò Dalfiorello from the "Information" the Magi [illegible] ance at Santa Maria Novella.

b Bust of Pietro da Mercato, A Cristoforo, by Mino da Fiesole now in the Antiquities at Florence No. [illegible].

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adjoined the now destroyed Chapel of Saint Benedict. On the wall, against which this altar once stood, is now to be seen Masaccio's fresco of the *Trinity*, which was removed to its present position, during the barbarous restoration of the church in 1858–61, from above the third altar in the left aisle of the nave, where it had been discovered behind Vasari's large altar-piece of the *Madonna del Rosario*.[1]

The family of Lami, or del Lama, is first heard of during the latter years of the Florentine Republic; the earliest record of the name which I have met with is of one "Mattheus Joannis de Lama," who matriculated in the Arte di Calimala in 1379. No member of the family appears to have enjoyed the Priorship, or other office of distinction under the Republic; and the family has been ennobled only in comparatively modern times. Giovanni Lami, the founder of the Altar of the Magi, was probably a successful merchant, and an adherent of the Medici. The Altar of the Magi must have passed, probably by marriage, to the Fedini (since they did not remove the arms of Lami), no great while after the death of the founder; for the compiler of the *Sepolcrario* records that the Fedini had possessed it "many years," when they sold it to Mondragone, *c.* 1570. The family of the Fedini was more distinguished than that of the Lami. Among other honours, they enjoyed the Priorship on twenty-two occasions between 1397 and 1531; and more than one member of the family figures in Florentine history during the sixteenth century.[2]

Don Fabio Arazzola, Marchese di Mondragone, who, according to the writer of the *Sepolcrario*, bought the altar and altar-piece of the Magi from the Fedini, was tutor, and afterwards chamberlain and *gran favorito* of the Duke Francesco de' Medici. The palace near Santa Maria Novella, which Mondragone built for himself from the designs of Ammannati, still stands at the Canto de' Cini, where the

[1] Vasari, ed. Sansoni, vol. ii. p. 291, note.

[2] Firenze: Biblioteca Nazionale, *Sommario delle Famiglie di Firenze di Piero Monaldi*, cod. II., I., 129; B. Varchi: *Istorie Fiorentine*, &c.

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Via del Giglio runs into the Via de' Banchi. Agostino Lapini records in his "Diary," that it was begun in the month of February, 1567-8.[1] To this palace Mondragone removed Botticelli's altar-piece, according to the writer of the *Sepolcrario;* and it is possible to corroborate his story, in so far that not only may the date of its removal be ascertained within a year or two, but also the reason why the new altar-piece begun by Mondragone in Santa Maria Novella was left unfinished by him.

Vasari, in his own life, which first appeared in the second edition of 1568, relates that the Grand Duke Cosimo I.

> has lately caused me to remove the choir-screen of the church of Santa Maria Novella, which took all the beauty away from the building, having first made a new and sumptuous choir behind the high altar, in order that the old one which occupied a great part of the middle of the church, might be done away with, which makes it appear a new and most beautiful church, which it is. And since works which do not possess an order and proportion in common among themselves cannot be entirely beautiful, he has ordered that in the aisles of the nave are to be made, in such a way that they correspond to one another in the middle of the arches, between column and column, rich ornaments of stone after a new fashion, which may serve with their altars in the midst for chapels, and may be of one or two manners; and that afterwards in the panels which go within the said ornaments, seven *braccia* high and five wide, may be executed paintings according to the will and pleasure of the patrons of those chapels.

Vasari then adds that at that time, in the summer of 1567, he had already painted two of the panels for these altar-pieces.[2] The work of removing the old choir from the body of the church of Santa Maria Novella, and forming a new one behind the high altar, was finished in April 1566; and the same year the lateral altars in the aisles of the church were begun to be renewed from a common design by Vasari, a process which entailed the removal or covering of the old altar-pieces

[1] A. Lapini, *Diario Fiorentino*, Firenze, 1900, p. 157. The tradition that the first meetings between the Duke Francesco and Bianca Cappello were brought about in this palace, through the machinations of Mondragone and his wife, has not stood the test of modern criticism.

[2] Vasari, ed. 1568, vol. iii., par. iii., p. 1001.

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Plate [illegible] (a) Portrait of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, by Sandro Botticelli, from the [illegible] Adoration of the Magi, now in Santa Maria Novella.

(b) Miniature of Giovanni di Cosimo de' Medici, copied from the portrait by Botticelli by some follower of Jacopo Bonaccorsi, in the Uffizi Gallery, No. [illegible].

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and frescoes which adorned them.[1] The work proceeded slowly, for it would seem that more than one of the families who then owned these altars, rather than be put to the cost of providing new altar-pieces, sold their rights to others who were more wealthy, or more anxious than they, to contribute to the Duke's scheme for beautifying the church. The altar-piece of the *Deposition*, by Battista Naldini, over the fourth altar in the right aisle, is dated 1572; and those of *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*, over the second altar, and of *San Giacinto*, over the last altar of the left aisle, by Alessandro Allori, are severally dated 1575 and 1596.[2]

Such were the circumstances under which Mondragone acquired the altar of the Magi; but while the work of renewing it in accordance with the design of Vasari, was in course of execution, an unlooked-for mischance brought the undertaking to an abrupt termination. On August 12, 1575, Lapini records in his "Diary":

> The Grand Duke Francesco gave Mandragone, the Spaniard, formerly his favourite, to understand that before the end of the coming September, he must quit his dominion—having first paid all his debts. He departed before that time had expired, and sold his fine house at the Canto de' Cini, to Zanobi Carnesecchi, it is said for 7000 scudi.[3]

It appears that Philip II. of Spain had offered to the Duke Francesco di' Medici, Port' Ercole in pawn for a loan of 800,000 scudi. The Duke confided to Mondragone, who was then Master of the Chamber, that he considered such a transaction would be greatly to the advantage of the State: whereupon Mondragone wrote to the King of Spain to inform him of Francesco's satisfaction, and to dissuade him from so unequal a bargain. Philip followed his advice, and sent to Francesco, as his reason for wishing to withdraw the proposal, the letter of Mondragone.[4]

[1] A. Lapini, *Diario*, pp. 152–3. *Cp.* J. Gaye, *Carteggio inedito*, vol. ii. p. 480.

[2] G. Richa, *Chiese Fiorentine*, Firenze, 1754, vol. iii. p. 72.

[3] A. Lapini, *Diario*, p. 188.

[4] M. Lastri, *L'Osservatore Fiorentino*, Firenze, 1776, vol. i., par. iv., p. 171.

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Bernardo Vecchietti who bought the unfinished altar at the dispersion of Mondragone's effects in 1575, was a great *virtuoso*, who figures in the *Riposo* of Raffaello Borghini, and who by an odd coincidence possessed the little *St. Augustine* by Botticelli, now in the Uffizi, which Vasari mistook for a work by Fra Filippo. The new altar-piece of the *Annunciation* which was painted for the Vecchietti by Santi di Tito, was, according to Giovanni Cinelli, the last work of that master, who died in 1603.[1] The altar of the Vecchietti remained in its original position, in Santa Maria Novella, against the wall where now is the *Trinity* of Masaccio, until it was swept away, during the restoration of the church, in 1858–61, with the other altar-frames designed by Vasari.

The subsequent fate of Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi* becomes, during an interval of some two centuries, a matter of conjecture. It probably passed at an early date, if not at the dispersion of Mondragone's property in 1575, into the Grand Ducal Collection, and was among the pictures that were taken to the Villa of Poggio Imperiale, after its reconstruction by Giulio Parigi in 1622, on account of the portraits of the Medici which it contains. A seventeenth-century traveller relates that he saw at Poggio Imperiale, in one gallery, "the true pictures of divers late Princes of the house of Austria, of the house of Medices, and of other Princes their allies."[2] Be this as it may, the picture was brought to the Uffizi from the Villa of Poggio Imperiale; its *provenance* and the date at which it came to the gallery being thus recorded on a label at the back of the picture, "Imperiale, 13 Maggio 1796."

Of "the many portraits from life," to use the phrase of the *Anonimo Gaddiano*, which are to be found in this picture, I must speak more briefly than this part of my subject deserves. The figure of the first Mage who kneels at the feet of the Virgin, in a stately dress of black, embroidered with gold, and lined with ermine, is a portrait of Cosimo de' Medici, Pater

[1] G. Cinelli, *Bellezze di Firenze*, ed. 1677, p. 240.

[2] R. Lassels, *The Voyage of Italy*, Paris, 1670, par. i. p. 205.

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Plate I. The "Night Mediums." By Sandor Bolt, 19—, now in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Boston, U. S. A.

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Patriae, as Vasari notes. The head has apparently been taken from the medal of Cosimo, attributed to Michelozzo Michelozzi, which exists in more than one version.[1] Below the Virgin, in the nearer foreground of the picture, kneels, in an ample robe of scarlet lined with ermine, the figure of the second Mage, which Vasari mistook for a portrait of Giuliano di Piero de' Medici. In the massive head, the shrewd, sharply cut profile, the powerful jaw and thick-set neck, it is not hard to recognise the features of Piero, Il Gottoso, the father of Giuliano, and the son of Cosimo. The bust of Piero, by Mino da Fiesole, now in the Bargello, No. 234, apart from the other portraits of him which have come down to us, sufficiently disproves Vasari's assertion in regard to this portrait.[2] On the right of the figure of Piero, in the person of the third Mage in a white habit, kneels his brother, Giovanni di Cosimo, according to Vasari. He is represented as a young man, though he died at the age of forty-two, in 1461. This head undoubtedly passed as a portrait of Giovanni, in Vasari's time; for both the miniature ascribed to Bronzino, in the Uffizi, No. 3868, and the large portrait, No. 5, which now hangs with the other portraits of the Medici, among the copies made by Cristofano dell' Altissimo for Cosimo I., in the gallery leading from the Uffizi to the Palazzo Pitti, were both taken from it.[3] The bust of Giovanni, by Mino da Fiesole, now in the Bargello, No. 236, represents him as an older man.

Of the other portraits which this painting is supposed to contain, it is difficult to speak with any certainty. On the extreme left of the picture is a group of three figures, who are engaged in conversation: the young man in hose and tunic, with his hands resting before him on the hilt of his sword, has been thought to represent Giuliano di Piero de' Medici; the figure behind him, who leans over his right shoulder, Angelo Poliziano; and the third figure who stands on their left, conversing with them, Lorenzo, Il Magnifico. A glance, however,

[1] Reproduced in J. Friedländer: *Die Italienischen Schaumünzen*, Berlin, 1882, Pl. XXVII. [2] See Plate 2. [3] See Plate 3.

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at the portraits of Lorenzo and Poliziano, which Domenico Ghirlandaio has introduced into the story of the *Confirmation of the Rule of St. Francis*, painted *c.* 1483–6, above the altar of the Cappella Sassetti in Santa Trinita, at Florence, suffices to show that the figures in question hardly bear so much as a superficial resemblance to them; nor does the third figure really contain any of the characteristic features which mark the portrait-bust of Giuliano de' Medici, bearing the name of Botticelli, in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, No. 21. In my opinion, these heads, like those of the corresponding group of three figures immediately behind Giovanni de' Medici, on the other side of the picture, are not portraits at all, but merely heads of Botticelli's peculiar manneristic type. Some of the other heads on either side of the picture are no doubt portraits; but it is far easier to make surmises as to whom they may represent, than to substantiate them. Only in one instance has a conjecture been put forward which bears the stamp of probability: the full-length figure in the yellow robe, on the extreme right of the composition, looking out of the picture, is doubtless a portrait of the painter. Only one other portrait of Botticelli has survived, in the fresco of the *Crucifixion of St. Peter* and *St. Peter and St. Paul before the Proconsul*, in the Brancacci chapel in the Carmine, which Filippino probably painted after Sandro's return from Rome, in 1482. From Filippino's portrait Vasari copied the woodcut which is prefixed to the life of Botticelli, in the edition of 1568. For the rest, it is possible that some of the remaining portraits in the *Adoration* may represent the donor and his family; but hardly the motley, though illustrious, crowd which Dr. Ulmann fondly imagined himself to have discovered in them.

For the moment, however, I wish to lay stress on the fact that this *Adoration* contains no portrait of Giuliano de' Medici; for this is the only clue which we possess to the date of the picture, apart from internal evidence of style. Giovanni Lami, it would seem, was some Florentine merchant who wishing to ingratiate himself with the Medici, caused the three immediate

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Plate [illegible] head of the group of the Virgin and Child in the "Adoration," by Sandro Botticelli, now in Santa Maria Novella.

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ancestors of Lorenzo and Giuliano to be represented as the three Magi; a compliment which even in the fifteenth century would hardly have been extended to a living person. Had the picture been painted subsequently to the murder of Giuliano de' Medici, on April 26, 1478, we should have expected to find his portrait, rather than that of Giovanni, in the figure of the third Mage. Again, this *Adoration* is but slightly earlier in style than the *Spring*, a work of the year 1478, if I rightly interpret certain documentary indications which I have come upon in the course of my researches: in other words I take this *Adoration* to have been painted *c.* 1476–7. It marks the transition from his early Pollaiuolesque period, to the time when his manner became perfectly formed, as we already see it in the *Spring*. As an illustration of the development of Botticelli's art during this period (and no more striking illustration exists), there will be found reproduced side by side for comparison, in Plates 4, 5, and 6, the *Chigi Madonna*, now in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, of Boston, U.S.A., the group of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph and Cosimo de' Medici, from the *Adoration* once in Santa Maria Novella, and the head of Venus from the *Spring*. Especially remarkable is the similarity between the Child and the Virgin's hand in the *Chigi Madonna* and the *Adoration*, not only in type and form, but even in such defects as the disproportion of the Virgin's hands. Again, the head of the Virgin in the *Adoration*, and of the Venus in the *Spring*, are no less alike.

All such indications as we possess, serve to show that the *Adoration*, once in the church of Santa Maria Novella, was the work which established the reputation of Botticelli in Florence, as one of the first masters of his day. The reputation of a painter at that time, as the pages of Vasari abundantly show, was established by pictures and frescoes executed for the churches and public buildings, and not by smaller works for private houses. Up to the time of the execution of this *Adoration*, *c.* 1476–7, Botticelli had apparently executed only two paintings for public buildings in Florence; namely, the

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Fortitude in the Court of the Mercanzia, a work which he executed as the assistant of the Pollaiuoli, a little before 1470, and the *St. Sebastian* which was once in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and which according to the *Anonimo Gaddiano* was dated January 1478–4. How partially his reputation was established at that time may be argued from the fact that when, in 1474, he was called to Pisa to paint an *Assumption* in the cathedral, on the condition that if it pleased the *Operai*, he was to be employed on the Campo Santo, so little was his work approved that even this trial-piece remained unfinished.[1] One of the first things which Botticelli's achievement in the *Adoration* of Santa Maria Novella procured for him was the patronage of the Medici. In 1478, after the murder of Giuliano, he was employed, no doubt at the instance of Lorenzo himself, to paint the effigies of the Pazzi conspirators on the front of the Bargello; and about the same time he was commissioned to paint the *Spring*, the first of a series of pictures and frescoes which he executed for the decoration of the Medicean palaces and villas. Some three years later, in 1481, "so great was the renown" which this *Adoration* brought him, as Vasari records, "both in Florence and abroad," that he was appointed by Sistus IV., the master-painter to direct the decoration of the Sistine Chapel.

Of all Botticelli's works, this *Adoration of the Magi* is the most obviously and elaborately scientific; the picture less marked by those bizarre traits of manner and sentiment which we have come to regard as his grand characteristic. Is it not a little significant that the work which, according to Vasari, was considered by his contemporaries to be his finest production, should of all his pictures be the one which is the least in accordance with our modern conception of his genius?

HERBERT P. HORNE.

[1] L. T. Centofanti, *Notizie di Artisti tratte dai Documenti Pisani*, Pisa, 1898, p. 452.

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Plate 6.—Detail of the Figure of Venus. From the picture of the "Spring," by Sandro Botticelli, in the Academy at Florence.

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APPENDIX.

Firenze: R. Biblioteca Riccardiana. Codice 1935. *Sepolcrario della Chiesa di S. Mª. Novella, di Firenze; copiato diligentemente dall' originale, che è appresso i PPri della medesima chiesa, da me P. Gaetano Martini* [&c.] *Anno Domini MDCCXXVIIII.*

[It appears from the inscription on p. 9, that the original was compiled "Anno Domini MDCXVII," when Niccolò Sermartelli was prior.]

(p. 68) ALTARE DE VECCHIETTI.

Frà due Porte, cioè frà la Porta del mezzo, e la Porta uerso S. Benedetto, altare della Nunziata della famiglia de Vecchietti il quale anticamᵉ fù eretto da Gio. Lami cittadᵒ Fiorentino insieme con un sepolcro di marmo sotto il Titolo dell' Epifania, e chiamauasi l' Altare de magi perche era stata dipinta nell' Ancona da Sandro Botticelli Pittore eccellentissimo la storia de tre magi, opera marauigliosa tenuta da tutti, la quale in rifare detta altare fù da Fabio Mandragoni spagnolo leuata e messa nel suo Palazzo, che poco lontano dalla detta Chiesa laueua fabbricato, et in quello scambio ui fece fare quella che dipresente si uede, doue da Santi di Tito Pittore rarissimo fù dentroui dipinto la Vergine annunziata dall' Angelo. Questo Altare fù la prima uolta fatto di ricchissimi marmi, e nobilissⁱ Intagli ornato dal soprascritto Lami il quale doppo peruenne nella famiglia dei Fedini. Costoro dopo hauerlo tenuto molti anni lo uenderono a Fabio mandragoni, che poi rifece l' Altare guastando il Vecchio per seguitare l' ordine delli Altari, ricoprendo con gli Scalini dell' Altare la sepoltura del primo fondatore di Casa Lami, per farci dinanzi la sua, conforme a che haueuano fatto gli altri Padroni delli Altari, i quali in raccomodare la Chiesa posono i loro sepolcri dinanzi ai loro Altari; la qual cosa non seguì per che la cagion non sò, e lo uendè a Bernardo di Gio. Vecchietti con patto di leuar l' Arme di Casa sua et in uece di quella lasciarci porre quella de Vecchietti come al presente uediamo.

La sopradetta tauola [*i.e.*, da Santi di Tito] fù fatta fare dai Vecchietti quando finirono del tutto la dª Cappella lasciata imperfetta dal Mandragoni.

The arms of "Lami ò del Lama" are emblazoned on p. 69: Or, a chevron gules.

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MRS. GALLUP AND FRANCIS BACON

OTHERS have dealt with the technical value of the "Biliteral Cypher" by which, according to the ingenious Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup (of Detroit, Michigan), Francis Bacon revealed the secret of his life. It is not about the cypher that I am concerned. We are not all judges of cyphers; I therefore propose to rest my exposure on indisputable facts of history. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that Francis Bacon (or Dudley) under the names of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and so on, wrote the greater part of Elizabethan literature. Let us grant that this singular secret, known to so many men, was revealed by none. Let it be admitted that Edmund Spenser and Marlowe accepted the laurels which they did not win, and the royalties (if any) which accrued from Bacon's works. Shakespeare (whose real reputation, let it be conceded to the theory, was merely that of an actor, not of an author) was not more dainty, nor was Greene, nor was Peele.

Next we are to grant that for more than thirty years Bacon not only wrote the bulk of Elizabethan literature, but also, under the disguise of a "biliteral cypher," filled his unacknowledged works with an enormous secret message to posterity. For over thirty years the printers in various offices were busy introducing arbitrary varieties of type *from two founts* (of which so eminent a specialist as Mr. Sidney Lee finds no trace), and the letters thus introduced contained the secret. Nobody's suspicions were aroused; the printers were as silent as Bacon's many "masks"—the sham poets—had been.

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Let all these things be admitted, as not physically impossible, for the sake of argument, and then allow me to examine the contents of Bacon's message, as deciphered by Mrs. Gallup. The result will be to prove that the statesman, the lawyer, the scientific pioneer, the "only begetter" of Elizabethan poetry, was mad, stark, staring mad. With Mrs. Browning we must say,

> Oh, poets, from a maniac's tongue
> Was poured the deathless singing.

When I first saw Mrs. Gallup's book, I noticed that, if she correctly interpreted the cypher, Bacon must have been a lunatic. This discovery I imparted, in a brief article, to the readers of the *Morning Post* (August 1901). A more detailed and elaborate demonstration seems to be needed.

Before proving this fact of Bacon's lunacy, so interesting to the psychologist, a word or two should be said about that volume by Mrs. Gallup, which has been brought into notice by Mr. Mallock, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1901. The volume is entitled:

THE
BILITERAL CYPHER
OF
SIR FRANCIS BACON

DISCOVERED IN HIS WORKS
AND DECIPHERED BY
MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP

SECOND EDITION
(LIMITED)
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LONDON, GAY AND BIRD
No Date

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The first essay is "Personal, to the Reader," and is signed by Mrs. Gallup (March 1, 1899). Then comes "Explanatory Introduction (First Edition)," unsigned, but obviously *not* by Mrs. Gallup. Next is "Preface. Second Edition" unsigned, *not*, apparently, by Mrs. Gallup. Next, after some detached papers, we find a brief account of Bacon; then an essay on cyphers; then samples of old title-pages and old type, and *then* begin (with fresh pagination) the interpretations of Bacon's cypher as found, first, in works nominally by Edmund Spenser, but really, according to Mrs. Gallup, by the versatile Verulam. The accuracy of Mrs. Gallup shines when she writes of "Lord Macauley" twice, and of "De-Quincy" once, in two consecutive pages (i. 41, 42). This is the lady with so keen an eye for letters from different "founts" (on which the whole theory of a "biliteral cypher" depends), that she can pick up these peculiarities in what is called "a photographic facsimile of the First Folio"; perhaps "Macauley" and "De-Quincy" are keys to a cypher of her own, not the blunders of an unlettered lady amateur from Detroit, Michigan, U.S.

The consistency of Mrs. Gallup next amazes us. Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare resemble each other in style (or so she says), because "one hand wrote them all" (*i.* p. *8*). But Bacon (deciphered) avers, "I varied my style to suit different men, since no two show the same taste and like imagination" (i. p. 84). Then, why are the styles of the four poets so closely similar as Mrs. Gallup declares them to be? Bacon "let his own [style] be seen," as if the style of the actual recognised Bacon in the least resembled the styles of the four poets, or of Ben Jonson. They all, however, wrote like the recognised Bacon because Bacon "wrote them all." Moreover, they all wrote *unlike* him because he invented a separate style for each of them, on a basis of his own style (which is unlike that of any poet who ever sang), and they all wrote *like* him, because he "wrote them all."

So Mrs. Gallup argues; her scheme involves a contradiction in terms.

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The often repeated burden of Bacon's cyphered confessions, we shall see, is that Bacon himself was the son, born in wedlock, of Lord Robert Dudley and of Queen Elizabeth. To shorten a long story, which I mentioned in a letter to the *Times*, the source of this romance seems to be Mr. Sidney Lee's article on Robert Dudley in the "Dictionary of National Biography," volume xvi. The volume appeared in 1888, and the article cited the scandals current about Elizabeth in 1560–1561. Thus, in August 1560, a woman was arrested for saying that the Queen was about to be a mother. In January 1561, however, the Spanish ambassador told his Court that he did not believe it, and saw no traces of it, and he wrote on the day of Bacon's birth! In February a person, styled by Cecil "Drukenburlegh of Totness," got into trouble for circulating similar scandals.[1] Mr. Lee's article, containing these matters, and a fable about Elizabeth's secret marriage at Lord Pembroke's house, appeared in 1888. By 1893, Dr. Owen, in *his* "Cypher Story," discovered that Elizabeth was married at Pembroke's house, and that Bacon was "the consekens of that manœuvre." Mrs. Gallup's cypher-work then "corroborates" the work of Dr. Owen, who used another cypher. The real source, I think, is Mr. Lee's article. Bacon, we shall find, according to Mrs. Gallup, says that his parents were married, on one of two occasions, at "Lord P's" house. The rumours of 1561 say "Lord Pembroke's." Dr. Owen makes "Lord Puckering" a witness. Was *he* Bacon's "Lord P" ("Cypher Story," p. 250).

We now know that Mrs. Gallup's decipherment of Bacon's secret history contains nothing novel so far. Her researches merely re-state what her fellow worker, Dr. Owen, had already discovered in "the Word Cypher," which is not Mrs. Gallup's cypher. And Dr. Owen's romance rests on the identification of Bacon with the child of whom Elizabeth was, quite falsely, rumoured to be pregnant in August 1560.

[1] Haynes, "Cecil Papers," 364, 365; "Hatfield Calendar," 1, 252, 253, 257; "Spanish Calendar," January 22, 1561.

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Having made this clear, we now follow Bacon's own confessions (as deciphered by Mrs. Gallup) from various books, beginning with Spenser's "Complaints" (1591), and his "Colin Clout" (1595). "*At present writing*," Bacon says, lapsing into the style of modern commerce, his secret is unknown. His name, "Fr. Bacon," is his only "by adoption." He is the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester (Robert Dudley), who were married *twice*. "We be Tudor, and our style shall be Francis First."[1] We shall examine this claim to legitimate royal descent.

It is plain lunacy! If Bacon is right, his name is not Tudor, as he avers, but Dudley. He is the first king of the Dudley dynasty. His name is no more Tudor than the name of Henry VII. was Plantagenet; he is no more Tudor than his present Majesty is Stuart. Anybody but Bacon, and the lady who writes about "Lord Macauley," knows these simple facts. The passage next deviates into pure nonsense, without construction or a glimmer of meaning. Bacon was very far gone then, in 1590–1591.

In 1595, Francis claims Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and William Shakespeare as his "pen-names"—not a common

[1] Compare with this the statement in cypher in "The New Atlantis" (Gallup ii. 334). "I am named in the world, not what my stile should bee according to birth, nor what it rightfullie should be according to our law, which giveth to the first-borne of the royall house (if this first-borne be a sonne of the ruling prince, and borne in true and right wedlocke) the title of the Prince of Wales. My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon." No one is or ever has been given the title of Prince of Wales "by our law," but always and only by express creation by the Sovereign. Bacon was King's Counsel in 1604, Solicitor-General in 1607, Attorney-General in 1613, Lord Chancellor in 1617; but towards the end of his life when he "cyphered" "The New Atlantis" (published 1635), he had forgotten his law with the rest. As for "Tidder," King Richard III., before Bosworth Field, referred to his rival as one "Tidder or Tudor," for purposes of derision: it would be interesting to know whether the form was ever used seriously as an alternative for "Tudor," except by the author of the cypher. Lastly, why "Francis *First*"? We do not in England speak of King John or Queens Elizabeth or Victoria as John First, Elizabeth First, Victoria First.

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Elizabethan term. He had not told us before *when* Elizabeth married Dudley, and we naturally supposed (as Bacon says he was legitimate) that it must have been in the interval between Dudley's first and second marriages. But no, Elizabeth married Dudley when she was "confin'd i' th' tower." Mrs. Gallup's collaborator, whoever he is, writes (i. 7) about "the statement that Elizabeth was the lawful wife of the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, *before becoming Queen*." Dudley was a married man when Elizabeth became Queen. This collaborator, therefore, like Bacon, believes that bigamy is lawful marriage. The two have the opinion entirely to themselves.

When Elizabeth was in the Tower (1554) Dudley, as all the world knew, had for years been the lawfully and publicly married husband of the living Lady Robert Dudley, *née* Amy Robsart. Amy was allowed to visit her husband in the Tower, poor girl. Therefore Elizabeth could not marry him, at that date, for he was already married. Everybody except Bacon, Mrs. Gallup's collaborator, and people who take their history from the novel of "Kenilworth," knows that Dudley married Amy, publicly, in the reign of Edward VI. Therefore, either Bacon was a raving lunatic—or, the statements are by a very ignorant modern American writer. Now Bacon—either the recognised statesman and author of the Essays and *Novum Organum*, or the newly discovered Bacon, author of Shakespeare's, Marlowe's, Greene's, Peele's plays, and Spenser's poems—was not mad. His works prove his sanity. If we grant this, we are driven back on the other explanation, that a deeply ignorant modern American is the writer of the confessions attributed to Verulam.

Even if Elizabeth and Leicester—for no conceivable reason—chose to commit bigamy twice, their son would necessarily be a bastard. As a bastard he could not be heir of the Crown by legitimate descent. Yet Bacon, Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, while he shows that he was a bastard, claims the throne as legitimate. "We were not base-begot." Friends of the cypher may reply that Elizabeth and Dudley were married twice: once while

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Dudley's wife was alive, and again after her death. The second marriage would be legal, and, Bacon being born after the second marriage, would be legitimate. This would be conceivable (though futile in the circumstances, it would not account for the marriage of Dudley and the Princess Elizabeth in 1554), but, unluckily, Bacon never tells us *when* the second marriage was celebrated. Amy Robsart died on September 8, 1560; Francis Bacon was born January 22, 1561. On any day between these dates, Bacon, though begotten in adultery, *might* have been, in one sense, legitimated by a marriage between his parents. But, had he produced legal proof of his parent's marriage, he would still have been rejected, as conceived in obvious adultery. Bacon knew that! Bacon, though a lawyer, gives no dates. Such is his idea of evidence. He spent enormous pains, and a great deal of time and money, in conveying secretly to Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup that he was the rightful king of England. Not being an ignorant ass, but a great lawyer, he knew that bare assertions were of no value as proofs. Yet—so disorganised was his brain—he never gave even a date of the marriage which, as he supposed, legitimated him. The date (in the circumstances valueless) he could learn from his foster-mother, wife of Nicholas Bacon, who was in the secret, and from his father, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. But even this opportunity of testing his averments by producing the date of his alleged parents' marriage, the great lawyer never gave. To be sure, it would not have helped his case, and he knew it. Had both his parents been free, and "soudered sin wi' matrimony," the case might have had a show, if no property, say a realm, had been in dispute. But Bacon was, at best, something very like an adulterine bastard.

In 1596, in his "Faery Queen," Bacon grew wilder. The poem, he says, is his, so are Spenser's minor poems. "We were in good hope that when our divers small poemes might bee seene in printed forme, th' approval o' Lord Leicester might be gain'd!"

The earliest of the small Bacon-Spenser works used here,

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as we saw, by Mrs. Gallup, is of 1591. Leicester died in 1588. Only a raving maniac, like Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, could hope to please Leicester, who died in 1588, by "small poemes" printed in 1591, if he means that.

In 1600 ("Much Ado about Nothing"), Bacon claims Essex as his brother, like him Royal. In 1600 he hints that his father, Dudley, murdered Amy Robsart, and adds that he will write a play on the subject! He calls Elizabeth "our gay *mère*"! In 1605, more of a lunatic than ever, he thinks that the Christian name of the first Lord Burghley is—Robert. *Robert* Cecil (so Mrs. Gallup makes Bacon say) was the enemy "at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied." Now Robert Cecil was born in 1563, or thereabout, he was younger than Bacon, and Elizabeth, in Bacon's boyhood, would not be taking the advice of a still younger boy, Robert Cecil. It was manifestly *William* Cecil, the famous ruler of Elizabeth herself (for she always had just enough sense to take his advice at the eleventh hour), whom the Bacon of Mrs. Gallup's cypher so detested—and spoke of as "Robert." Thus—Part ii. p. 28 (from "The Advancement of Learning," 1605), "A foxe, seen oft at our Court in th' forme and outward appearance of a man named *Robert* Cecill—the hunchback—must answer at th' Divine Arraignment to my charge again's him, for he despoyled me ruthlessly . . . not alone in youth but in my earlie manhood." Robert Cecil, of course, was younger than Bacon himself, *he* is described as more or less deformed, "hunchbacked," not so his father William. The faithful of Mrs. Gallup will reply that "Robert" was a mere slip of Bacon's pen for "William." But the blunder occurs repeatedly: "*Robert* Cecill . . . from the first was the spy" (ii. p. 835); "work purposed for proud *R.* Cecill's record, to cast his woven treacherous plots into view." When Bacon wrote thus, it was precisely as if Mr. Arthur Balfour, in a history of our time, should persistently call Mr. W. E. Gladstone "Mr. Herbert Gladstone." Again, either an ignorant American wrote all this, or Bacon was an idiot.

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How William Cecil (for it must be he, though the drivelling Bacon calls him "Robert") succeeded, is told in Bacon's "Henry VII." (1622). (The reference is Part ii. p. 139.) Elizabeth would call her son Francis "her little Lo. Keeper," "till Cecil did sorely anger her," and "bring on one o' those outbreaks o' temper" against a lady who told him the Court gossip. So angry was the Queen that she, rather injudiciously, told Master Francis that he was her illegimate son, but that he should never "reigne o'er subjects yet to bee." He "blessed my unio' with—no, I'll not name him." Bacon goes on, "Tremblingly I obeyed her charge, summon'd a serving man to lead me to my home, and sent to Mistresse Bacon." He naturally wanted corroborative evidence of Elizabeth's revelation. Mrs. B. (Lady Bacon) then admitted that Dudley *was* Bacon's legal father, and advised him to consult the midwife! "The doctor would be ready also to give you proofes of your just right to be named Prince." Bacon does not say that he took this advice or questioned the doctor, who, of course, could not know who Bacon's father was; but, next day, he saw Elizabeth. He "learn'd *from the interview and subsequent occurrences*" (how Elizabethan is the style!) that he would never be acknowledged. Then somebody asked questions "at *an extra-especial* session" of the Privy Council (ii. 142). "Extra Special," the newsboys cry, and know not that they are quoting Bacon. In 1628 (ii. 154) he gets as near to a date for Elizabeth's second marriage to Dudley as I find him anywhere giving. The first marriage was in the Tower (1554), Leicester being already a married man. The second was "after her ascent to Royal power" (1558). Any one but Bacon would have said "after the death of Dudley's first wife," because only after that death could a marriage be legal.

Elizabeth and Leicester twice, at all events, according to Bacon, went through a form of marriage. Their conduct was purely imbecile; they had no motive; they did not even want to make our hero legitimate. "Neither th' Queene nor my sire ever set a seal upon th' papers that declared the legiti-

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macy . . ." What papers? They were "the testimony of Lord P., at whose house this marriage was solemnised the second time . . ." If it had been, it would not have helped Bacon's claim to the throne.

Bacon, the recognised Bacon, was a lawyer, and a man of considerable sense. Yet, being out of his right mind, he fancied that a son begotten in notorious and confessed adultery was legitimate; he fancied that, by getting frequently married to somebody else, a man with a living and universally known wife could make the rite legal. He supposed that people who held this theory would go on getting married, yet would destroy all proofs of their marriage, which, of course, was invalid unless it occurred between September 8, 1560, and January 22, 1561, and, even then, was useless for Bacon's purpose. Finally, Bacon took it for granted that posterity would believe in the impossible marriage and its legality, because he kept on repeating the tale in a cypher, while he had not one atom of proof to offer. And all the time that he was burying this romance in a cypher he was yearly writing "from two to six stage plays," many of them the recognised masterpieces of the human intellect. Meanwhile *his* intellect was so degraded that he could not remember the Christian name of his great enemy—a name known to every man who gets a third in the history school. To this narrative our attention is gravely invited.

We must remark that, while Elizabeth only confessed to Bacon that she was his mother, concealing his father's name, Leicester admitted, to Bacon, that he was his father (ii. 71). "It was his wish to have it told openly in our books." Insanity was thus hereditary in Bacon's family, for Leicester wished Bacon to publish openly a secret involving him in trigamy and treason. Bacon's twice-married father and mother held themselves open, we know, to any other marriage, though Mrs. Bacon, the doctor, the midwife, "Lord P." and others, could have exposed them. Leicester was proposed by Elizabeth as husband to Mary Stuart, after Lady Robert's death. Leicester or Elizabeth destroyed "the papers"—those unsealed papers

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that proved Bacon's legitimacy. Yet Leicester "wished to have it told ope'lie in our book," without proofs!

Now Bacon manages to give himself the lie. *Here* he represents Leicester as anxious to make Bacon publish the secret of his royal birth. He forgets that he has already told us the very reverse. Leicester wanted to make his younger son, Essex, king. "My just claim," says Bacon, "he set aside," in favour of Essex (ii. 45). Then why on earth did he want Bacon to publish his story, which destroyed Essex's chance? Leicester died in 1588, long before the ambitious attempts of Essex (1600–1601).

Bacon now enters on prophecy; he often does. "The future peoples of a distant shore will prove true," &c. He also says he is known to "English-speaking peoples" as Bacon, before there was more than one English-speaking people. Bacon foresees Mrs. Gallup. "Mania is difficile to controll," Bacon justly remarks (ii. 77). He says that "our Queene's last murther was by a chance only prevented" (ii. 160). How often was Elizabeth murdered?

In his "Natural History" (1685) Bacon, giving the reins to his folly, enters on the tale of Mary Stuart. Elizabeth visited Mary at Leicester's house, where she was "supping in quiet by invitation" (ii. 363). Mary could never have been in Leicester's house; her gaolers were too wary; she could have left not one of her prisons unknown, and her place of residence, on every day of her prison life, can be fixed. Elizabeth, however, we are to believe, pounced on Mary and Leicester when alone at dinner and there was a scene! She discovered the cypher used by Mary in foreign correspondence; as a fact, she always either had the cypher, by bribing the secretary of the French ambassador, or got the letters unravelled by Phelipps. However, Bacon says that *he* did the deciphering, and "had a secret sympathy" for Mary. It was well concealed! At the time of Kinmont Willie's rescue by Buccleugh (1596) King James picked a counter-quarrel over the bad treatment of Mary in "The Faery Queen"—which, so Mrs.

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Gallup makes Bacon say, is by Bacon! Bacon "dissembled his love." He next asserts that Davison, not Elizabeth, signed Mary's death-warrant (ii. 865), and that Burghley and Leicester, by inducing him to sign the warrant, "led Davison to his death." Our lunatic thinks that Davison was put to death. Davison was fined and disgraced, but not for signing a death-warrant. Mrs. Gallup never knows the most certain facts. The point of all this rambling talk about Mary Stuart is to lead up to Bacon's remark (ii. 867) that he wrote a tragedy on her doom. That tragedy was deciphered, not by Mrs. Gallup, but by Dr. Owen, not in the newly found "biliteral cypher," but in the "word-cypher." Dr. Owen published his Bacon's "Tragedy of Mary Stuart" in 1894. Here we have Mrs. Gallup's Bacon's story of Elizabeth concealed behind a statue, while Mary and Leicester sit at supper in his house. The date must, from the circumstances, have been about August 1585, when Mary's imprisonment, at Tutbury, under Amyas Paulet, was peculiarly strict. "The indisposition of her body and great infirmity of her legs is so desperate that she herself doth not hope of recovery; and it is no small advantage to her keeper, as he need not stand in any great fear of her running away."[1] So wrote Paulet on September 28, 1585; and this is the Mary who, according to Bacon, was free of prison, and was dining at Leicester's in London! In the same play, Burghley, Leicester, and Davison meet—"in a public house." The new cypher, Mrs. Gallup's discovery, corroborates the old cypher, Dr. Owen's discovery, and both, if accepted, prove Bacon to have been a liar, a lunatic, and a poetaster. His play of "Mary Stuart" is emphatically not in the style of Shakespeare or Marlowe, or in the style of any poet of any age. The Court meets "in the Tower" (see the American in "Martin Chuzzlewit"), Mr. Froude says "in the Star Chamber."

One neat little point in Bacon's account of Mary Stuart gives me infinite satisfaction. Bacon tells a story of Elizabeth

[1] Thorpe's Calendar, "Mary Stuart."

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which is also told in the Memoirs of Sir James Melville, first published many years after Bacon's death. Sir James was Mary's ambassador to Elizabeth in 1564.

BACON (ii. 362).

She (Elizabeth) was almost persuaded, I am well assured, to go to Scotland with a gentleman from that court, *in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gay Courtier, whilst her chamber should, in her absence, be closed as though suffering so much pain as that* it compelled her to deny audience to *everybody save Lady Strafford and the physicians.* But this foolish plan died ere it was brought to fulness of time.

MELVILLE (p. 125).

I offered to convey her secretly in Scotland, by post, *clothed like a page disguised . . .* and *that her chamber should be kept as though she were sick, in the mean time, and none to be privy thereto but my Lady Stafford, and one of the grooms of her chamber.*

She said, "Alas, if she might do it!" and seemed to like that kind of language.

Now it seems highly probable that Bacon's story is directly copied from Melville's, or from a version of Melville's in some modern history. This is the more likely as there was no Lady *Strafford* (as in Bacon), whereas Melville's Lady *Stafford* was Elizabeth's Mistress of the Robes. The error is that of some modern and ignorant person. Bacon knew who Lady Stafford was.

Let us look at the probability of Bacon's romance about his birth. He was born on January 22, 1561. On that day his mother, Queen Elizabeth, wrote a holograph letter to Rutland about his duties as President of the Council of the north. She also wrote to Archbishop Parker about his revision of the Book of Common Prayer. On January 20 she had written a long letter to the Duke of Holstein. She did not allow maternity to interfere with her royal duties. I have not seen the originals of these epistles. If they turn out to be, not holograph, but drafts by Cecil or another, the circumstance will not prove that Elizabeth was giving birth to little Franky. I have not to prove that Elizabeth never was a mother. The friends of Mrs. Gallup have to prove that she was.[1]

[1] "Foreign Calendar," Elizabeth, 1561; "Domestic Calendar," 1561.

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To work out Bacon's system of his birth, Elizabeth must have concealed her pregnancy with great skill. When about five months gone with child, she was hunting at Windsor, where the Spanish ambassador met her, and she told him of the death of Amy Robsart (September 4, 1560). "Mistress Bacon," again, must have pretended to be pregnant, for she took up little Francis, and declared that she had given birth to him. But this was an afterthought of Mistress Bacon's. To make Mistress Bacon's pretended motherhood of Bacon plausible, she must have been, or have pretended to be, about to become a mother herself. But she made no such pretence, for she either did not know that Elizabeth was looking for a baby, or did not expect her to abandon the child. Elizabeth, according to Bacon, "would truly have put me away privily, but Mistresse Bacon . . . saved me" (ii. 188). Here, then, was Mrs. Bacon, notoriously not about to become a mother, nor pretending to be in that condition. Yet every one believes her, when she suddenly claims to have given birth to little Francis! The thing is impudently mendacious.

All these miracles we are to believe on the word of Bacon, imbecile at the time when he wrote such transparent stuff. His absurdities about an intended divorce of Margaret, Queen of Henri of Navarre, that she might marry Bacon, an obscure English lad, are not worth examining. A Catholic Daughter of France to marry a Protestant English *attaché!*

We turn to Bacon's translation of the Iliad, deciphered by Mrs. Gallup out of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Mr. R. B. Marston in the *Times* (December 19, 1901), and *Nineteenth Century*, January 1902, has proved that Bacon stole much of his translation from Pope—who lived a century later. I have found other proofs, and can add that Bacon and Pope did not borrow from the same older English translation.

We need not work out Mr. Marston's irrefutable demonstration that Mrs. Gallup's Bacon borrowed from Pope. The writer of the Explanatory Introduction (i. 14), says "the decipherer is not a Greek scholar" (of that nobody suspects Mrs. Gallup),

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"and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant. . . ." In places they recall the common crib (by Buckley-Bohn), while in the Bœotian Catalogue and elsewhere they are Pope, done into sham Elizabethan prose. Pope entirely broke up Homer's order of naming towns, and, in about thirty-five verses added nine "ornaments" not in Homer. Bacon exactly followed Pope's, not Homer's order, and stole Pope's nine un-Homeric "ornaments."

Here follows an instructive point. Bacon, writing in the cypher of the First Folio (ii. 170), gives instructions to his future decipherer about dealing with his translation of the Iliad. "You are now come to the Catalogue. . . . It is divided into small parts, as you will observe, *which are so widely scattered in my writings.*" Bacon's Iliad is found in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," unless he also scattered another version all about his works. He goes on (ii. 170): "Keep the order of the Greek in your translation." But he did not "keep the order of the Greek" himself; he kept the order of Alexander Pope, which is not that of the Greek.

That there may be no mistake, I take another case selected by Mr. Marston ("Iliad" ii. 734–737.) Here is Homer:

> Next, those who held Ormenios, and the spring, Hypereia; and the men who held Asterios, and the white crests of Titanos: them did Eurypylos lead, the godly son of Euaemon, and with him followed forty black ships.

Pope has:

> The bold *Ormenian and Asterian bands,*
> In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
> *Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,*
> And *where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.*

Bacon has:

> Next Eurypylus led th' *Ormenian and Asterian bands,* from th' land *where Titan hideth in snows his hoarie head, or where the silver founts of fair Hyperia flow.*

This is almost an absolutely literal theft from Pope, and Bacon adds all Pope's un-Homeric ornaments.

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Anxious not to suppose too hastily that Bacon stole from Pope, I tried to find out whether Bacon had not cribbed from some earlier English translator whom Pope might also have consulted. It was not Chapman. The only other pre-Baconian translator of Homer known to me is Arthur Hall (1581). I cite Hall's rendering of the passage:

> Of Ormen who and Hyper spring, nie Aster holds the state,
> By top of Titan full of snow: their Duke was Eurypile
> Euemon's sonne, he vessels brought forty to Troy that while.

Now Pope and Bacon do not coincide because they both, independently, steal from Arthur Hall. Neither steals from Hall, but Bacon or somebody else steals (in these passages) from Pope. Consequently credulity itself cannot trust to the "Biliteral Cypher." It includes what Bacon could by no possibility have written.

Now this is a rather serious affair. An enthusiast might unconsciously (perhaps) think that he had really found, in a cypher, what was not there. But he could not, unconsciously, transfer into the cypher what he had read in another book. At least, if he could, he is the possessor of a "split personality." The whole book of Mrs. Gallup resembles nothing so much as the vagaries of "automatic writing" with a planchette. But we are not told, it would be a relief if we were, that Mrs. Gallup is an "automatic writer," whose pencil puts down what is not in her in normal consciousness.

After writing this essay I happened to be obliged to study, for another purpose, the foolish conspiracy of Essex early in 1600–1601. According to Mrs. Gallup's Bacon, Essex was the younger son of Elizabeth and Leicester, and Leicester preferred the royal claims of Essex to those of Bacon. But Essex, writing to James VI. (whose claims to the English Crown he wished to back (1600–1601)), said that his enemies had tried to prejudice James against him, "as if he purposed to aspire to that" (the Crown), "*whereunto he could by no colour*

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or likelihood justly pretend."[1] Thus, on whatever side we turn we find that Bacon, who heard Cuff's confession, and knew all that was ever known about the secret letter from James VI., worn by Essex in a black bag—we find, I say, that Bacon is absolutely ignorant of the affairs in which he played so great a part. This ignorance, in Bacon impossible, is nowhere checked by Mrs. Gallup, his editor, in a note. It seems, then, that Mrs. Gallup's work is not a valuable contribution to secret history, and that only persons of exemplary ignorance and credulity can believe in her interpretation of a cypher which, according to Mr. Sidney Lee, does not and cannot exist, at least in the Shakespearean First Folio. Meanwhile, it has become necessary, in England, to expose this romantic cypher, though American men of letters, apparently, have passed it by in silent contempt.

A. LANG.

[1] "Confessions of Cuff," February 1601, in Appendix (p. 80) to Bruce's "Correspondence of King James VI. and Cecil," Camden Society, 1861. I have elsewhere touched on Essex's notorious intrigues, as against Cecil, to secure the English throne, not for himself, but for James VI. The evidence I cited was by a contemporary, Archbishop Spottiswoode, but Cuff's is evidence of the actual moment.

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THE KHAN AND HIS SON[1]

"ONCE upon a time there lived in Crimea the Khan Massolaïma al Assvab, and he had a son, Tolaïk Alhalla."

A blind Tartar beggar, leaning with his back against the bright brown trunk of a strawberry-tree, began thus one of the old legends of which the peninsula has so rich a store; around the narrator were grouped Tartars in bright gowns and jackets embroidered with gold, seated on fragments of stones of the ancient palace of a Khan. It was evening and the sun was setting over the sea; its red beams pierced the thick mass of foliage round the ruins and lay in bright spots on the stones, which were covered with moss and overgrown with ivy. The wind was moving the leaves of a group of old beeches, and their rustling sounded just like the ripple of unseen brooks.

The voice of the old beggar was weak and it trembled, but the wrinkles of his immovable face reflected nothing except a perfect repose; the words learned by heart were flowing smoothly from his lips; and there rose before the listeners the picture of olden days, rich with strength and passion.

"The Khan was old," the beggar was saying, "but he had many wives in his harem. And they loved the old man, for he had strength and fire, and his caresses soothed and burned,

[1] The translation of this story, like that of "Makar Chudra" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for November 1901, has been made, not through a French version, but direct from the Russian original, and is authorised by M. Gorky.

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and women will always love the man who knows how to caress them, though his hair may be grey and his face covered with wrinkles; there is more beauty in strength than in a smooth face and a brilliant complexion.

"They all loved the Khan, but he loved only one: a young Cossack girl brought prisoner from the steppes near the Dnieper; and he caressed her oftener than any of his other wives, of whom his harem was full—his big harem, where three hundred women from different countries were kept. They were all beautiful like spring flowers, and their life was a pleasant one. Many sweet and tasty dishes did the Khan order for them, and whenever they wished he allowed them to dance and to play.

"But his Cossack girl he called often to the tower, from which the sea could be seen, and where he had for her everything that could gladden the heart of a woman: sweet food, and dresses of different tissues, and gold and precious stones of many colours, and music and rare birds from far-off countries, and the fiery caresses of the enamoured Khan. In that tower he enjoyed himself in her company whole days long, resting from the labours of his life, knowing that his son Alhalla would not let the glory of his reign be dimmed, that he was roving like a wolf through the Russian steppes, and always coming back with a rich booty, with new women, with new glory, leaving behind him terror and ruins, corpses and blood.

"Once, after one of these raids on the Russians, many feasts were ordered in Alhalla's honour; all the princes of the island gathered to them, and games were planned and banquets. For practice the guests shot arrows into the eyes of prisoners, and then drank again, glorifying the valour of Alhalla, the terror of his enemies and the stay of the Khanate. And the old Khan felt proud of the glory of his son. It was good for him in his old age to see in his son so bold a fellow, and to know that when he died the Khanate would be left in strong hands . . .

"It was good for him to know that; and so, wishing to

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prove to his son the strength of his love, he said to him before all the assembled Princes and Bekahs—at the banquet, with the cup in his hand, he said:

"'Thou art a good son, Alhalla! Glory be to Allah and to his Prophet glory!'

"And everybody glorified the name of the Prophet in a chorus of mighty voices. Then the Khan said:

"'Great is Allah! Even during my life he has revived my youth in the person of my brave son; and my old eyes can see that when the sun shall set for me, and when the worms shall gnaw at my heart, I shall live yet in my son! Great is Allah and Mahomet his true Prophet! In truth I have a good son; his arm is strong, his heart daring and his understanding clear. Tell me, Alhalla, what wouldst thou receive from the hands of thy father? Tell me, and thy wish shall be fulfilled.'

"Hardly had the old Khan time to finish his speech when Tolaïk Alhalla rose from his seat and said with a flashing glance, dark like the sea at night, and glowing like the eyes of a mountain eagle:

"'Give me the Russian girl, O my lord and father!'

"The Khan was silent a moment—not long, but just the time it takes to still your heart's beatings—and after the silence he said, firmly and loudly:

"'Take her! When the feast is over thou shalt take her.'

"The bold Alhalla glowed all over, his eagle eyes were lighted up by great joy; he stood up to his full height and said to the Khan, his father:

"'I know well the price of what thou givest to me, my lord and father! I know it. I am thy slave—thy son. Take my blood, every drop of it—a hundred deaths will I die for thee!'

"'I lack not anything,' said the Khan, bowing his grey head, crowned with the glory of many years and many heroic deeds.

"Soon the feast was finished, and both went out silently, one close to the other, from the palace to the harem.

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"The night was dark; neither moon nor stars were seen underneath the black clouds that densely covered the sky.

"For a long time father and son went on in the darkness. At last the Khan al Assvab spoke:

"'My life is fast ebbing away; ever weaker grows the beating of my heart and less fire is in my breast. The warmth and light of my life were the fiery caresses of the Cossack girl. Tell me, Tolaïk, tell me, is she so necessary to thee? Take a hundred, take all my wives, but leave her to me!'

"But Tolaïk Alhalla was silent, and only sighed in answer.

"'How many days are left to me? Few are the days that are left to me in this world. The last joy of my life was she, this Russian girl. She knows me, she loves me—who will love the old man when she is gone? Who? Not one of them, Alhalla, not one!'

"But Alhalla remained silent.

"'How can I live, knowing that thou takest her in thy arms, that she kisses thee? Before a woman there are no fathers and sons, Tolaïk! Before a woman we are all men, my son. It will be hard to live on the rest of my days. Better would it be that all my old wounds opened on my body, Tolaïk, and that my blood oozed from them drop by drop! Better it would be if I did not live through this night, my son!'

"But his son was silent. They stopped before the door of the harem and stood there with bowed heads for a long time. The darkness surrounded them, the clouds were running fast over the sky, and the wind, swaying the trees, seemed to sing a song to them.

"'I have loved her for a long time, father,' said Alhalla in a low voice.

"'I know it, and I know that she does not love thee,' said the Khan.

"'My heart is breaking when I think of her.'

"'And my old heart, with what is it full now?'

"And again there was silence. Alhalla sighed deeply.

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"'It seems he was right—the wise Mullah that told me: for a man, woman is always dangerous: when she is beautiful she kindles in others the desire to possess her and delivers over her husband to the torments of jealousy; when she is ugly her husband envies others and feels the pains of envy; and when she is neither beautiful nor ugly, the man imagines her beautiful, and then, seeing that he has been mistaken, he suffers again through her, through that woman.'

"'Wisdom is no remedy for the sufferings of the heart,' said the Khan.

"'Let us take pity on each other, father,' said Tolaïk.

"The Khan lifted up his head and looked sorrowfully at his son.

"'Let us kill her,' said Tolaïk.

"'Thou lovest thyself more than either her or me,' said the Khan thoughtfully and low.

"'And thou too.'

"And again there was silence.

"'Yes, and I too!' said the Khan sadly. Grief had made him like a little child.

"'Well, shall we kill her?'

"'I cannot give her up to thee, I cannot,' said the Khan.

"'And I cannot endure any longer—take out my heart or give her to me.'

"The Khan was silent.

"'Or let us throw her from the rocks into the sea.'

"'Let us throw her from the rocks into the sea,' the Khan repeated like an echo.

"And then they went into the harem, where she was already asleep on the floor, on a sumptuous carpet. They stopped before her and looked; a long time they looked. Large tears rolled from the old Khan's eyes on to his silvery beard, and glistened on it like pearls; his son stood with flashing eyes and ground his teeth to restrain his passion. At last he awoke the Cossack girl. She woke; and on her face, soft and rosy like the dawn, her eyes opened blue, like cornflowers. She did

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not notice the presence of Alhalla, but tendered her red lips to the Khan.

"'Kiss me, my old hero!'

"'Get ready; thou shalt go with us,' said the Khan in a low voice.

"Then she saw Alhalla and the tears in the eyes of her old hero, and—quick she was—she understood everything.

"'I am coming,' she said; 'I am coming. Neither to the one nor to the other—is it not so? That's a decision worthy of strong hearts. I am coming.'

"And all three went silently to the sea. They went by narrow paths; the wind was howling, howling with a dismal sound.

"The young girl was delicate, she soon grew tired; but she was proud, she would not show it.

"And when the Khan's son saw that she remained behind he said to her:

"'Thou art afraid?'

"She flashed her eyes upon him and showed him her bleeding feet.

"'Come, I'll carry thee?' said Alhalla, and stretched out his arms to her. But she turned to her old hero and put her arms round his neck. The Khan lifted her up as easily as a feather and carried her along; and she, lying in his arms, turned aside the branches from his face that they might not scratch his eyes. They went on for a long time. Already the booming of the sea could be heard. Suddenly Tolaïk—he was walking on the path behind them—said to his father:

"'Let me go in front, for I long to drive my dagger into thy neck.'

"'Go; Allah might punish thee for thy wish—or pardon thee. His will be done; but I, thy father, forgive thee. I know what it is to love.'

"And now the sea lay stretched before them, void, black, shoreless. Its waves were breaking with a dull sound at the

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foot of the rocks, and down below it looked dark and cold and terrible.

"'Farewell,' said the Khan, kissing the girl.

"'Farewell,' said Alhalla, and he bowed to her.

"She looked down where the waves were surging and started back, pressing her hands to her breast.

"'Throw me,' she said to them.

"Alhalla stretched out his arms to her and groaned, but the Khan took her in his arms, embraced her tightly, kissed her, and lifting her high over his head, threw her down from the rocks.

"Down there the waves were splashing and booming so loudly that neither of them heard her fall into the water. Not a single cry did they hear—not a sound. The Khan sank down on the rocks and silently looked down into the distance and the darkness, where the sea was mingling with the clouds, and whence were heard the dull splashes of the waves; strong gusts of wind blew about the old man's grey beard. Tolaïk stood near him, his hands over his face, immovable and silent like a block of stone. The time was passing, and the clouds were flying one after the other over the sky. They were dark and heavy like the thoughts of the old Khan, who was lying on the high rock over the sea.

"'Come, father,' said Tolaïk.

"'Wait,' whispered the Khan, as if listening to something. And again the time passed on, and the waves splashed and the wind came rushing against the rocks and rustling the trees.

"'Come, father.'

"'Wait a little.'

"Many times did Tolaïk Alhalla repeat: 'Come, father.'

"But still the Khan did not move from the place where he had lost the joy of his last days.

"But everything has an end, and at last he stood up mighty and proud; stood up, frowned, and said:

"'Come.'

"They went; but soon the Khan stopped.

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"'Why am I going, Tolaïk, and whither?' he asked his son. 'Why should I live now, when my whole life was centred in her? I am old, nobody will love me now, and what use is there in living in this world without love?'

"'Thou hast glory and riches, father!'

"'Give me one of her kisses and keep all the rest thyself. All this is death; only a woman's love is life. When man has no such love he does not live, he is a beggar, and much to be pitied. Farewell, my son. May Allah's blessing rest on thy head in all the days and nights of thy life.' And the Khan turned his face to the sea.

"'Father!' said Tolaïk, 'father!' And could say no more, for what words can you say to a man on whom death is smiling? There are no words that can bring back to his soul the love of life.

"'Leave me.'

"'Allah——'

"'He knows.'

"With swift steps the Khan came up to the abyss and threw himself down. His son could not stop him—he had no time. And again nothing was heard from the sea—not a cry, nor the noise of the Khan's fall. Only the waves went on booming, and the wind continued to howl its wild songs.

"A long time did Tolaïk Alhalla look down; and then he spoke aloud:

"'Give me as firm a heart, O Allah!'

"Then he turned and went away into the darkness of the night.

"Thus perished the Khan Massolaïma al Assvab, and the Khan Tolaïk Alhalla, his son, began his reign in Crimea."

MAKSIM GORKY.

Translated by M. Mojaysky.

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THE DEATH OF ADAM

CEDARS, that high upon the untrodden slopes
Of Lebanon stretch out their stubborn arms,
Through all the tempests of seven hundred years
Fast in their ancient place, where they look down
Over the Syrian plains and faint blue sea,
When snow for three days and three nights hath fall'n
Continually, and heaped those terraced boughs
To massy whiteness, still in fortitude
Maintain their aged strength, although they groan;
In such a wintriness of majesty,
O'ersnowed by his uncounted years, and scarce
Supporting that hard load, yet not o'ercome,
Was Adam: all his knotted thews were shrunk,
Hollow his massy thighs, toward which his beard,
Pale as the stream of far-seen waterfalls,
Hung motionless; betwixt the shoulders grand
Bowed was the head, and dim the gaze; and both
His heavy hands lay on his marble knees.
So sits he all day long and scarcely stirs,
And scarcely notes the bright shapes of his sons
Moving in the broad light without his tent,
That propt on poles about a giant oak
Looks southward to the river and the vale:
Only sometimes slowly he turns his head,
As seeking to recover some lost thought

Google

From the dear presence of the white-haired Eve
Who, less in strength, hath less endured, and still
With slow and careful footsteps tendeth him,
Or seated opposite with silent eyes
Companions him; their thoughts go hand in hand.
So now she sits reposing in the dusk
Of their wide tent, like a great vision throned
Of the Earth Mother, tranquil and august,
Accorded to some youthful votary
Deep in an Asian grove, under the moon.

Peace also rests on Adam; not such peace
As comes forlornly to men dulled with cares,
Whom no ennobling memory uplifts;
Peace of a power far mightier than his own,
Outlasting all it fostered into life,
Pervades him and sustains him: such a peace
As blesses mossed and mouldering architraves
Of pillars standing few among the wreck
Of many long since fallen, pillars old,
Reared by a race long vanished, where the birds
Nest as in trees, and every crevice flowers,
As mothering Earth, having some time indulged
Men's little uses, makes their ruin fair
Ere in her bosom it be folded up.
Thus Adam's mind relinquishing the world,
That grows more dim around him every day,
Withdraws into itself, and in degree
As all that mates him to the moving hours,
Even as his outward joy and vigour fail,
So surely turns his homing spirit back
Unto those silent sources whence delight
And hope and strength and buoyancy of old
Flowed fresh upon his youth, persisting still
To seek those first and fairest memories
In youth and sunshine O how lightly lost,

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How difficult in darkness to regain!
He sits in idle stillness, yet at times
From the dark wells of musing some old hour
Floats upward, as the tender lotus lifts
Her swaying stalk up through the limpid depth
Of pools in rivers never known to man,
And buoyed on idle wet luxurious leaves
Peacefully opens white bloom after bloom.
He is rapt far from this last shore of age;
He sees the face of Eve as she approached
To bring him flowers new-found in Paradise,
Or hiding her young sorrow on his breast;
And Abel as a child and Cain with him
Playing beneath the shadow of old trees,
All dearer by the desert interposed
Of time and toil and passionate regret,
Troubling his inmost spirit, until his face,
Wrought with remembrance and with longing, wears
The pressure and the sign of all that swells
And brims his heart, fain to be freed in speech.

"What ails thee, Adam?" gentle Eve began.
"Why art thou troubled, what thoughts vex thy mind?
For though my eyes are dim, yet I can see
Thy breast heaves upward, and long sighs go forth,
And thou dost move thy hands, and shake thy head."
But Adam answered not; he seemed alone.
Then, lifting up his eyes, he saw his sons
Slowly approaching in the evening light
With all their flocks; and many voices rose
On the clear air about the tents and trees,
As they made ready for the sacrifice
Before the evening meal: soon they drew near
To Adam's tent; and he looked on them all,
Standing to wait his blessing, of all years,
From the boy Adriel to the aged Seth,

Google

Outlined with glory by the sinking sun.
Strange in their strength and beauty they appeared;
And Adam, though he saw them, seemed to gaze
Beyond them, seeking what he found not there.
Over them all his eyes unresting roved,
While they in silence waited for his word.
At last he spoke: "Where is my first-born Cain?"
They looked on one another. Few had heard
That darkened name; but Eve bowed down her head.
And Seth stood forth amid them hushed and spoke
With a grave utterance, "Cain is far away.
Thou knowest, O my father, how we have heard
That far beyond the mountains to the east
He dwells, and ever wanders o'er that land.
Many days' journey must a man be gone
Ere he reach thither and return again;
Nor know we certainly where Cain may dwell.
Yet what thou biddest, that shall be performed;
Shall we send to him?" Adam answered, "Send:
Let them go quickly, see that they make haste.
But on the tenth day bid them come again,
Whether they have found him, or have found him not,
For mine eyes fail, yea, and my heart grows cold."

Heavy as pale clouds of October roll
Over the soaring snows of Ararat,
The vapour of oblivion fell once more
Down over Adam's head, in languor drooped
Between his mighty shoulders on his breast.
From morn to night, from night to morn he sat
As in a trance of deep thought undivined.
His children looking on his face were filled
With desolation and disquietude,
Sad as Armenian shepherds when they watch
For the still clouds to roll from those great peaks,
Praying the clear bright North winds to restore

Google

Their guardian mountain; with such heavy hearts
They waited for his face to give a sign
That still gave none. Listless amid their toil
They grew, and sitting idle by their flocks
Each from his station, scattered on the hills,
Turned often to the east, in hope to spy
The messengers returning: but at eve
While the grey-bearded elders patient sat
In the cool tent-doors, they would pace the shore
Under the gathering stars, and murmured low
One to another saying, "What is this
That comes upon us all, what evil thing
Whereof we have not heard? What cloud is fallen
Upon our father Adam, and why seeks he
This Cain whose name we know not? Peace is gone,
And nothing now is as it was before."
And others answered, "Well for us, if they
Whom we have sent on such a hazard come
Ever again or we behold them more!
Would they had never gone on this dark quest!
We have no hunters brave and swift as they,—
Ophir, that was the strongest of us all,
And Iddo, that could match the eagle's sight."
Thus the young men spoke their despondent mind.
But every morn renewing wearied hope
They turned with the sunrising to the east,
And numbered the long hours till noon, and still
Nor morn nor noon brought tidings; and each eve
Watching tall herons by the sandy pools
Widen their wings and slow with trailing feet
And lifted head sail off into the sky,
They followed them with long and silent thoughts
Over the darkening mountains, far and far
Into that never yet imagined world
Beginning to oppress them; whither now
Their fears went wandering through enormous night.

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Thus waxed and waned each heavy day; at last
From mouth to mouth the unquiet murmur ran,
"'Tis the ninth evening, and they are not come!"

The kingly star had stolen from his throne
In the first brightening of the morrow morn:
And far in the east, with frail cloud overspread,
Light hovered in the pale immensity.
A mile-broad shade beneath the mountain slept;
But opposite a dewy glimmer soon
Moulded the shapes of rough crags, and beneath
Strewn boulders, and thin streams, and slopes obscure.
There, on the slopes amid the rocks appeared
The youth of Adam's race, assembled forms
Sitting or standing with hand-shaded eyes
At gaze into the eastern gorge, where hills
Between dark shoulders inaccessible
Opened a narrowing way into the dawn.
Stiller than statues, yet with beating hearts
They waited while the wished light kindled clear,
Invading that deep valley, until the sun
Flamed warm upon their limbs through coloured air,
And slow rose upward: it was nigh to noon:
At last a motion on the horizon stirred
And a faint dust in the far gorge was blown.
Then those that sat rose up and gazed erect,
And those that stood moved and stept on a pace.
And as they watched amid the shining dust
Two far-off forms appeared, but only two.
Their straining eyes watched, but no other came.
A sigh ran through their troubled ranks, they turned
To one another, then again to those
Two lonely journeyers downcast and slow,
Who now discerned them from afar and raised
Their hands in greeting; then some ran, with cakes
Of bread, and skins of milk, and honey combs,

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Down the great slope to meet the messengers;
And others climbed the ridge and backward ran
Down to the tents, the river, and the vale,
And came to where Seth sat beneath a tree
Waiting, with folded arms, and cried to him,
"They come, they come; but Cain comes not with them."
Then Seth arose and came to Adam's tent,
And stood before his father in the door.
Eve questioning sought his eyes: he shook his head
And looked on Adam; motionless he sat
Plunged in a trance, yet dimly was aware
Of tidings, as he heard the voice of Seth
"'Tis the tenth morning and thy sons return."
Faintly by imperceptible degrees
Light stole o'er Adam's features, and Seth saw
The wellings of his troubled mind on them,
As one who in a cavern lifts a torch
And sees the gradual recesses grow
Out of their ancient gloom, uncertain shapes
Of rugged roof and walls without an end:
So dark from innermost obscurity
The slumbrous memories of Adam rose
And on his face appeared: yet still a veil
Remained betwixt his senses and the world;
When now the noise of many feet drew nigh
Softly approaching: and Seth spoke again,
"Behold! thy sons, thy messengers are here."
He drew the matted curtains of the tent
Aside, and Adam raised his head and saw
All his assembled children coming on,
Hushing their steps in awe; they stopped at gaze
Now as his eyes were on them; but before
Came the two messengers and stood alone,
How soiled and burnt with travel! Round the neck
Of Ophir hung the leopard's spotty hide
Stripped from that fierce beast strangled by his hand

Google

Torn now and stained; neither had paused to wash
The thick dust from his feet; but Iddo held
A spray of leaves new-plucked to freshen him
Seared on the parching mountain; thus they stood
With troubled countenance and hanging head
Till Ophir spoke; all listened rapt and still.
"Father, we went; and lo, we are come back
On the tenth morn, according to thy word.
For we have sought Cain but have found him not.
We passed beyond the mountains and we crossed
The sultry desert, toiling in hot sands
Two heavy days, and thence with difficulty
Climbed the far ridge unto the land beyond.
It is a land not fruitful like our vale,
Barren it is with short grass and few trees;
On the fifth day we came into the midst
Of that bare country and we saw no man,
Nor knew we whither to direct our steps,
When on a slope at unawares we spied
A sheepfold made of stones, and Lo! we said
To one another, Surely he was here.
Then eagerly we climbed the highest hill
And all around gazed long, but saw no more.
But toward the evening, when the light was low
And the extremest mountains grew distinct,
Far off in the clear air, but very far,
We saw a little smoke go up to heaven,
And we cried out, It is the home of Cain!
But deeply we were troubled and perplext,
For we were faint and footsore, and thy word
Lay heavy on our thoughts, remembering it,
On the tenth morning see that ye be here!
Surely our hearts were eager to go on;
But thinking of thy word we feared to go,
And hardly even now are we returned.
Father, we did thy bidding. Is it well?"

Google

All gathered nearer, hushed and wistful; all
Awaited Adam's voice, but he was mute.
They would have prayed him, but they ventured not;
Like hunters that at hot noon, lost in woods,
Pressing through boughs and briers, at unawares
Come on the huge throat of a hollow cliff
Ribbed with impending ledges of wet moss,
Whence in a smooth-lipped basin of black stone
Some secret water wells without a sound:
Then sorely though they thirst they fear to drink,
Awed by the mystery of that silent source,
So these awhile with beating hearts delayed
To speak, awaiting what his words might be.
At last he raised his head and turned his eyes
On Eve, and looked upon her long, while she
On him hung gazing: light began to burn
In his dimmed eyes, and his whole frame was wrought
With the stirring of his spirit, as of old.
At length the thoughts were kindled on his tongue:
He lifted up his voice and cried aloud.

"O that mine eyes had seen thee once again,
Cain, that my hands had blessed thee! Thou art gone,
For ever gone, and still that curse abides
On thee who wast my joy, my first-born child.
Eve, Eve, hast thou forgotten that far hour,
When our first child, our baby newly-born,
Held up his little and defenceless hands
Crying toward thy bosom?" And Eve sighed
"Surely my bosom hath not forgotten Cain
Who sucked the tender first milk from its paps.
His feet are worn, wandering the desert wide,
But I have washed them with my tears in dreams.
O, in my heart he has not left his home.
Would I might lay my arms about him now!
Yet why, O Adam, utterest thou these thoughts?

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Thou knowest how betwixt us and our son
There lies a land we may not overleap
More than the flames of those exiling swords,
Because of our fault, Adam, and of his.
Why dost thou waken this our ancient pain?"
But Adam still uplifted his lament:
"He is gone from us, gone beyond our reach,
Beyond our yearning, he remembers not
These arms that were around his weakness once,
These hands that fed him and that fostered him
And now would bless him. All these have I blessed
With many blessings, but him whom I cursed
Him would I bless at last, and be at peace.
He is gone from me, and now these also go
Whither I know not, and I fear for them.
How often have I seen them going forth
Into the woods upon these hills, how oft
See them with night returning, but now they
Depart for ever and return no more."
Eve wondering replied with earnest voice,
"Behold them, Adam, they are very fair
And strong with all the strength that we have lost.
What ill shall harm them more than hath harmed us?
Remember how when I was used to fear,
Beholding our first child in his soft youth
Go from us on his tender feet alone—
His tender feet a little stone might bruise,
And would have caught him back to my fond breast,
Thou didst rebuke me, saying it must be
That he go forth alone; now thou dost fear,
When these are strong and we can help no more."

But Adam shook his head and answered not.
For he was like a shepherd who hath lit
A fire to warm him on the mountain side
In the first chill after the summer heats,

Google

And drowsing by the embers wakes anon
With wonder-frighted eyes, to see the sparks
Blowing astray run kindling over grass
And withered heath and bushes of dry furze,
And ere his heavy senses, pricked with smoke,
Uncloud, the white fire rushes from his reach,
Leaps to embrace the tall pines, tossing up
A surge of trembling stars, and eagerly
Roars through their topmost branches, wide aflame,
While all around enormous shadows rock
And wrestle, as tumultuous light o'errides
The darkness as with charging spears and plumes,
Till the whole hillside reddens, and beyond
Far mountains waken flushed out of the night:
Then he who ignorantly had started up
This wild exulting glory from its sleep
Forgets to stir his steps or wring his hands;
The swiftness and the radiance and the sound
Beget a kind of rapture in his dread;
Like that amazed shepherd Adam saw
His race, sprung out of darkness, fill the earth
Increasing swift and terrible like fire
That feeds on all it ruins, wave on wave
Streaming impetuous without rest or pause
Right onward to the boundaries of the world:
And he how helpless that had caused it all!
So stood his soul still in a gaze of awe
Filled with the foretaste of calamity:
And his lips broke into a groaning cry.
"What is this thing that I have done, what doom,
What boundless and irrevocable doom,
My children, have I wakened for you all?
O could I see the end, but end is none.
My thoughts are carried from me, and they faint,
As birds that come from out the farthest sky,
Voyaging to a home far, far beyond,

Google

Sink in our valley on a drooping wing
Quite wearied out, yea we have seen them sink,
So my thoughts faint within my bosom old;
The vision is too vast, I am afraid."

But understanding nothing of his speech,
That yet seemed opening some mysterious door
Disclosing an horizon all unknown,
His children listened, touched to trouble vague
And longing without name: like travellers
Who in a company together pass
On some spring evening by an upland road,
And as they travel, each in thought immersed,
Rich merchants, wise in profitable cares,
Adventurous youths, and timorous old men,
Through deepening twilight the young rising moon
Begins to cast along them a mild gleam,
And shadows trembling from the wayside trees
In early leaf steal forward on the ground
Beside them, and faint balm is past them blown;
All troubles them with beauty fresh and strange,
Stealing their thoughts away; so tenderly
Were Adam's children troubled when they heard.

Long silence fell. At last with heavy voice
And weakened utterance Adam spoke again:
"My children, bring me fruits and bring me flowers,
Set them within my sight that I may see
And touch them, and their sweetness smell once more."
They hasted and plucked flowers and gathered fruit
Such as their valley yielded; balsam boughs,
Late roses, darkly flushed, or honey-pale,
And heavy clustered grapes, and yellowing gourds,
Plump figs, and dew-moist apples, and smooth pears.
All these they brought and heaped before his sight.

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Voyagers in the utmost seas, when ice
Pinions their vessel fast and they prepare
For the blind frozen winter's boundless night,
How jealously they watch the last low rays,
How from the loftiest vantage in their view
Cherish the rosy warmth still on their limbs,
Tarrying until the bright rim wholly dips!
Adam, by huger darkness overhung,
So longed to taste life warm even to the last;
And fostering those fair flowers upon his lap
And holding a gold apple in his hand
Remembered Eden. O what blissful light
Flowed o'er his heart and bathed it in its beams!
It seemed the deep recesses of his soul
Welled up their inmost wisdom at the last:
He glowed with some transfiguring fire; his lips
Moved, and his face uplifted was inscribed
With mighty thoughts, that thus at length unrolled
Their solemnly assembled syllables.

"Look well on me, my children, whom ye lose!
Behold these eyes that have wept tears for you,
Behold these arms that have long toiled for you!—
These hands in Paradise have gathered flowers;
These limbs, which ye have seen so wasted down
In feebleness, so utterly brought low,
They grew not into stature like your limbs.
I wailed not into this great world a child
Helpless and speechless, understanding nought,
But from God's rapture perfect and full-grown
I suddenly awoke out of the dark.
How sweet a languor did enrich the blood
In my warmed veins, as on my opening eyes
The splendour of the world shone slowly in,
Mingling its radiant colours in my soul!
Yea, in my soul and only in my soul

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I deemed them to abide: sky, water, trees,
The moving shadows and the tender light.
This solid earth, this wide and teeming earth,
Which we have trodden, weary step by step,
Nor found beginning of an end of it,
I deemed it all abounding in my brain:
The murmur of the waters and the winds
Seemed but a music sighing from my joy;
Then I arose, and ventured forth a foot;
And soon, how soon, was dispossessed of all!
By every step I travelled into truth
That stripped me of my proud dreams, one by one,
Till all were taken. On such faltering feet
By gradual but most certain steps I came
Into my real and perfect solitude,
Alone amid the world that knew not me.
O Eve, thou knowest what I tell not now,
How I was comforted, and all the woe
That fell on our transgression; yet not less
When that first child lay babbling on thy knees,
Then again said I, 'Surely this is mine.'
And you, my children, whom I saw increase
Around me, stronger as my strength decayed,
How often have I called you also mine!
But now my firstborn is not any more,
Or wanders lost from me, and ye, ye too
Go from me over earth, forgetting me.
So surely I perceive, for all that I
In joy begot you, ye are mine no more.
But ye, who seem the proud and easy lords
Of this fair earth, ye too must tread the path
Which I trod in my ignorant longing, lose
What I have lost, and find what I have found.
What seek you, O my children, what seek you?
For I behold you in this narrow vale,
That mountains and deep forests compass round,

Google

Filled with desires. Beyond is all the world
That hardly shall content them; ye must go
Forth into that vast world, as from my feet
This water glides, we know not whither; yea,
Even as this stream is prisoned in its speed,
So shall ye be imprisoned in desire.
But when you have imagined peace and balm
For your endeavour, musing 'This is mine.'
When you shall say 'I have a cause for joy,'
Then be distrustful, lest you only learn
How cruel is desire till it attain,
And being baffled yet more cruel grows,
Indignant not to find what it had sought,
And suffering ye rage, and raging fall
Upon your own flesh. Ah, deal tenderly
With one another, O my sons, for ye,
Caged in these limbs that toil under the noon,
Are capable of sorrow huge as night;
And still must ye bear all, whatever come.
Look how the trees in an untimely spring
Put forth their sweet shoots on the frosty air
That withers up the tender sap, yet still
Cannot delay their ripening, nor fold back
Their wounded buds into the sheltering rind;
So shall ye shrink, yet so must ye endure.
I that was strong and proud in strength, and now
Am come to this last weakness, tell you this:
Alas, could ye but know it as I know.
I speak in vain, ye cannot understand."

He ended sighing: for his mind was filled
With apprehensions rolling up from far
The doom and tribulation of his race.
Looking upon the faces of his sons,
Well he divined their weakness from his own.
He knew what they should suffer; yet the worst

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He knew not; had he known, he would have rued
Less to be parent of their feebleness
Than of their strength, the power to maim and rend
And ravage even that which to their hearts
Is dearest, though they know not what they do,
Trampling their peace in dust; had he seen all
The dreadful actors on the endless stage,
Sprung from his loins,—the triumphing blind hordes,
Spurred by an ignorant fury to create
An engine of fierce pleasure in the pangs
Wrung from the brave, the gentle, and the wise,
And raging at a beauty not their own
That vexes all their vileness; till the world,
Discovering too late its precious loss,
Loves and laments in vain: had he seen this,
His grief had gone forth in a bitterer cry.
But they that heard him heard incredulous.
Trouble was far, and sweet youth in their hearts.
The beauty of the world encompassed them;
All else was fable; and they stood elate
Yet stirred and pensive, in such wondering pause
As might a troop of children who have found
In a king's garden, under shadowy yews,
Ancestral marbles on a sculptured wall,
Half hid in vines, and lifting up the leaves
Gaze in a bright-eyed wonder on fair shapes
Of arming heroes and unhappy queens,
Or press soft lips on Helen's woeful mouth,
Touching her perfect breast, and smile on her,
Unknowing how beneath that heavenly mould
Swelled, like a sea, the powers of love and pain,
Powers that shall surely also rock themselves
In storms, and their young courage crush to sobs,
Toss them on easeless beds, blind their hot eyes
With tears, in longing violent as vain,
Till they shall quite forget how life was once

Google

Sweet as a rose's breath and only fair,
As now 'tis fair and sweet to Adam's sons.
Exalted in expectancy, they mused,
And in their veins a warmer current glowed
Round their full-moulded limbs; their open eyes
Shone wistful, and they murmured to themselves,
When Adam's voice recalled them to his grief.
Out of unfathomable deeps his words
Seemed drawn in solemn slowness. "Lo, the light
Makes ready to go from you, even as I.
Hearken my sons! Upon the mountain side
There is a cave that looks toward the East:
And thence in the evening clearness have I oft
Far-off beheld the gates of Paradise.
Mine eyes would feel that glory once again
Ere they be turned for ever to the night.
Therefore go down and strew a bed for me,
And lay me on that bed and bear me up.
It groweth late. I may not tarry more."

But now at last the certainty of woe
Smote through them, and they feared exceedingly,
Scarce knowing yet what this command might mean.
They would have stayed, but Adam with raised hands
Moved them unto his bidding; they went down
And busied them, most sadly, o'er that toil
By the stream's shore, plaiting a bed of withes,
And some prepared rough poles, some gathered leaves.
Adam with Eve remained alone; the light
Slept warm upon the grass and on their feet,
And round about them in the spacious tent
Struck upward hovering glories, pale and clear.
He turned to her those eyes which never yet
Sought there a solace or heart's ease in vain,
And spoke, "O Eve!" but even there his voice
Stopt in the shadow of his coming thoughts,

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And he could say no more; but she came near
To lay her hands on his cold hands, and looked
On his bowed face, and with a soft reproach
Answered him, "Adam, thou didst say but now
That all were going from thee o'er the earth
And thou shouldst be alone, and none be thine,
And no companion with thee any more.
Am I not with thee? Shall I go from thee?
Am I not thine? Am I not wholly thine?"
Then Adam lifted up his fallen brow
And gently laid his great arms round her neck;
He looked into her eyes, into her soul.
The face of Eve was fallen toward his breast;
Her hair with his was mingled; now no more
They spoke, for they had come beyond all words.
They spoke not, stirred not, but together leaned,
Grand in the marble gesture of a grief
Becalmed for ever in the certitude
Of this last hour that over them stood still.
Thus had they stayed, nor moved, nor heeded aught;
But 'twixt them and the light a shadow fell:
And Adam lifted up his eyes, and saw
Seth standing there; he knew the hour was come.
For lo, about the doorway were the sons
Of Adam all assembled, with their wives
And children weeping; they had brought a bed
Of plaited osiers heaped with leaves; and now
Laying him on that litter, silently
They lifted up the poles. Eve weeping sank
Upon her knees: she kissed the dear last kiss;
She held his body in her tender arms
One aching moment, then relinquished him.
Thus they began, the young men and the old,
To bear him forth, unwillingly, with slow
Sad footsteps planted on the yielding sand,
While all the women wailed and wept aloud,

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Beating their breasts; they felt and were afraid
Yet understood not; their despair was blind.
But Eve, who understood her perfect loss
Even to the utmost pang, wept now no more.
Her daughters sobbing round her, hid their heads:
She only, with dim eyes, stretched forth her hands.

But they that bore the litter passed beside
The bright stream's pebbly margin; and with them
The bearded men and boys, all overcome
With desolating thoughts and silent fears,
Followed: soon slowly they began to climb
Slopes scattered darkly o'er their bossy knolls
With shadowy cedars, where the jutting ribs
Of grey rock interposed; until at last
They came to the great cavern in the cliff,
And rested, gazing backward o'er the vale
Reposing in the golden solitude.
Then Adam said, "Lift me, that I may see."
With careful arms they lifted him: he gazed
Down on the valley stretched out at his feet,
Marked with the shining stream; he saw beyond
Ranges of endless hills, and very far
On the remote horizon high and clear
Shone marvellous the gates of Paradise.
There was his home, his lost home, there the paths
His feet had trod in bliss and tears, the streams,
The heavenly trees that had o'ershadowed him,
Removed all into radiance, clear and strange
As to a fisher on dark Caspian waves,
Far from the land, appears the glimmering snow
Of Caucasus, already bathed in dawn,
Like a suspended opal huge in heaven,
And wonder awes him to remember how
Long happy mornings of his youth he strayed
Over those same far valleys of his home,

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Now melted and subdued to phantom shade
Beneath that lonely mount hung in the dawn:
So over darkened intervening vales
Tinged in the sweet fire of the light's farewell,
Shone Eden upon Adam. Then he sighed
A sigh not all of grief, "It is enough.
Leave me, my children, to my peace; go ye
And comfort Eve, go, prosper and be blest."
They each turned fearfully to each, but Seth
Bowed down his head and hushed them with his hand.
Silent with running tears they wept farewell,
And, often looking backward, on slow feet
Moved down the wide slope. Adam was alone.
At last his eyes were closing, yet he saw
Dimly the shapes of his departing sons,
Inheriting their endless fate; for them
The world lay free, and all things possible.
Perchance his dying gaze, so satisfied,
Was lightened, and he saw how vast a scope
Ennobled them of power to dare beyond
Their mortal frailty in immortal deeds,
Exceeding their brief days in excellence,
Not with the easy victory of gods
Triumphant, but in suffering more divine;
Since that which drives them to unnumbered woes,
Their burning deep unquenchable desire,
Shall be their glory, and shall forge at last
From fiery pangs their everlasting peace.

LAURENCE BINYON.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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MARCH 1902

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ENGLAND AND THE POWERS

THERE is a peculiarity about the present Government which has been responsible for a good deal of misconception. It is partly owing to certain traits in Lord Salisbury's character, and partly to certain considerations of policy which he has steadily kept in view, that it has become the fashion among the opponents of the Government, and also in the chauvinistic section of their supporters, to describe their foreign policy as vacillating and ineffective. We believe that this is a complete mistake. But it must be allowed that the mistake is not unnatural. In more than one transaction with a foreign Power it has been said that the Government have had all the worst of the bargain. Had Ministers chosen to explain in detail the advantages which this country had gained, and to point out the contrast between what the other Power had asked for and had obtained, we do not doubt that they might have greatly increased their popularity at home though they would also have much impeded the success of their diplomacy abroad. Whatever may have been the result to the political reputation of the Prime Minister, the present international position of this country is largely due to his moderation and self-restraint.

For what is the salient feature of the European situation? Is it not that during a war which has strained the resources of this country for more than two years no Power has for an instant attempted to take advantage of our difficulties? If Ministers were the set of squeezable weaklings their domestic critics profess to think them, surely some Continental Govern-

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ment would by now have found this out and profited by the discovery. If, on the other hand, they had conducted our affairs with the arrogance which would have pleased their jingo friends, foreign Governments would have lacked the power, even if they had the will, to keep under the ever smouldering hostility felt by Continental populations for Great Britain. Even as it is, there have not been wanting signs that some foreign statesmen are not above turning to Parliamentary account the prevalent anti-British feeling.

Though we may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the success with which we have got through a rather difficult passage in our history, there is one aspect of the present situation which may well cause some anxiety. There is no doubt that the widespread hatred felt for England is disquieting. In Russia, Germany and Austria, in Italy, Spain and France, in Belgium, Holland, and even in Switzerland, there seems to be a considerable body of popular opinion vehemently hostile to this country. It is true, as we have pointed out, that on this occasion the friendliness of foreign Governments has sufficed to keep in check the Anglophobia of their subjects. But will it always be so? Can we be secure that our affairs will always be conducted with moderation and discretion? And even if they are, may not the excitable elements of foreign nations prove too strong to be restrained, and hurry some or all of the Governments of Europe into a war of extermination with the British Empire? Questions such as these seem to be exercising the minds of certain well-known public writers, and though we hold that the danger may be very easily exaggerated, it is certainly worth while to consider what are the causes of the hatred felt for us, and what measures, if any, should be taken to guard against its results.

The principal cause of our unpopularity is the general tendency to hate foreigners. The feeling exists in every people for every other people. But among Continental nations reserve is necessary. They live so close to one another that if they habitually spoke their thoughts about their neighbours with the same

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freedom they use in discussing us, it might well happen that what began in a little harmless inkslinging might end in a bloody war. It is therefore much safer for the Continental nationalist to discharge his patriotic venom upon the inhabitants of these islands. Besides being safer it is also more natural. We are Islanders. We are stranger, more foreign than other foreigners. Our law and system of government are alike different from those of the rest of Europe. It is true that many countries have imitated the form of our parliamentary institutions. But the fundamental doctrines of equality of all before the law and its supremacy are understood nowhere outside the British Empire and the United States. Lastly, we alone in Europe have adopted free trade and resisted compulsory military service, and foreign nationalists, belonging as they do to the capitalist and official classes, feel bitterly how much our example adds to their difficulty in imposing on the proletariat the burdens of the blood tax and Protection.

In addition to these considerations it is commonly thought that envy of our prosperity operates to our disadvantage. This feeling undoubtedly exists. But we incline to think that its importance has been exaggerated. There are many countries such as Russia, Austria, Spain and the smaller Powers of Europe who are not seriously our commercial or colonial rivals, and in those cases envy of the British Empire if it exists can scarcely be a very active emotion. Even in France envy of us is largely mitigated by contempt. The patriotic ideal of Frenchmen has always been that their country should be glorious rather than wealthy, and they have genuinely despised our trading success as fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. In Germany no doubt we are envied. There is in that country a movement for colonial and commercial expansion, and those who are affected by it see in our widespread trade and possessions the principal obstacle to its success. But it seems unlikely that the German people if left to themselves would be seriously moved by the extravagances of their colonial party. We are sometimes told by British publicists that the

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German nation as a whole, and in particular the Kaiser and his advisers are so far under the influence of this party as to be believers in a deep-laid scheme to seize from us the command of the seas and with it our Empire. To us this seems insanity. Political prophecy is dangerous, and deep-laid schemes of all kinds are to be avoided. But if German statesmen ever indulge in speculations about the future they must think more of securing their country against the issue of the apparently impending struggle between Slav and Teuton than of building castles in the air about World Empires founded on the ruin of the commerce and colonies of Great Britain.

In addition to these general causes, Continental dislike has been in many countries inflamed by special circumstances. In Germany, for instance, the hatred of England has been largely the creation of the German Government. A chief object of Prince Bismarck's policy was to protect his country against Russia. After 1871 it was of her alone that he was afraid. Hence it was that he encouraged her to go to war with Turkey in 1876, and later helped Austria and England to deprive her of the fruits of her victory. But he contrived throughout to remain on excellent terms with his eastern neighbour. It was always other countries that appeared as her adversaries, and even when he entered into an alliance against her with Austria there was a secret understanding which, in effect, left his ally in the lurch. Among other expedients he is thought to have fomented, as far as he could, Russian aggression on British interests. But here he was met with an unexpected difficulty. The late Empress Frederick was for many reasons a warm friend of this country, and when diplomatic questions involving the three Powers arose she used all her influence on our side. Apart from Bismarck's anger at her interference in his department, he was enraged by the risk of Russian resentment at this pro-British element in German policy and, as we know, expressed his feelings with great candour. To counteract the "Engländerin" he determined to educate his countrymen into hatred of Great Britain,

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and to gain his end used every means, including the reptile press. When Bismarck fell there was a lull in the anti-British campaign. The erratic vehemence with which the Prince attacked his successors paralysed his followers. Moreover, attempts were at that time being made to lure this country into an alliance which would be a more permanent security against Russia than could ever be achieved by soothing that Power's susceptibilities. Civility was the order of the day, and except in a few ultra-Bismarckian organs, the German press was unobjectionable to us. During the last few years this has all been changed. Bismarckians have regained their power. Their master's death has removed a great obstacle to their influence. Drawn as they principally are from the landowners and soldiers they hate our free trade and military policy and it is to them a labour of love to preach an Anglophobia which is sanctioned by their devotion alike to the doctrines of the Iron Chancellor and to what they hold to be the interests of their country. The attitude of the Kaiser has also changed. From the time of the celebrated Kruger telegram he has allowed his Ministers, and in particular Von Bülow, to treat this country with something very like insolence. As to the reason for this change something shall be said directly. For the present purpose the important thing is that all the organs of public opinion have been given a free hand to attack Great Britain and the attacks have culminated in the organised campaign of abuse through which we have just passed. If anything could increase the British contempt for these "foul and filthy lies" it is the proof that throughout the hand of the German Government has been upon the throttle-valve of calumny, and that when it was seen that the people of this country were becoming dangerously angry the flow of falsehood was immediately shut off.

In other countries other causes have been at work. Wherever the Roman Catholic Church is powerful, we have had to reckon with her hostility. It would be unjust to complain of it. But for the English Church and its offshoots,

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there would be no Protestant body at all capable of making head against her, and her chances of again bringing Western Europe into her organisation would be materially increased. The effects of the Roman attitude have been plainly visible in Spain, Italy, Austria, and most of all in France, where matters have been greatly aggravated by the unhappy Dreyfus case, and the intemperate, and in every way ill-judged, advocacy of that cause in England.

Roman Catholicism can necessarily have had no effect in Russia. In that country it is not perhaps accurate to speak of a public opinion antagonistic to us. As understood here, there is no public opinion in Russia. The newspapers are under the strict control of the Government, and in their habitual denunciation of Great Britain only utter the prevalent feeling of the military and official classes. In Russia, as elsewhere, these classes are hostile on general grounds, and their hostility has been increased by the repeated diplomatic incidents which have taken place between the two countries in recent years. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt that one school of the Czar's advisers look forward in the dim future to a Russian conquest of India.

If this diagnosis of European enmity to this country is correct, it follows that it is not likely in itself to be dangerous. Apart from dynastic considerations which are not now operating, nations have fought one another almost exclusively for one of two reasons. They have either disapproved of each other's religion, or one has sought to take some portion of the territory belonging to the other. In this century it sounds absurd to speak of a religious war, and indeed it is so under present conditions. But it cannot be regarded as certain that such a thing will never again occur, and if this country has ever alone to meet in arms a coalition of European Powers, the Roman Church will in all probability be the soul of such a combination. This is not, however, the danger that is commonly feared. Some, both on the Continent and in this country, have imagined a combination of all or some of the

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Powers of Europe spurred by their common hatred of this country, and rewarded by a partition of the Empire. If we are right in what has been said, the hatred, though widespread, is in no other sense a common feeling. It is sprung from widely different causes, and its intensity has been exaggerated. Nor is it such a motive as leads to war. There is not now, nor is there likely to be, any definite desire on the part of any one Power to take from us any particular portion of our Empire. At the worst there is an undercurrent of envy of our general prosperity which is increased, but also rendered innocuous, by the knowledge that even if our Empire were shattered, comparatively little of it could ever be possessed by another Power. The conquest and occupation of our self-governing colonies by any Foreign Power is as nearly impossible as anything can be.

For these reasons an international plot to destroy England seems to us a chimera. But this is not to say that the general atmosphere of unpopularity is unimportant to us. On the contrary, it is under such conditions that a trifling dispute may grow into a serious quarrel, leading perhaps to war. It behoves all Englishmen, therefore, to consider what diplomatic precautions, if any, should be taken to shield us from the threatened danger. Two proposals are commonly made. One school recommends an alliance with Germany, another an understanding with Russia. We disapprove equally of both suggestions. It has long been known that in high quarters in Germany some form of defensive alliance with us is desired. Indeed, many think that this desire explains the curious course taken of late years by the German Government. We have been treated by our Teutonic cousins to rapid alternations of friendliness and insult. The Kruger telegram was followed by Imperial visits and civilities which in turn gave way to unmeasured attacks in the German press, succeeded by a markedly cordial reception of a royal guest. It is suggested that all this is designed to induce us by flattery or fright to throw in our lot with Germany. The tactics are certainly not unlike those of the dealer

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who tries to make his bargain first by cajolery and then by bluster. And they have had a certain measure of success. At least it is difficult in any other way to account for the opinion of those who approve the German alliance.

That Germany should wish for our help is comprehensible enough. With our fleet to protect her colonies and divert the attention of France, the German armies could meet Russia on equal terms even if the political conditions in Austria made her co-operation impossible. Moreover, and this is the most important aspect of the case, with our alliance as a diplomatic asset, Germany could play a far bolder game of European and colonial expansion. It is less easy to see the advantage to us. We do not wish for further territory, and if we did the Germans neither could nor would help us to get it. Suppose, for instance, it became necessary for us to occupy a Chinese province. Is it conceivable—whatever the wording of our treaty with Germany—that she would help us? Even if she were disposed to do so, she would never dare to denude her French or Russian frontiers of troops or expose herself on our account to an attack from those two Powers.

We have purposely put a case that is very unlikely to arise. Our readers can easily imagine other occasions on which our relations with some Power other than Germany might become strained. But in every case the same observation applies. So long as we have command of the sea we do not need German help; and, further, if the supposed dispute arose between us and France or Russia, Germany would not dare to interfere.

For the suggestion of an understanding with Russia there seems at first sight more to be said. Our interests and those of Russia so often clash that a settlement of all our prospective differences is an attractive idea. But there are two difficulties in the way. In the first place understandings with Russia in the past have usually led to misunderstandings; and in the second we have really nothing to give Russia. In China, Central Asia, and Persia, any further advance by her is not to our interest. Whether it would be wise to treat such an

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advance as a *casus belli* must depend on the circumstances in which it was made. But it would be at least premature to agree at present not to do so. We might, indeed, without any serious injury to our interests cease to object to her occupation of Constantinople. But she is not likely to attempt that until she has disposed of Austrian objections by force or by agreement, and when that has been done she would care little for our protests.

It is said or hinted apart from all these questions that our great enemy in the future will be Germany and that we ought to make a friend of Russia to help us against the Kaiser's machinations. We have already said that we do not believe in this theory. But if it be true that at some future time this country may have to fight for its existence with an overgrown German Empire, that is not likely to occur for many years to come. To prepare for contingencies of that sort by diplomatic means is futile. Indeed the value of understandings and alliances is never very great. At the best they merely express the present intentions of the parties. No potentate or minister can in such matters really bind his successors for any length of years, and international experience shows that in time of pressure the life of these paper bands has not been a long one. The true policy for this country is to avoid Continental complications as much as possible, to decline to take part in the racial antagonisms of central Europe and to take care that our powers of defence, especially on the sea, are adequate to meet any danger that is likely to come upon us.

It has indeed been for long the guiding principle of English statesmen in foreign affairs, to keep this country free from diplomatic engagements in Europe. And if the same conditions prevailed in Eastern Asia as in Europe an alliance with Japan would be as objectionable as an alliance with Germany or Russia. But this is not the case. Great Britain has in the Far East large commercial interests which are threatened by the political ambitions of some of the European nations. The colonial party in Germany and the military clique in Russia

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openly advocate extensions of the German and Russian possessions in China. This would involve continued political disturbance, would be destructive to British prestige and injurious to British trade. The difficulty cannot be met, for many reasons, by this country joining in the partition of China. It is true that partition has been resorted to in Africa. But apart from other considerations Africa is in effect an island. All armed forces sent from Europe to Africa must cross the sea, and while we maintain our fleet we ought to be able to protect our African possessions from European attack. China is strategically a peninsula of which Russia is the mainland, and if we were to occupy any extent of territory in China we should sooner or later find our territory marching with that of a Western Power and unprotected by the natural barriers which have lessened the burden of that position in India.

The great object of British policy in China must, therefore, necessarily be the maintenance of the *status quo*, and it was with this purpose that negotiations were from time to time entered upon with Russia, and that the Anglo-German Convention was concluded. Neither of these undertakings was very fortunate. The Anglo-German Convention, nick-named in Germany the "Yangtzse Agreement," has been so construed by Count von Bülow, in defiance of its unambiguous language, as to deprive it of most of its value. The Russian negotiations have followed the usual course of negotiations with that Power. The Ministers of the Czar are always very friendly in words, but they seem to lack either the will or the power to carry their words into effect. It is enough to point out in proof of this assertion that the Russian flag still floats over the Custom House at Niuchwang, and it will only be withdrawn upon diplomatic compulsion. It became clear, therefore, that Great Britain must either support the *status quo* single-handed—a feat of considerable difficulty—or come to some agreement with Japan.

There was obviously much to recommend such an agreement. The interests of Japan, except perhaps as to Corea,

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seemed identical with our own. She required peace for her commercial development, and she looked with apprehension on the establishment of any Western nation in China.

On the other hand a European coalition had already coerced her once. A similar combination might, if she stood alone, reduce her to impotence. Unless she could secure her position by diplomatic means, her very existence was in peril. Pressed by these considerations she might come to an agreement with Russia, a course which would have added one more to our many difficulties. Finally, the geographical position and material resources of Japan make her friendship of great importance in any Far Eastern conflict. It is not too much to say that the strength of the combined Anglo-Japanese forces would be in any such conflict overpowering.

Moved by such considerations as these the Government concluded the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It has been received with general but not universal approval. It is objected, for instance, that we may suffer from the ambitions—in themselves perfectly legitimate—of Japan. No doubt even in a defensive alliance each contracting Power depends, to some extent, on the discretion and honesty of its ally, and to that extent all alliances are objectionable. But there seems every reason to believe that our ally in this case will prove honest and discreet. Baron Hayashi urged in this REVIEW, so long ago as January of last year, that the steady progress in civilisation of his country entitled her to be considered a fit associate for any Western Power. That is perfectly true, and, indeed, our experience of her loyalty shows that she is far more to be trusted than many of her elders in the family of so-called World Powers. Moreover, her Ministers are far too wise to endanger her diplomatic character by careless or improper conduct in her first alliance with a European Power. We believe, therefore, that this alliance is likely to prove advantageous to us, not only in the Far East, but also, by lightening the duties of our fleet, in any European complication in which we may become engaged.

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ON THE LINE

"THE Return of Ulysses," one of its author's finest plays, forms part by a happy coincidence of the fourth volume just issued of the complete **Poetical Works of Robert Bridges**. (Smith Elder. 6*s.*) The simultaneous appearance in book form of Mr. Stephen Phillips' **Ulysses**—(Lane. 4*s.* 6*d.* net)—gives to lovers of poetry an opportunity of a very rare kind, of comparing the work of two prominent living poets dealing with the same subject under the same form. When we speak of comparing the two plays we do not of course mean weighing them against one another as rivals for popularity, for apart from the impossibility of arguing on a matter of taste, we feel that both writers deserve our gratitude for their loyalty to the good old cause of the English poetical drama. Mr. Bridges' service is of long standing and gradual effect; Mr. Phillips comes with timely help at a critical moment; there is among the playgoing public a long-felt want and a readiness to listen which may soon be overpast, and which it is important to turn to account; what is most necessary is not so much a great play as a successful play, and one of the most real of Mr. Phillips' merits is that whether his strokes are good or bad, at least he is on the right side and he keeps his wicket up. And for this we are bold to praise him, in face of that booing here and there among the crowd, which in England so soon follows a first success in literature, and which in Mr. Phillips' case has been provoked, though it

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is not justified, by the imprudent loyalty of some of his well-wishers and the ignorant extravagance of others There are many with a warm welcome ready for a poet, a new poet, a dramatic poet, who are less amused than chilled and disgusted at hearing their young hopeful spoken of as having in six months produced a masterpiece combining the best qualities of Milton, Sardou, Virgil, Congreve, Sophocles, and the younger Dumas. We are reminded that the worshippers of the real Herod were hardly more blasphemous, and we shudder at the possible consequences. From such cultured profanity it is almost a relief to turn to the brazen and hollow booming of the journalist. We select the following example from a prominent London morning paper:

The triumph of *Herod* at Her Majesty's marked Mr. Stephen Phillips out inevitably as the writer of the next new play for Mr. Tree.

The subject has been under consideration for many weeks, but in its surroundings Mr. Phillips has never really wavered from his original scheme. In *Herod* he threw off the bonds of Elizabethan form and reverted to the tragic simplicity of the Greeks; in his new play he carries the revolution still further, and challenges comparison with the greatest name in the world's literature—that of Homer.

A new Odyssey is the closest definition one can apply. Yet an Odyssey necessarily circumscribed and reduced to the requirements of the three-hours traffic of the stage. To achieve this, Mr. Phillips has had to select one great figure from the multitude and to concentrate his attention on one series of adventures in the great epic.

In selecting Ulysses as his hero he has been most happily inspired. This Greek warrior, with his plethora of adventures, was, before all things, a comedian of the subtlest order. And it is as comedian that Mr. Tree is at his finest.

The period covered by the play embraces the years of the warrior's wonderings, and includes such historical incidents as the escape from the Syrens and the well-nigh fatal encounter with Circe. The drama culminates in the return of the wanderer and the winning of his wife as the one suitor who can bend the bow of the missing warrior.

The play provides ample scope for beautiful setting, but will not, we understand, include any of the incidents associated with the siege of Troy.

That such things can be said and written about him, is

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Mr. Phillips' misfortune, not his fault. On the contrary, it is his duty, as he loves his art, to go down from Parnassus, and walk half-disguised among the mob, until they learn to follow him out of the noise and garbage of the market-place back to serene or windy uplands. And in this his friends must help him, but with that quietness and confidence which distinguish sincere faith from commercial anxiety.

Mr. Bridges has beyond question the same cause at heart; and if he has not adopted the modern methods, it is because he believes he can attain more certain and more lasting results by the old ones. We are not sure that he is mistaken. His name, it is true, is not seen upon evening bills, nor has he been acclaimed as the conqueror of Congreve or the challenger of Homer. But among those who have praised him have been, at any rate, those whose voices will ring longest in the ears of men. His following, though it grows steadily, is still comparatively small in numbers; would not perhaps fill Her Majesty's for many nights—though even this is not altogether beyond their more patient hopes—but they at least know how to praise him. Mr. W. B. Yeats, for example, spoke for some besides himself when he published the following passage nearly five years ago. After setting forth an ideal for the writing of drama, he continues:

> And certainly the greater plays of the past ages have been built after such a fashion. If this fashion is about to become our fashion also, and there are signs that it is, plays like the plays of Mr. Robert Bridges will come suddenly out of that obscurity into which all poetry, that is not lyrical poetry, has fallen, and even popular criticism will begin to know something about them. Some day the few among us, who care for poetry more than any temporal thing, and who believe that its delights cannot be perfect when we read it alone in our rooms, and long for one to share its delights, but that they might be perfect in the theatre when we share them friend with friend, lover with beloved, will persuade a few idealists to seek out the lost art of speaking, and seek out ourselves the lost art, that is perhaps nearest of all arts to eternity, the subtle art of listening. When that day comes we will talk much of Mr. Bridges, for did he not write scrupulous, passionate poetry to be sung and to be spoken, when there were few to sing and as yet none to speak? There is one play especially, *The Return of Ulysses*, which we will praise for perfect after its

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kind, the kind of our new drama of wisdom, for it moulds into dramatic shape, and with as much as possible of literal translation, those closing books of the Odyssey, which are perhaps the most perfect poetry of the world, and compels that great tide of song to flow through delicate dramatic verse, with little abatement of its own leaping and clamorous speed. As I read, the gathering passion overwhelms me, as it did when Homer himself was the singer; and when I read at last the lines in which the maid describes to Penelope the battle with the suitors, at which she looks through the open door, I tremble with excitement.

Mr. Bridges' ideal, then, is thought to be not only the ideal of the past, but still more completely and vitally the ideal of the future: Mr. Phillips is essentially the poet of the present, the dramatist of his generation. Not that he, too, is not on the side of development: he disregards all prejudices, rightly refuses to be trammelled in his metre by the critic-made "rules of blank verse," and will fearlessly modernise a subject from Dante, from Josephus, and from Homer in turn. It remains to be seen whether he has not achieved victory rather than conquest. There is something Napoleonic in his instinct for the decisive moment of public taste and the weak spot against which to advance, and in his power of massing and launching an army of heterogeneous elements. He recruits a prologue from the Pantomime, a scenic interlude from Virgil, a plot from Homer and Wagner; Rostand supplies him with rhetoric, Keats with blank verse, Pope with rhymed heroics and Poseidon's "moist province"; the costumes come from Crete and the music from further still: the general himself, at the critical moment, takes his place bareheaded in full view of the admiring columns. The effect is magical; the forces of Philistia are crushed and scattered; for this time at least the English poetical drama is saved, and we are all once more congratulating ourselves.

It may be always so; at any rate in Mr. Phillips' day. Perhaps only posterity will know whether it is Homer's story or the setting, the lights and dresses, the music and melodrama, that take the position by storm, or none of these so much as the stately march of Mr. Phillips' verse and the keen

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edge of his pathos. We can only say for ourselves that the more we have in future of Mr. Phillips himself and the less of his equipment, the more dramatic insight and the less merely theatrical skill, the surer we shall feel of his lasting influence.

Types of Naval Officers. By Capt. A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. (Sampson Low. 24*s.* net).—When an admired writer has seemed to be slowly falling from the high level of his early reputation, there is no keener literary pleasure than to hear him again sounding the old note. It is this pleasure that is in store for those who take up Captain Mahan's new volume. Full of merits as his later works have been, we could not conceal from ourselves that they were not of the same calibre as his first three volumes. Resolutely as here in England we tried to fix our attention on all that was good in his "Nelson," we could not but feel the serious blemishes. For all our high expectation we had to set it down with a sigh and see our admiral looking a little shabby. Other volumes of less ambition were even more disappointing, but in the "Types of Naval Officers" we are back at the old invigoration. Here we at once recognise the old mastery, the old high purpose, the old penetrating breadth of view, and the old magic handling of stale and worn material. It is this same power of dealing with known material, so as to extract from it a new and convincing significance, that distinguishes as much as anything the historian from the archivist or chronicler. It is also Captain Mahan's great distinction, and nowhere has he displayed it more powerfully than in the present volume. The portraits are equally remarkable. They exhibit his faculty for colouring a broad and firm outline with rapid strokes of detail, so that while each lives and moves with its own distinction, they are never forced from their due subordination to the main design.

The success is the more remarkable, for the work appears not to have been originally conceived as a whole. It consists

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of an introduction of absorbing interest in which the main theme is developed. This may broadly be described as an essay in naval pathology, an excursus on the diseases to which a highly organised navy is liable, and above all, the disease of formalism, which, at first designed to give mobility and elasticity, generates at length by excessive stimulation a dread of responsibility and initiative barely to be distinguished from cowardice. The six biographies that follow serve as examples of the kind of medicine this and kindred diseases call for. Four of them not being originally written for the work do not fit quite easily into the scheme, but nevertheless they are so fresh and informing that the rough edges, if noticed, are easily forgiven, and do little to mar the effect of a very notable work.

Betwixt the mirk and the morning is, as all lovers of Faërie know, the time when elves have power. If they have any control betwixt the winter and the spring, **Songs of Childhood** (Walter Ramal. Longmans. 3*s.* 6*d.* net) have come to birth in a lucky hour. Dwarfs, witches, hares, the birds, the beasts, the flowers, the very moons of magic pervade this tiny book.

Dark was the sea they gambolled in,
And thick with silver fish,
Dark as green glass blown clear and thin
To be a monarch's dish.

They sate to sup in a jasmine bower,
Lit pale with flies of fire
Their bowls the hue of the iris-flower,
And lemon their attire.

Sweet wine in little cups they sipped,
And golden honeycomb
Into their bowls of cream they dipped,
Whipt light and white as foam.

As the enchantment spreads, as page after page of black and white turns crimson, gold, and blue, the reader, aware

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already that it is never what it seems to be, endures a sudden panic lest it should vanish altogether and he be left alone, bereft even of the fays under the dock leaves, drawn all unconsciously for frontispiece by the fingers of that dead King of the Fairies who was wont to sign himself *Dicky Doyle*. "You should just see how horrid his toes will be!" said a little child to his mother, as she sat drawing an ogre. It is not the toes of this "Ogre" that are so horrid, it is his thumb. His "disastrous thumb" stands commended to all lovers of the marvellous. Walter Ramal is himself a wizard, of the kindred of Thomas the Rhymer; not a doubt of it. He would be either very young or very rash who should venture to prophecy that his magic will please on that account. Wrap up love, war, religion, reason, even morality, in verse, and all the world will learn it by heart; let poetry be poetry alone—who cares to read? They have reversed Armado's opinion that the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo; and Apollo has to pay for the reversal. Yet Apollo has always a few faithful followers. These will say that Walter Ramal should not spoil one of his finest fancies, "The Pilgrim," by a misquotation from Webster—that he should not steal locks of hair from Christina Rossetti, inasmuch as "Goblin Market" is a better poem than "The Pedlar"—that he must beware of too much coloured glass, and of Robert Louis Stevenson; but they will thank him from heart to heart because, through him, their ears have drunk in music.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget. Edited by Stephen Paget, one of his sons. (Longmans. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.)—The memoirs and letters of a man so much honoured and beloved as Sir James Paget would in any case have made an interesting book, but this record of a "blameless life" is written not only in the spirit of filial piety, but with much literary skill and judgment. It is little more than a story of hard work, with little variety or picturesqueness. Paget did not care much for either. The characteristic note of modesty, and perhaps we

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may say lack of imagination, is struck by the first words of the Memoirs: "I have only the most vague and useless recollections of my childhood . . . I vaguely remember the events of nursery life . . . but nothing useful to others or to myself." Men of genius are generally more interested in themselves than this; and in Paget's depreciation of his childhood—and indeed his manhood too—modesty is pushed almost too far. He was but moderately interested in himself. He did not think of himself, but of his work. He felt that he had work to do every day which must be done, and done by him, and that life was too short for it; and he grudged giving time to anything which did not directly bear upon it or make him more fitted for carrying it out. "Busy all day," as he describes his father, he was himself; more than all day, if a working day is anything less than twelve hours, often fourteen or sixteen. "Where should I be now," he writes, "if I had only worked eight hours a day?"

The thoroughness and unworldliness of his father's character were repeated in his son; and his mother, with her indefatigable industry, her strong will, her devotion to her children, her skill in drawing and interest in natural history and "collections of all kinds" helps to complete the picture. Paget might well say, "Such were my parents. I can boast of being, in the best sense, well-born."

From Yarmouth he went at twenty as a student to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, his connection with which, as curator, lecturer, warden and governor successively, was never broken for sixty-five years.

To a youth of his genius and application success was certain, but it came slowly. Between 1836 and 1842 the largest sum his private practice brought him in in any year was about twenty-two guineas. In later years the average sum received in fees was from £7000 to £10,000 a year. But his appreciation of success is so cold and measured that we are inclined to think it did not give him great pleasure. What gave him pleasure was reputation among the men of his

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profession, "the best judges"—not popularity among patients, "the worst judges." He attained all the honours of success, a large income, a baronetcy, academical degrees, the membership of all the scientific and medical institutions in Europe and America, and of such societies of distinguished men as the Philosophical Society, Grillion's, the Nobodys, the Literary Society, and the Club.

Sir James Paget's simple method of life is well described by his son (p. 256):

> My father's work from breakfast to dinner was like that of all busy men, save that there was rather more of it. . . . Dinner was a very plain meal, soon over; a Spartan sort of dessert was put out upstairs; he fetched his books and papers from his study, unlocked his desk, and set to work at a narrow segment of the table that we all used. Two feet and a half were enough for his desk and his letters and his glass of wine; and always, year in year out, he sat at the same point of the table's compass, and made the least possible space do for everything

He had good health and good spirits, and in his home life "a rare amount of happiness." All this continued till extreme old age, when he watched in his own person, as he had observed in others, the signs of decay in an aged body. His mind was clear and strong to the end.

His contribution to medical knowledge is a subject for specialists, and does not appear prominently in this book. Pathology was his subject: his work in Physiology, based upon constant work with the microscope, is estimated in an interesting notice by Sir Michael Foster (p. 209). He treated any subject which came under his hand with abundance of observation and experiment, careful comparison of facts and perfect lucidity in statement. Those who followed him were always certain that his work did not need to be done again.

Sir James Paget is one more instance of the thorough-going man of science, whose first duty is to doubt, leaving his doubts behind when he enters upon the region of religion. He remained all his life within the limits of strict old-fashioned

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Church of England orthodoxy, keeping Sunday as his parents had kept it, with Sunday books and theological study. He was not disturbed by the religious movements of his time. His conviction of "the extreme danger of deductions" probably disinclined him to religious speculation; and he had his own line of thought and inquiry to pursue, and did not care to work on other lines as an amateur. Religion was one thing and science another, one no less real than the other, but to be studied separately. His view of materialism is strikingly given in the following passage from one of his lectures (p. 175):

> There is established between man and the brutes a great difference, not in degree alone, but in kind. The spirit differs from all the faculties in its independence of our organisation; for it is exercised best in complete abstraction from all that is sensible; it is wholly independent of the organisation of the brain; wholly independent also of the education of the understanding.

Paget "never played," except in his annual holiday, when he rambled, free from care, in his own country or the Alpine lands. But he loved and appreciated music, art and natural scenery. He also enjoyed and took his full part in good talk, wrote an admirable style, always clear, and often marked by grace and dignity, and, whether in lectures or on public occasions, was one of the best speakers of his day.

The outcome of so much labour and faithfulness was that quality which he prized most highly among human attainments, both for its worth and its rarity, the quality of wisdom, the result of many years spent in thinking and acting rightly.

Poverty: a Study of Town Life. By B. S. Rowntree. (Macmillan. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This is a valuable work and admirably carried out. Mr. Rowntree's book is a chart of the life of the working classes; a chart by which many mariners, civic and political, as well as philanthropic, would do well to steer their

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course. What Mr. Charles Booth has done for the East-end of London Mr. Rowntree has done for York, and he takes York as fairly representative of the normal provincial town in England. He is so accurate, so thorough, so fair-minded and so sober that we cannot hesitate to accept the truth of his statements. This being so, it is an appalling picture that his plain statistics give us. He divides the working people into four classes: those earning under 18*s.*, those earning from 18*s.* to 21*s.*, those earning from 21*s.* to 30*s.*, and those earning above 30*s.*; and it is one cheering fact in his book that by far the greater proportion of the poor in York belong to the two latter divisions. The crux, as usual, lies in the condition of the two first-named classes. The author reckons "the minimum expenditure necessary to maintain in a state of physical efficiency a family of two adults and three children" as being 21*s.* 8*d.*, whilst "the average wage for a labourer in York is from 18*s.* to 21*s.*" Thus all persons below the artisan class, all "the labouring classes, upon whom the bulk of the muscular work falls," are practically doomed to sadly deficient nourishment, to debt and to ill-health. Mr. Rowntree's chapter on "Housing," giving an account of the cheap and unsanitary dwellings inhabited by this section of the community, leaves a terrible picture in our minds. When, in addition to this, we remember that the average expenditure of each working-man's family on drink is 6*s.* a week—that the minimum of 21*s.* 8*d.* only allows for three children, and leaves no margin for newspapers, tobacco, pleasure or provident clubs—it will easily be understood that a household living on any sum under 26*s.* is bound, even when respectable and sober, to live in extreme poverty. The writer points out that, pressed on by debts which have to be repaid in instalments, the better sort of poor are often forced down into slum life; while the worse sort, with their perennial deficit, are really compelled to exist in gloom and demoralisation. The skilled artisans, on the other hand, enjoy considerable comfort, though they often impair their prosperity by gambling and drinking. Perhaps the

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most interesting chapter in a very interesting book is that on "Family Budgets," in which Mr. Rowntree gives the detailed household expenditure and the daily bills of fare of numerous families belonging to each of his four classes, together with an account of their respective circumstances. The budgets were kept for many consecutive weeks and tested by the most careful investigation of facts. He compares the actual diet of the poor with the diet given in workhouses and prisons; and, what is more important, he shows, in tables of analysed food how, for the same money, the poor might live on more nutritious rations—lentils, pease-pudding and other wholesome food-stuffs. The need of good cooking and a choice of utensils to make such diet digestible is, however, he tells us, a great initial difficulty.

Mr. Rowntree is not a pessimist; he sees improvement before us, but he thinks it will come gradually. He believes it will be obtained through stricter application of existing laws, especially those for public health; through the increase of efficient education and the bettering of social and economic conditions.

> The object of the writer [he says] has been to state facts rather than to suggest remedies. He desires, nevertheless, to express his belief that, however difficult the path of social progress may be, a way of advance will open out before patient and penetrating thought if inspired by a true human sympathy.

Owen Glyndwr and the Last Struggle for Welsh Independence. With a brief sketch of Welsh History. By Arthur Granville Bradley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5*s.*)—The author labours under the disadvantage, frankly acknowledged, of extremely scanty materials for a personal history of his hero. We have the record of his deeds and can draw our inferences, but the man himself must always remain a shadowy figure. Still he is *par excellence* the national Welsh hero, and nobody will dispute that there is room for much fuller knowledge of his career and place in the history of the Principality than is

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commonly possessed—in England at all events—so that the publication of this volume in the Heroes of the Nations series is justified.

Mr. Bradley has carefully examined the authorities and legends, and his narrative is clear and accurate, if somewhat lacking in force. Born of good lineage, with a claim to royal descent, there was nothing in Owen Glendower's early life to turn him into a foe of the English, but rather the contrary. He studied at the Inns of Court and became squire to Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and his life-long enemy. He would probably have lived a loyal subject if he had not been driven into rebellion at the age of forty-one by the tyranny of his neighbour, Lord Grey of Ruthyn, Lord of the Marches, who misappropriated a slice of his land and tried to arrest him unjustly on a plea of evading military service. Failing to get redress in the King's Council, from that time to the end of his life Glendower stands out as the leader of a patriotic rising of the Welsh against the English. The ostensible pretext was their attachment to Richard II. and dislike of the usurping Lancastrian. Expedition after expedition is despatched against him without success; at the height of his power he assumes royal state; he sends ambassadors to France and makes a treaty with the French king; he offers to take Wales over to the allegiance of the Avignon Pope. After ten years continuous ruthless fighting his forces are crushed and his people subdued; but he continues to carry on guerilla warfare to the end of his days, and dies an outlaw, with his family under detention by the English Court. His personality must have been a statesmanlike and truly masterful one—witness his influence over Hotspur and Mortimer, to whom he married his daughter. It is unfortunate that the materials for a complete picture of such a man are wanting.

A brief summary of Welsh History before and after Glendower's times is a useful complement to the narrative.

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Justice is done to the conciliatory policy of Henry VIII. under whose rule complete fusion with England took place. Mr. Bradley knows the country well and is able to throw in much local colour. The interest of his book is decidedly increased by the topographical descriptions, which will specially be appreciated by residents and tourists.

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AN UNCONSIDERED PARTY QUESTION

IN the January number of this REVIEW England's finance was discussed as a system founded in the middle of the last century upon theories and expectations long since overthrown, and serviceable only in conditions which, however stable they may have seemed then, are now supplanted by their opposites. The whole scheme being raised on a presumption of peace, or, to speak a little more exactly, on an opinion of war as a remote and ever-dwindling likelihood, it is theoretically what it proves to be: inadequate and unfit when we have to build upon presumptions of war. As financier, the lesson which Mr. Gladstone drew from his view of the future appears to have been this: that indirect taxation should give place largely to direct taxation on economic grounds, and that it should do so further on moral grounds. Many trivial sources of indirect taxation should be closed altogether in any circumstances, and there he was undoubtedly right; others might be safely closed because of the small and dwindling need of them as a provision for the extraordinary expense of war; and others yet because it is one thing to enlarge taxation from a source which the people are accustomed to, and another to reopen any source when once closed. At that the people rebel, and rebellion, or the fear of it, is useful in checking the impetuous and immoral adventure of Tory Governments. Under such persuasions the Gladstonian system was framed, and very well

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it worked as long as the conditions it was founded on held together. But they have all given way. The peace presumption is reversed, and with it the fiscal policy that was based upon the presumption. Actual war, the palpable necessity for unabating defensive preparation, and the ever-rising cost of the Civil Service, have brought us to a point where the supply from indirect taxation is unwisely and unfairly small, the demand upon direct taxation excessively partial as an impost and politically injudicious. For it is not only that the two are out of balance and unjust. Together they bedevil the first purpose of all wise taxation in time of stress, which is to draw the fullest possible supply with the least consciousness of being yielded, and therefore at the lowest cost of discontent.

In brief, such was the argument against England's antiquated finance, as viewed from her entirely changed position in a world astir in every quarter with conflict and the causes of conflict. It has since been supported (the argument, I mean) by the high and independent authority of Sir Robert Giffen, who enforces the same conclusions from the same grounds. As to that, however, it would be aspersion to doubt that most competent minds discovered for themselves, long ago, that we are involved at last in such complications as have turned the whole continent of Europe into an armed camp, and that defence against them cannot be maintained upon our narrowed financial position. But recognition of the facts is naturally followed by contemplation of the remedy, which by good fortune is equally obvious. But what happens then? Why, then these discerning minds turn to another matter of consideration infinitely inferior, by which, however, the right conduct of affairs is often retarded, deflected, or even ruined altogether. There can be no mistake about what is meant: the Party consideration.

For reasons that will presently appear, the Party consideration is in this case unusually weighty and unusually complicate. It would be so on account of three things alone, all of

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which are obvious and familiar. The Gladstonian system of finance, which is what we still go upon, is inwrought with free-trade principle; that is one thing. Secondly, the free-trade principle, a sacred inheritance for Liberals, has been taken into the creed of the other governing party, which will not confess to an inferior respect for it. Thirdly, there is the popular view of free-trade principle as hostile to indirect taxation on righteous grounds, and the equal dread of the two great parties that to extend that means of raising money would condemn them in the eyes of the masses. Therefore, conscious as both parties may be of the need of extension, neither is willing to avow the conviction. Though the eleventh hour is well advanced, both parties keep silence; save when some voice is heard insinuating that, after all, the South African affair is but a passing interruption of peace, and that it would be foolish, because needless, to set up new machinery of supply to provide the war's expenses. That has been said even from the Ministerial side down to the present time of writing, which is the end of the second week of the second month of the year. No leading Liberal, therefore, could be expected to volunteer advice to the contrary, whatever his view of the changed demands of the time. But after this week it will be scarcely possible for any official Ministerialist to affect belief in a merely temporary excess upon "normal expenditure." The publication of the treaty with Japan announces more than is contained within the four corners of that instrument. It declares the consciousness of the Government that beyond the South African War there are prospects of contention and aggression clear enough to demand extraordinary providence, and near enough to justify proclamation of the same. The source of the danger is seen not to be trivial. Were it considered a remote danger, we must suppose that it would have been left at a distance, a prepared understanding with Japan awaiting secretly its nearer approach. And, again, this is no such isolated affair as the South African War. It has connections and possibilities in various quarters which, whatever the right opinion of them, must be considered

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in any scheme of defensive preparation. Nor is there anything "temporary" in the Eastern outlook now presented to us on the highest authority and in the most impressive way. It is more reasonably taken as the formal opening of a long era of change, vast in the results it moves to, strange in its procedure, but a change that is little likely to work by the quiet evolutionary processes of the vegetable kingdom. Yet the Anglo-Japanese treaty may be no portent of immediate disturbance (here I am without opinions on that point) but a portent of peace, as some of the best judges say it is. But if of peace, it must be a peace well armed; peace which, on our side, since there are possibilities of reprisal, demands a ready defensive equipment much beyond the expenditure which was considered "normal" when income-tax did not rise beyond 8*d.* in the pound.

It would appear, therefore, that whereas Sir Michael Hicks-Beach lately gave indications of intending another budget framed on the "temporary expenditure" theory, he must now acknowledge what the Anglo-Japanese treaty acknowledges: to wit, grave uncertainties which are not all domiciled in China, nor bound to develop there only; dangers to the British Empire which the most thorough conquest in South Africa will not abate in the least, and consequently to be provided for independently of South African charges. Indeed, though as politician Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may be firmly and rightly persuaded of the wisdom of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, as financier he cannot expect it to hasten the Boer surrender or cheapen the means of pacification. One would think that these considerations must combine to press on him the necessity, the lasting necessity, of a reformed and enlarged system of finance, accommodated to a changed state of things which could hardly be more clearly marked or more openly recognised than by the new treaty. Yet one thing does more clearly signify the perilous restlessness of the time if it be true, as at the moment I do not doubt, that the bargain with Japan was presented as the alternative to a Japanese bargain with Russia, and as such to be taken or left at once.

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We are almost forced to the conclusion, then, that if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach goes on upon an unreformed and unenlarged fiscal system it must be because Party considerations of the kind specified above withhold him from undertaking the authorship of the change. And if he expected another change as not far off—a change of Ministry—his hesitation would be unfortunate but quite intelligible. The effect of the new treaty itself, however, inasmuch as it bears on party politics, is not to advance but to throw back that expectation. Though injurious to the character of the Government, the contract scandals endangered its life but little. If there was a doubt that it would last to the next general election, it is now a diminished doubt. At any rate the calculation of "the lobbies" is that, while the Japanese treaty will do much to re-establish the Government in the eyes of the Imperialist majority, it is not unlikely to check the reunion of the Liberal sectaries.

To these we now turn, but without leaving the question of England's finance. The Liberal section of which Lord Rosebery must be taken as the head does not depart from the more Radical section upon grounds supplied by the South African War alone. It does not found a party on the genesis of the war, the management of the war, or the future administration of a fiftieth part of the British Empire. Though with less assertion of the feeling, Liberal Imperialists have shared the sensibility of Conservative minds to the altered relations of England in a world where it was not long ago the dominant Power, and have viewed the change with more intelligence than contentment. What they saw in the crowding dangers of the time was a continuing series of historic developments, not yet so violent in operation as such movements have been and should be expected to be, but apparently destined to end in an entirely new distribution of commercial ascendency, and of what, perhaps, we hear too much of under the challengeable name of "empire." But that view was not and is not the common view. It is not the view of

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hundreds of thousands of earnestly patriotic souls who call themselves Imperialists, and certainly not of the great political party in which the Liberal Imperialists of to-day had a place. There, what we have described as the crowding dangers of the time are not at all so considered, but as a sort of transient ebullitions common to every time. What we have called a continuing series of developments, widely subversive and superseding, are regarded as incidental outgrowths or efforts of outgrowth, exaggerated by a foolish and even an unworthy alarm.

It must be presumed that these differences go farther than they are carried by purely political considerations. To some extent they must touch upon money matters and be influenced by them. The Liberal party has always prided itself on its watchfulness over the disbursements of the State, on a particular hatred of war expenditure as the worst kind of waste, and a strict regard to the taxation of the poorer classes. Liberals would say for themselves that these are among the most distinguishing characteristics of their party. Being recognised as highly respectable, they are jealously preserved and constantly asserted. To Liberalism itself they are tests of the right and wrong of everything to which they can be applied; and with all this it may be fairly suspected that they disturb vision and prejudice judgment. Facts are not seen in their right proportions; their consequences are magnified or shut off from sight. But are these defects, these errors, worse in the case of Liberal than Tory preconceptions? I do not say so. We are now looking to two sections of the same party, rooted in the same traditions, bred in the same principles, and inheriting the same characteristics, including those named above. And we see that, despite this sameness, wide differences have arisen between them on the South African War, and no doubt upon the whole general outlook. No doubt, I say, because it is pretty clear that the Liberal Imperialist's views of the general outlook were not determined by his sympathy with the South African War, but rather that his sympathy with

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the war was heightened by the general outlook. The question then arises, by how much are the Radicals still governed by the hard old economic tradition, and by how much have the Liberal Imperialists been drawn from its influence by the consciousness of imperative obligations, the result of changed conditions?

It is impossible, of course, to say how much in either case. But, to all appearance, the question must be put to the test before long, though I have never yet encountered any public recognition of the likelihood. It would come to the test at once if by some accident unimaginable at the moment the Unionists were to go out of office. If, as is understood, the Liberal Imperialists see the future as one which calls for ever-ready preparation to meet an ever-growing and necessitous rivalry abroad, they must see it as a future that does not permit "return to normal expenditure." It is inconceivable that with their convictions, which are of no dilettante sort, they should take part in any Government likely to attempt such a return, unless by a process equivalent to domestic saving. But the Radicals may be also convinced that there can be no such return? Perhaps they are; and they may be further convinced that the times demand the constant upkeep of a great navy, and even an army stronger than the British "normal." But besides the likelihood of difference on matters of policy involving expenditure, there are the problems that trouble Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has again to consider the inequality of his exactions on the one hand and the free-trade superstition on the other. How do the Liberal Imperialists face that dilemma? They have no belief in the present situation, political or financial, as temporary; apparently, the Radicals think otherwise; and if so, that would put them at odds as to the scale of expenditure, and probably as to the scope and methods of taxation. It is likely that the Radicals may contend that a permanently increased rate of expenditure should be met as it is now; that is to say, by not enlarging the basis of taxation, by opening no

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door to Protection even for the protection of the country, but by raising the necessary revenue from a rising income-tax or similar impost. So far as the Radical feeling in the matter has been declared, it has been declared in this sense. The Liberal Imperialist feeling has not been declared at all.

And theirs seems the greater difficulty, by far, which I avow myself sorry for, believing (I speak now of the general outlook) that in affairs of instant and commanding importance they have the truer perceptions. Clearly, however, their future depends very much upon a question unanswered as yet. What is their financial creed? and does it, or does it not, include strict obedience to the free-trade superstition? If their views are correct, the ill time before us will be long: wherefore the finance of the country must approach more nearly to the ideal of the largest possible return with the least consciousness of being yielded. In other words, reduction of direct, increase of indirect taxation, including articles of general consumption. But if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach fears the adoption of these reforms, dreading the cry of "Protectionist," "Reactionary," and the like, how much more should a Liberal party do so which is already accused of straying from the true path of Liberalism? Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a good man of business, straightforward and courageous, still has reasons for putting off the inevitable change, although more than a year ago he could say that "we have come to a point when it is necessary to widen the basis upon which our taxation rests"; for Liberals of any denomination these cannot be reasons for wishing to take the business up. Yet for Liberal Imperialists not to do so were it thrust upon them would be avoidance of the needful means of carrying out their policy. At the same time they would lose the support of the middle classes, which (presumably) is their main reliance.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

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EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

I

IT is an old and treasured saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. It is at least equally true that Colenso was lost in her class-rooms. There is an uneasy feeling, which we all have come to acquire, that the short-comings of our army are mainly due to a defective system of education and training. After shutting our eyes to the trouble year after year we have come to feel that something must be done, and that quickly. The public is alarmed and a little angry. It is difficult to picture their state of mind had something happened to open their eyes to the fact that the state of things in the navy is as bad. No doubt it is the very gravity of such an idea that keeps their backs to it. Yet any one in touch with the junior ranks of the service knows this to be fact. He seems to see the system of education in vogue deliberately sowing for us the seeds of a naval Colenso. It is useless to speak. The bare hint that a system, which somehow manages to turn out officers so good as it does, may be radically defective is treated as the hysteria of an alarmist. Those who know can only look on in hopeless impotence, and trust that when the naval Colenso comes it may be at a moment that is not vital.

Did we but listen to what those responsible for the system say of it, their very complacency would be enough to arouse our suspicions. Last session the First Lord of the Admiralty, when the subject was raised, declared from his place in the

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House of Lords that no alteration in the present system of naval education was contemplated; and that it was the opinion —the unanimous opinion—of the many admirals and captains whom he had consulted straight from the sea, that it was as good as possible. When we see a great department of State thus sitting aloft like Buddha contemplating its own perfections, experience assures us there is something seriously wrong. An airy admission that you have reached your standard of perfection is a certain indication of decadence. We must grow or rot, and the navy, so far as education is concerned, is not growing. It has reached the top of its development, we are told, and we are expected to believe it and be at ease.

Such credulity would be impossible even if we had nothing but experience to shake it. Unfortunately, we know that there are other men in the navy, quite as competent to give an opinion as the admirals and captains whom Lord Selborne consulted, who hold a very different view. It is not the admirals and the captains who know. It is the junior officers who are in direct touch with the youngsters, who have to get the work done by them, and who are responsible if it is done ignorantly—these are the men that know. And these are the men who say that the system—if, indeed, they would ever dignify it with such a word—so far from being the best possible has reached the point where it is almost as bad as can be. Nor does the matter end here. The picture of a First Lord consulting a middy is not to be conceived, yet if Lord Selborne could talk to some of the youngsters—some of the thoughtful boys who want to learn—he might have heard something of the obstacles placed in their way at every step in their educational career; he might hear them clamouring to be taught what they are expected to know, and have no adequate means of learning; he might hear them sighing for some such system as disregarded countries like Chili and Portugal have had the sense and clear-sightedness to organise.

There cannot be a doubt that if the public only knew the tangle of irreconcilable odds and ends which at present con-

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stitute our system of naval education they would be on the side of the youngsters and against the seniors. They would refuse to listen to the favourite *argumentum ad hominem*. "See what splendid officers the system turns out" is the stock answer of those who are responsible; "it cannot be bad." That splendid officers are turned out is undeniable; but this, to any one familiar with the system, is no proof of its quality. It only testifies to the extraordinary excellence of the material which it fails to spoil. Did the public but know, they would answer, if we give you material which can survive the blighting effects of your system, then you might and shall produce a far higher proportion of good officers than you do.

But the public do not know. All they hear, if anything reaches their ears at all, is the confused echo of a controversy, obviously intemperate and unscientific, about "masts and sails." In the old days we trusted for turning out officers to sending them straight to sea almost as children, and thrusting them at once into positions of trust and responsibility. So long as ships were fully rigged the system worked admirably. From childhood to manhood the young officer was continually exposed to the necessity of accurate watchfulness, precise action, and quick decision. He was at quarters every day, and had to follow some evolution aloft, and wherever the youngster's station was while it was going on he was subjected to the forming strain. If aloft, he was the responsible officer in the top, at the bunt of the yard, the cross-trees, or wherever the work lay. If anything fouled the fault was visited on his head as well as on the captain of the top. If on deck, he was busy seeing ropes handed out, getting men on them at the exact moment, and having them smartly coiled down, and all the time he had to have an ear alert for an order from poop or forecastle, and to be ready to see it carried out at the instant. Everywhere around him was the rush of men from one station to another, and through it all he must keep his head and get to know and be ready for every detail of the orderly confusion. No training in authority and responsibility

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to equal this could possibly be devised. Nor was this all. At the same time that his spirit was being hammered up to a spring and toughness that no service ever surpassed, he was also learning the humdrum details of his profession. It was admirable, and so entirely successful that so long as our ships were fully rigged there was little need to worry about regular instruction.

With the disappearance of masts in warships all this came to an end. The routine of a modern battleship or cruiser offers few such opportunities for the youngster to feel the spur of authority or the sting of responsibility. The authorities had to provide a substitute for what was gone. For this purpose a training squadron of masted ships was instituted in which all cadets had to serve for a period which might vary from three to six months after leaving school. The project was thoroughly English and thoroughly unphilosophic. Hitherto masts and sails had done everything for making naval officers, and therefore masts and sails must be continued. No one suggested that the reason why masts and sails were so successful was mainly because they were the life work of a naval officer. Yet it would be thought that any one who knew boyhood would know that masts and sails in a training squadron must lose half their virtue at least. There the boy was not as before an officer, a conscious part of the great organism: he was still at school, playing at it, learning a lesson. To such feelings a boy is extremely sensitive. Treat him as a boy and he will remain a boy. Treat him as a man and he will heartily try to be a man. He at once becomes proud of his work instead of being teased by it. The idea of the training squadron ignored this cardinal sentiment. It was founded on the old error of mistaking the means for the end. The principle of the old mast-and-sail training was not masts and sails but the setting of the boy at once to the duties of his life. To try to get the effect out of a short spell in a training squadron was to miss the whole point, and worse. Not only did it fail in the old intention, but it kept the boys away from learning the difficult new duties they have to master before

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they can be efficient officers. Happily this is now recognised, and the training squadron has been abolished. To navy men the step naturally seems so revolutionary that educational reform bids fair to end there for many a day. The most advanced authorities are content to defend the step against the fierce lamentations of men of the old school. There seems no sign of their asking themselves whether, in giving the death-blow to the old system, they ought not with equal boldness to adopt another. They are off with the old love before they are on with the new, and the lamentations of the old school no onlooker can hear without a deal of sympathy. But when they ask that the training squadron should be restored we can no longer listen. The controversy which appears to absorb all the energy of educational authority seems to us as dead as galleys. It is not a revival of the old system that we look for. What we want to see is the clearing away of the *débris* that still cumber the ground, and the careful building up of a new structure on a clean foundation and a homogeneous plan. For this we look in vain.

In the education of naval officers there are two main ends to keep in view. We have to make a man of him and a seaman, and we have to make him master of a bewildering mass of technical knowledge. In other words, we have to teach him to command, to be prompt, accurate, and light-hearted at his work, to be familiar with and alert for the sudden changes of the sea, and, above all, to foster his nerve. This side of the problem has always held the first place in the British navy, and it is to be hoped that it will never be deposed. But at the same time it must not be forgotten that with the advance of science the other side constantly increases in importance, and its teaching in difficulty. So elaborate and complex is the arm which the naval officer must learn to wield, that the old art of the frigate and the ship of the line seems child's play beside its modern development. Then it sufficed an officer if he were a seaman. Now he must be sailor, soldier, engineer, and man of science, too. The second part of his education makes so high a demand

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upon his powers that it is impossible he should master it unless it can be combined with the first. In the old days of masts and sails, as we have seen, this was easily done. It is difficult to do it now, but doubly important that it should be done. Let us see then how the educational authority at the Admiralty attempts the task.

One of the very few reforms which have been made in recent years affects the outset of the cadet's career. A boy destined to be a naval officer first enters on board the *Britannia*, which is practically a floating school, and is now to be superseded by a school ashore. Till recently he entered at an age that varied from 12½ to 13½, but in 1885 this limit was advanced two years to between 14½ and 15½. The reason of the change is variously given. For those who view it with disfavour it was a blow aimed at the "crammers" by the public schools, or, in other words, it was due to the jealousy of men who fail to teach with an obsolete system for those who succeed in teaching with a new one. The admirers of the change, on the other hand, assert that under the old limit a boy was made to specialise too soon, and so long as he was forced to enter so young his mind and intellect obtained no true education in the broad sense. The idea, of course, is sound enough, but whether an average boy acquires much education of this character by two years under sixteen at a public school is open to grave doubt. Indeed, the advantage of any public school element being introduced into a service which demands high technical training requires demonstration. At the last meeting of the association of head-masters the president is reported to have said that the main purpose of education was to give a man some pure and salutary occupation for his leisure; and, further, he admitted that the present system in England resulted in a general lack of interest in acquiring knowledge. With these dicta before us we cannot be surprised at what happened in the *Britannia*. For whatever may be the real reason for the advance in the age limit, its effects were immediate and indisputable. One was a prodigious increase in the importance of

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games, and the other compulsory Latin for entrance. How far Latin, made compulsory for every boy no matter the bent of his mind and then dropped at 15½, is an educational gain over a modern language or elementary science is very doubtful. The inoculation of the navy with what has now become the disease of public school life is an unmitigated calamity. So far, then, all that has been done is to postpone the commencement of the boy's technical training, and to expose him to distractions which, however harmless for the pure and salutary occupation of his leisure, are almost certain in a greater or less degree to prevent his profession being his first interest.

In the *Britannia* a boy remains about a year: that is, he has twelve months instruction and three months holiday. During this short period he is hunted through a course which includes seamanship, navigation, and what are called extra subjects: that is, French, physics, steam, and naval history. All of them appear to be taught in a manner which shall ensure the boy's taking the least possible interest in his work, and having no practical knowledge of the most elementary kind. In seamanship, for instance, it is quite possible for a boy to leave the *Britannia* without knowing how to splice wire or apparently without ever having seen a modern cable-holder, to say nothing of such work as laying out anchors in boats, and the like, work at which a boy might be taught at once authority and responsibility. In navigation, again, the first principles are taught in dry theory, but the boy gets no practical skill, and thus, as a rule, is quite unable to make an observation properly —an art in which early training of the eye and hand is of the highest importance. Elementary steam and physics are subjects which, of course, can be taught well enough in a class-room, but of French it can only be said that it is of real Britannia metal. As for naval history—on which the higher knowledge of the art ultimately depends—it barely gets so far as to be called elementary. It is taught on the lines of a penny reading lecture. It is not made a subject for examination, and thus, at the outset of their career, most boys are stained with the

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heresy that the history of their art is a matter of no importance. Signalling appears to be the only subject of which the average boy knows anything when he leaves. It is highly significant that this subject happens also to be one that can only be taught practically. It is the only one that cannot be poisoned with the old taint of the schoolmaster, and thus the natural instinct for a boy to acquire new capabilities is left as free to grow as it is in his games. But over all the rest is the nauseous trail of the pedagogue—even it might be said of the scrappy curriculum of a young ladies' finishing academy fifty years ago. Every subject in turn is presented to a boy in the old repellent way, and he is given enough of it to dull the edge of his appetite for a new food without imparting to him an appreciable amount of nourishment. Boys, we repeat, are naturally keen to learn new things, and remain keen till the fare is made stale. It is even doubtful whether the greediest child would really enjoy a cake if he were kept a year or two learning recipes before he was allowed to taste one. It is neither instruction nor education that he gets in the *Britannia*, but rather a mere deadening of the appetite for what concerns his profession and a voracious interest in various things that do not.

With his intelligence thus broadly trained and his mind thus thoroughly grounded in the elements of his profession—such at least is the theory so far—the cadet at the age of about sixteen joins a ship, and a fresh start which, practically and perhaps fortunately, has little relation to what has gone before, is made in his instruction. If it be a battleship he may find from ten to twenty cadets and midshipmen for his fellows, and a naval instructor to continue his education. Every morning, except on "general drill" days or when "general quarters" are exercised, the instructor holds "school," at which he is expected to teach the boys navigation and mathematics from 9 or 9.30 to about mid-day. Mondays, which are generally drill days, are usually lost, and on Friday, which is the "general quarters" day, school cannot begin before 10.30. The school which boys get thus amounts to from two to three hours five days a week,

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and this under reasonable conditions would be enough. But when we examine what actually occurs the arrangement wears quite a different aspect. To begin with, the boys are of various standards of knowledge and various degrees of intelligence, but they are all herded together into a small and noisy place where order and serious work are almost impossible. But even so the instructor has not got them to himself. At any moment his class may be decimated for duty. A boy may be wanted for Captain's A.D.C., or as boat or signal midshipman, or even to assist the officer of his division in mustering kits. Everything and anything takes precedence of instruction, and must necessarily do so, so long as it is attempted on board an active ship. Under these circumstances it is needless to say the instructor loses heart, and either gives it up altogether or confines himself to the brightest boys and those who want to learn. The rest are left to skylark or to disappear unnoticed into the gun-room. Any one who has had to do with the teaching of boys must know what a hopeless effort it must be under these conditions, and if instructors fail to show adequate results no one can blame them. It is the system, not the man, that is at fault.

"Instruction," that is technical instruction as opposed to "school," takes place in the afternoons, at least on such of them as are not otherwise occupied. Formerly Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were the only afternoons available, but by a recent order Monday afternoons have been turned over from "school" to "instruction." This excellent order, for which the authorities should be given full credit, also provides that instead of the four "instruction" subjects being taught in scraps from day to day, continuous instruction in each is to be given for a fortnight at the time. Further, it is ordered that instead of herding the boys together they are to be divided into two classes, senior and junior, or intelligent and unintelligent. The subjects of "instruction" are seamanship, steam, gunnery, and torpedo. Thus, under the new order, there should be always two classes going, say one in gunnery

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and one in torpedo, and in the ensuing fortnight one in seamanship and one in steam. So far the system looks fairly good, but here again its working is not up to its appearance. At most it represents but eight spells of two hours each every fortnight, and having done his sixteen hours in one subject, a boy must drop it for six weeks till its turn comes round again. What a six weeks gap in an ordinary boy's instruction means every schoolmaster knows. Even this litttle is not certain. Wednesday afternoons, at the discretion of the admiral in command, may be and usually are devoted to sailing, and the same liability to interruption as in the mornings continues, and unless instructing officers are keen on their work, and get their captains' support, boys may be continually called away for boat and signal duties, and the like.

Then as to the men who have to instruct there are further difficulties. It may sometimes happen in a cruiser, for instance, that the first lieutenant teaches seamanship, and that he is also gunnery or torpedo lieutenant. In this case he is expected to teach seamanship one fortnight and gunnery or torpedo the next. All this is, of course, in addition to his ordinary ship's work, which in a case where a lieutenant is "first," and also "gunnery" or "torpedo," takes a deal of time. Hence it happens that he finds himself constantly compelled to hand over his class to a petty officer. The result is that on these days the boys learn nothing, and worse than nothing. The man is unable to maintain order, and skylarking and inattention ensues; it is not his job, and even if he finds time or inclination to do it, and does not turn the class over to his mate, his heart is not in it. He does not know, and cannot know, how to teach. He runs through his task like a parrot, and all the boys acquire is a slovenly unintelligent habit of thought, and a vivid impression of the unimportance of themselves and their work. Here again the men are not to blame. They simply have not the time or the knowledge to do what is demanded of them, and the system is as cruel and demoralising to them as it is to the boys.

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Then, again, boys often change their ships. A large proportion of those who come to the Channel Squadron from the *Britannia* remain about a year, and are then sent to a foreign station. Thus, just when they are beginning to feel their feet and know their ship, such little sequence as there is in their instruction is broken off, and they inevitably drop back from what small progress they may have made.

Even here the tale of difficulties does not end. In a subject, for instance, so vital as practical navigation, as opposed to the theory of navigation, midshipmen are attached in turns to the navigating officer. So far so good. The idea, again, is correct. But since, during any boy's spell, the ship may be all the time in harbour, there is nothing to ensure his getting a turn at real sea work. All he will learn of the subject will be the number of chronometers in the ship and how to write up the monthly copy of the log, and so inadequate is his grounding in the *Britannia* that it is often difficult to find a boy who can do this legibly and accurately. The navigating officer is also supposed to take the midshipmen once a month in the use of charts, once a month and no more! When practical navigation, the first qualification of a seaman, is thus taught, it is difficult to write of it with restraint, or express a sober opinion of the men who can say it is the best they can attain.

It is impossible for an honest citizen, if he knows what is going on, to pay his taxes in patience while such a system is allowed to continue. To say it is a failure is almost to compliment it. The results of it are the despair of every smart officer who has managed to pull through it with an adequate knowledge of his profession. Every examination displays the dangerous ignorance of most of the youngsters in what they are supposed to have learnt. Every manœuvre season, when, owing to the number of units mobilised, their services are obliged to be utilised, proclaims their utter unfitness for the smallest commands. Let any lieutenant in command of a torpedo squadron say how long it takes him to get all his boats

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in order; how many of his acting sub-lieutenants in charge of them can help him to get the torpedoes and their gear in order; how many have any real notion of navigating their craft; how many can expect to make a hit with a torpedo under the most favourable conditions. The fact is, that such a system is impossible. It is not founded or worked upon any conception of education that experience has found feasible. It stands unstably upon the ruins of an old system, and because it does just manage to stand the authorities fondly believe that it adequately takes the old system's place. So great was the success of the old sea training that it had pardonably become a fetish. "Send a boy to sea," men said, "and all must come right." The fact that the means for the old training have disappeared from the modern ship is ignored. It is believed that by ordering officers to teach what in the old days a boy could not help teaching himself in the ordinary routine of his work, the deficiency is made good. Were every officer eager and capable for this work of instruction it is possible the substitute might act. But it is not every man who has either the love or the knack of teaching. Unless a man has both his pupils will profit little. Yet the whole of the new system, such as it is, depends on the interest displayed by some two hundred officers, taken at random, in the work of instruction. Is it even fair to expect that the majority of them will take such interest? They have nothing to gain by it, and if they cannot do it for the love of the thing, they have no incentive to do it at all. Most captains have naturally the average Englishman's infidelity in matters of education, and do little to support the instructors by doing their best to secure them the uninterrupted attention of the boys. In his heart every one concerned knows that the whole thing is a pretence, a make-believe, to mask the rent which the revolution in naval warfare has caused, and in asking officers to carry water in such a sieve we are in most cases doing little more than placing a new obstacle in the way of their perfecting themselves in the higher stages of their art. The youngster gets no real sea education, nor ever will till we

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make up our minds to substitute some sound consistent method for one whose only recommendation is that it bears a colourable resemblance to the old one.

The final stage of an officer's education is of a piece with the rest. Having spent three years at his so-called sea training, and passed an easy examination in seamanship, which is probably the only subject of which the boy has picked up anything, being again the only subject that must be taught practically, he goes to what is dignified by the name of the Naval College at Greenwich as an acting sub-lieutenant. He is now presumably supposed to have passed through his primary and secondary stages of education, and passed on to what ashore is the university stage. Here he has to take a course of "navigation," consisting of elementary mathematics, trigonometry, physics, French, and steam, with two papers only on navigation and nautical astronomy. Thus so far from being a course of "navigation," it is a last despairing effort to teach boys what they are supposed to have been learning for three years at sea. The best of them have, of course, learned these simple matters, which are no more than any good college at the universities expects its freshmen to have passed in before they come up, and which make no real demand upon any average intellect at eighteen or nineteen years of age. For clever boys the course has no real meaning. The large majority, however, have not only made no progress in their three years, but may even be behind the point where the *Britannia* left them. The educational authority does not blink the fact. It is recognised frankly and without a blush. The course begins exactly where that of the *Britannia* leaves off, and some even of the *Britannia's* work is re-taught. To follow the naval officer through the rest of his higher education is equally painful. Suffice it to say, that from Greenwich he is sent on to Portsmouth for six months, where he is rushed through short courses of gunnery, torpedo, and pilotage, and with that the whole education of the ordinary officer is complete. Of naval history, tactics, strategy, or international law in

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the critical period of his education he is never taught a word, and very little of construction. He thus very pardonably sets out upon his career with a fixed idea that such matters are of infinitely less importance than polo and cricket. As for modern languages, his knowledge of them, so far as his naval education has given him any, can only be described as a trace. French is or was until recently the only one attempted. In the *Britannia* the boys were made to translate certain articles every term, commit them to memory as well as they could, and at the end of term one was chosen for examination. This promising beginning might be carried on at sea, presumably on the same lines, if the instructor happened to know French, and it must be subsequently recommenced at Greenwich. Incredible as it may seem, this is roughly all the training an officer gets in the subject; yet on an officer's knowledge of modern languages may depend the loss or gain of intelligence vital to a whole campaign. It is true prizes are given to encourage the study of languages, but this amounts to nothing but a plausible way of avoiding the difficulty of teaching them. The prizes are always won by those who have learnt the language as children, or in some special way outside the navy. Moreover, for those who have no desire to learn, a deterrent is provided by the fact that the knowledge of a foreign language may often mean that a young officer is detailed for some extra duty when he might otherwise be playing cricket, and everything is done to convince him that cricket is the more important object. Many captains will not scruple to call away a boy from "school" or "instruction" for trivial duty, but it would be a bold man who required the services of a valuable bowler on a match-day. Who can be surprised if he hears a youngster say that proficiency in games gives just as good a chance of promotion as proficiency in his duties?

With Greenwich and Portsmouth the thing is complete, and excepting the small proportion of men who specialise in gunnery or torpedo, this is the officer as the Admiralty manufactures him. If at some coming time of stress and strain we

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discover he is not quite what we thought he was we shall blame everybody but ourselves. Because the old system, which generations of experience had elaborated and polished, worked by itself, we fondly believe the new one goes as easily, forgetting that the old simple art is wiped clean away, and in its place is a science that is one vast web of mechanical and physical intricacy that nothing but the highest technical training can ever hope to master.

If a system of education is to be sought which will have a chance of achieving what the present system fails even to approach, we must look frankly to the end and the ordinary means used in other fields. There must be no longing looks over the shoulder at a system which was designed for a different end, no matter how successfully it worked. The difficulty of reconciling a thoroughly scientific technical training with the qualities of the old type of naval officer is enormous. No matter the cost the old qualities must be retained. If the rest cannot be had with them the rest must go. But it will never do to confess at once an impossibility. It is not the way of the navy. Whatever the difficulties, one thing is certain—the present system will not do. No doubt if there were time the navy would work out for itself an adequate system of training as it has done before; but there is not time. Rivals are growing, and unless a radical change is shortly brought about it is impossible that the British naval officer can much longer retain the position in the world which must be his. Admirals and captains fresh from sea may assure the willing ears of the First Lord that all is well, but every one else knows that it is far from well. Admirals and captains fresh from sea are too much absorbed in higher problems to concern themselves deeply with the spade work of education. They have managed to climb to the top, but they forget that others less gifted than themselves require an easier ladder.

To cry out upon defects without suggesting a remedy is a thankless office. But it must be left to another occasion to indicate the lines upon which the problem might possibly be

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solved. For the present this picture of the thing as it is must suffice. It is probable that its correctness will be denied. On the one hand there may be exaggerations, on the other omissions. It is hardly possible that it does not contain errors of detail. The difficulties in the way of a civilian acquiring thoroughly accurate knowledge of the defects that exist in the service are almost insuperable. It is only with the greatest diffidence that he can write of them. But the lips of those who know are closed with the official seal, and unless a civilian speaks there must be silence. Still, difficult as it is to get at the exact truth, there can be no doubt that, broadly, the thing stands as it is here depicted. Even if it were but half as bad as it looks to outside eyes, we cannot wonder that amongst the more serious of those with whom the future of the navy lies there is a rising note of grave anxiety.[1]

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

[1] It should be stated that this article was written and in type before the issue of the First Lord's annual statement inviting criticism on the subject.

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A PROSPEROUS BRITISH INDIA

IN the debate which took place on the Indian Budget during the closing hours of the last session of Parliament, an honourable member made some remarks which possessed a distinctly higher value than those which are usually associated with the speeches made on Indian affairs at the end of a protracted session. The general drift of those remarks was that, looking to the fact that a partial failure of the monsoon rains, causing widespread distress, was always liable to happen in India, would not Government do something to encourage the people to take up, in a larger degree than at present, means of livelihood other than agriculture pure and simple. Lord George Hamilton, in his reply on the whole debate, had apparently no time to deal with this query in the manner which its intrinsic importance deserved. He had, in fact, to reply to a multitude of questions, suggestions, and complaints, to deal adequately with which would have needed a speech of several hours' duration. As a result this most pertinent inquiry was practically lost sight of and ignored.

But in the suggestion thus made there lies the future salvation of millions in India. For, in spite of the loudly expressed opinions of faddists and doctrinaires, there is no doubt whatever that the periodical famines which occasion such distress and loss in India are entirely due to natural causes over which the rulers of the country have no control. The Congress agitator

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will tell one that the over-assessment of the land, the burden of ever-increasing taxes, the economic evils resulting from the extension of the railway system, and a dozen other causes—all the result of the baneful exploitation of the country by alien and unsympathetic rulers—are really responsible for Indian famines. It is useless to reply to such arguments that the Indian cultivator is one of the most lightly taxed persons in the world; that, though the railways may have in some instances brought about a rise in the price of grain, the cultivators and agricultural community generally have enormously benefited thereby. It is seldom allowed by men of the Congress school that the failure of the rains is primarily responsible for the acute famines which occur from time to time. They will admit, perhaps, that such a failure in the good old days before we had entered the country would have been in the nature of a comparatively trifling inconvenience. But, they argue, in those days the people were rich and happy, their taxes were light, their reserve stores of grain were large. They were then well equipped for the purpose of meeting any temporary failure of the monsoon currents, whereas now they are so reduced in resources through the pernicious exactions of our Government that even in good years they with difficulty make both ends meet, while in bad ones famine and distress far more acute than anything of the sort known before our advent devastate the land.

The refutation of political arguments of this description does not fall within the scope of this paper. It would be easy to show that the golden age of the past, so frequently and so fondly quoted by Indian demagogues, was in reality a period of rapine, bloodshed, and disorder. The past history of India shows a succession of inroads by the barbarian hordes of ruthless conquerors. Devastating internecine wars were of frequent occurrence, brigandage flourished all over the country, life and property were insecure. All power and all wealth were concentrated in the hands of the fighting races and their chiefs, and the Bengalis and Parsees, some of whom are now amongst

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the foremost in their denunciations of the evils of British rule, were then regarded merely as miserable serfs, the spoliation of whom was the acknowledged right of the ruling races. It would be tedious, as it is unnecessary, to recite at length all the benefits which the people of India have received under British rule. But that rule may be said to be in some senses responsible for some of the evils which exist to-day, evils which are tending towards the impoverishment of a large section of the population. The average native of India is a curious compound of thrift and prodigality. He will save and hoard for years, living in rags and subsisting on the poorest and least nourishing of food. Then there comes a day when the savings of half a life-time, and often much more, will be thrown away in a few hours of senseless extravagance. This habit of extravagance on occasions of domestic celebrations has undoubtedly increased since we took over the government of the country. In former times things were so unsettled, property was so insecure, that credit was difficult to obtain. If the money-lender attempted to put too much pressure on the debtor he was liable to have his throat cut, or at least his house burnt down some fine night. But in these days of law and order such outrages are sternly put down. Our law-courts provide a sure and certain means for the recovery of money lent. Credit is therefore much better and more extended under our rule than ever it was before. The Indian cultivator has not failed to avail himself of this extended credit, and hence the fact that his extravagance of late years has reached a pitch which a century ago was absolutely undreamt of. A large portion of the population, is, in fact, steadily drifting towards hopeless bankruptcy. Each recurring failure of the rains finds a larger proportion of cultivators worse equipped to meet the emergency. Living perpetually up to the extreme limit of their resources they have no reserve with which to tide over the bad times when they come.

Now what are the remedies for this state of things?

First and foremost we may place social reform, with which

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may be associated education. The reckless extravagance of even the poorest is one of the crying evils of the day. Every domestic occurrence is made the occasion for an elaborate celebration and the expenditure of much borrowed money. It is nothing unusual for the head of a family to borrow at ruinous interest a sum equal to a year's income, and to spend this in a few days of feasting and dissipation. Such sums are frequently never repaid in cash. The interest alone is often more than the debtor can meet. As a result he becomes more and more involved, and ends by becoming a poverty-stricken daily labourer on land which was once the property of himself and his fathers before him. To those who desire further information regarding the enormous indebtedness of the rural populations the speech of the Honourable Mr. Lely on the occasion of the debate last year on the Bombay Land Revenue Bill may be commended. In it are quoted authentic figures which show more eloquently than words the extent of the evil of agricultural indebtedness. And that this is a most serious evil not even the bitterest opponent of British rule will attempt to deny. No statesman can view with equanimity the gradual displacement of the hereditary tillers of the soil by the *bannia* and money-lending classes. It was to check this evil that such measures as the Panjab Land Alienation Act and the Bombay Land Revenue Act have been drawn up and passed. But though such measures may act as restraints to the native money-lender and may limit the borrowing powers of the agricultural classes, the only real remedy for the improvidence of the people lies in social reform. Here the efforts of Government are perforce useless. The reform must come from within. The leaders of the people must themselves set the example, and by rigorously suppressing the senseless extravagance which obtains at weddings and similar social festivals demonstrate that it is possible to carry out such functions without necessarily incurring a load of debt. If the Congress agitators were to expend on a programme of social reform one-tenth of the energy now wasted on the

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propagation of such ridiculous and untimely ideas as the introduction of representative government they would do more to bring about what is their loudly declared object—the amelioration of the lot of the masses of India—than has been achieved after sixteen years of noisy agitation.

The extension of irrigation is by some, chiefly those unacquainted or only superficially acquainted with the country, regarded as the one great panacea for all India's woes. Certainly there is this much to be said for this view, that when one has visited, say, the central portions of the Panjab and seen land which a few short years ago was one vast sterile desert now producing millions of tons of the finest grain, thanks to the gigantic schemes of irrigation carried through of late years, one is apt to conjure up visions of all the other waste tracts of India undergoing a similar metamorphosis. But such dreams are, unfortunately, impossible of realisation. There are difficulties in the way which even the most enthusiastic of amateur irrigationists would find it hard to remove. Rivers in the central and southern portions of India do not draw their supplies from the eternal snows, like those of the Himalaya. They thus frequently are running practically dry just at the period when there is the most urgent need for water for irrigation purposes. Then, again, there are vast high-lying tracts in central and western India which are quite out of reach of large gravity canals. In some parts of the country, too, the spring level of the water is so near the surface of the ground that a system of canals would assuredly cause the waterlogging of the soil, and thus do more harm than good. There are, indeed, districts, well known in India, where this has actually happened. The inhabitants suffer greatly from malaria, and the population tends to diminish as the women are frequently sterile and the men impotent. In other districts the character of the soil is such as to make irrigation impossible, while in yet others the damming up or tapping of streams for irrigation purposes will only mean that the country lower down is deprived of its natural

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supply. Artesian wells, again, have been loudly advocated by some, regardless of the fact that the geological formation of the greater portion of India gives no promise of their trial being attended with success. Irrigation from wells by means of pumping with aeromotors has also been suggested and tried, but even under favourable circumstances the amount of water so raised is not sufficient for irrigation purposes in a dry and hot climate, and this system has the further drawback that the air is generally almost calm just at the time when water is most required for the crops.

Thus irrigation is at best only a partial remedy, the value of which, however, has been by no means lost sight of. From the manner in which it is spoken and written of by some of those unattached friends of India whose zeal is generally greater than their knowledge, it might be thought that irrigation had only been discovered, and by them, within the last few years. As a matter of fact nearly all the possible large schemes of irrigation have either been completed or are already in hand. The great rivers of the Panjab and Sind, the Ganges and Jumna in the North West Provinces, the Godaveri, Kistna, and Cauvery in southern India, have all been tapped and are irrigating millions of acres of land. The further possibilities of Indian irrigation are now receiving the fullest possible attention at the hands of a Commission recently appointed by Lord Curzon. This body, which is presided over by the eminent expert, Sir Colin Moncrieff, has instructions of the fullest possible kind, covering the whole field of Indian irrigation and its future, and its report will doubtless prove of the highest value. It must not be expected, however, that the Government of India will be able, on receipt of this report, to change the whole face of the country as by a wave of an enchanter's wand. Vast sums of money will be required for the further extension of Indian irrigation, sums which must be spread out over long years. Moreover, even when every feasible scheme of irrigation has been adopted and carried

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through, there will still remain large areas which will always remain subject to scarcity and famine consequent on failure of the rains. For the population of such tracts, and for the surplus population of more favoured districts the only salvation lies in, firstly, emigration, and, secondly, the abandonment of the growth of cereals in favour of other pursuits.

As regards emigration, there are still portions of India greatly in need of agricultural development. Assam and Burma, especially the latter, are capable of finding work for millions of peasant proprietors. But the flow of such from the crowded-out or sterile districts of India can at best only be a slow process, to be quickened, perhaps, when direct railway communication exists between Bengal and Upper Burma. The great bulk of the uneducated millions of India still have an insuperable objection to crossing the sea. Hence the fact that Indian emigration to such places as the West Indies and British Guiana, though generally resulting in much profit to the emigrants, still remains on a very small scale. But, though emigration, to Upper Burma especially, offers very promising prospects to the redundant population of some of the older provinces of our Indian empire, it does not in itself provide a remedy for the famines resulting from periodical failures of the rains. True, it may help to alleviate the distress so caused by eventually placing on the market a larger quantity of food grain, and thus keep prices down. But it should be remembered that the famines of recent years have not been grain famines, but money famines. There is always, thanks to the much abused railways, plenty of grain to be had, even in the most afflicted tracts. But, when the rains fail, the wealth of the people dries up. With no crops to sell or to raise money on, with the cattle dying for want of fodder, there is no money or money's worth with which to buy the grain which is to be had in plenty in all the bazaars at only slightly enhanced rates. No, the only true remedy against famine in India lies in the direction pointed out in the opening sentences of this paper. We must endeavour to increase the material

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wealth of the people by encouraging them to embark in industrial pursuits.

The chief existing organic products of India other than food grains are cotton, jute, opium, tea, coffee, indigo, and tobacco. The demand for Indian cotton must always remain somewhat limited on account of its short staple, and efforts to acclimatise other descriptions in India have not yet met with much success. The Indian cotton mills, especially those in Bombay, are at present greatly depressed, partly on account of the recent complications in China, partly because of low prices and competition. Moreover, the cotton crop is largely grown in the districts which suffer most from famine, and a failure of the rains would affect it just as much as the crops of food grains. The further extension of cotton growing is therefore no remedy. Jute is grown in deltaic lands, and is consequently practically unaffected by the vagaries of the monsoon. The industry, however, is probably as well looked after as any in India, and needs no special encouragement. Opium is a Government monopoly and need not be further considered. The tea industry has suffered considerably of late years from over production, the demand not having kept pace with the supply, chiefly on account of the neglect to open up new markets. But efforts are now being made to introduce the tea-drinking habit amongst the natives of India, and energetic measures for pushing the sale of Indian tea in countries such as Persia and the United States are already showing signs of promise. Coffee is a comparatively small and uncertain crop, only grown in the hills of southern India, and offering no solution to the problem before us. Indigo has been much depressed of late, owing to low prices and the competition of the synthetic substance made in Germany. There is every hope, however, that improved methods of cultivation and production will once more place the indigo industry on a satisfactory basis. Tobacco is largely grown throughout India to meet native requirements. It is only in southern India and in parts of Tirhoot that any effort is made

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to cater for Anglo-Indian and European tastes. The time-honoured "Trichy," so beloved of the Anglo-Indian of a dead and gone generation, is now seldom seen. Since the manufacture at Dindigul and other southern centres has been largely taken up by English firms there has been a very great improvement in the quality of the out-turn. Indian cigars and cheroots are now held in wide esteem, considerable quantities being sold in England and elsewhere. But there is ample room for further improvements, and only capital is needed to make India a very formidable rival to the chief tobacco-growing countries of the world. The soil and climate of certain selected parts of India are admirably adapted for the growing of the best description of tobacco, and there is little doubt that if the cultivation of the varieties at present grown in Cuba, America, and Turkey was seriously undertaken the result would be most successful. Within quite recent years the native of India has taken largely to cigarette smoking. Most of these cigarettes are of American origin, but there is no good reason why India should not supply her own requirements in this respect.

But though there is considerable room for expansions and development in these existing industries, it is, perhaps, rather to the dormant possibilities of India that we should look for the true remedies for widespread famine and poverty. Take, for instance, the case of such a universally used commodity as sugar. The cane is largely grown in India, but the methods of extraction are costly and wasteful in the extreme. Practically speaking, there is no such thing as a really modern sugar plant in the whole country. India imports more than 200,000 tons of raw and refined sugar annually, of the value of some forty millions of rupees, and yet, were enterprise and the necessary capital forthcoming, the whole of this could be supplied by the country itself without resort to importation. With operations on a large scale, the cultivation, manufacturing and refining all being controlled by the same agency, it is calculated that sugar can be produced in India at a price which would

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leave a considerable margin of profit. Hence the development of this industry offers every inducement to the capitalist. A capital of less than £100,000 would be amply sufficient to start a large sugar works in a suitable part of India, and it may be taken that favourable results would be certain. The cane would be grown on irrigated land, and thus any failure of the rains might be disregarded. Silk is another industry which offers chances to the capitalist in India. It is true that previous efforts to expand the silk industry have not been very successful, but that is mainly because they have not been very well directed. At present a Parsee capitalist, Mr. Tata, is carrying out extensive experiments in sericulture in Mysore, having engaged Japanese experts for the purpose. The results obtained will be watched with great interest, and there is every reason to hope that they will be successful. The coal industry in India has of recent years made considerable strides, but it is still handicapped by the inability of the railway companies to handle the possible output. Although not to be compared in quality and heating results with British coal there is no doubt that Indian coal has a great future before it. It has largely ousted English coal from Indian ports, and has found its way as far west as Suez. With coal so plentiful as it is in India, and with limestone abundant, it is curious that the iron industry in India is in so backward a state. One or two concerns in Lower Bengal produce a little iron, and steel is worked on a small scale in one Government factory, but, practically speaking, the whole of the iron and steel material used in India is imported. There can be little doubt that the establishment of a steel works on a large scale in, say, Lower Bengal, would prove a remunerative business. The demand for steel rails alone is very large, while an immense quantity of material is used for bridge work and other constructional purposes. Japan has recently started steel and iron works, which are said to be paying handsomely, and there seems no reason why India should not follow suit. With abundant coal and iron ore and plenty of cheap labour a large steel works ought to pay handsomely. There is

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no doubt that the other mineral resources of India would well repay development. It is well known, for instance, that the Himalaya range contains immense deposits of copper, the price of which has risen so enormously of recent years. There are large quantities of other minerals in various parts of the country. The fact that endeavours have been made in the past to work these, as well as iron manufacture, and that these endeavours have generally failed, is not lost sight of. But in the past such endeavours have been greatly handicapped by a variety of circumstances. The want of proper means of communication, the ungenerous terms offered by, and the great delays experienced in negotiations with, Government have undoubtedly deterred capitalists in the past from embarking money on Indian enterprises. Then, too, the unstable character of rupee exchange has been a great stumbling-block. But now all these adverse circumstances have been greatly modified, even if they have not entirely disappeared. The railway communications of India have of late years enormously developed. Under the statesmanlike rule of Lord Curzon the policy of the Government is to attract rather than to repel capital. And the exchange has now settled down to a practically fixed figure. The conditions, therefore, are far more favourable at the present time than they have ever been in the past, and there is no doubt that there are plenty of schemes in India which would be capable of returning a sure 6 per cent.

There is one great asset of India as yet practically undeveloped, but which certainly offers great chances of success to the enterprising capitalist. The vast rivers which flow from the Himalaya Mountains represent millions of horse-power at present running absolutely to waste. If this power were tapped and utilised for industrial purposes, there is not the slightest doubt that very large profits might be made. For instance, it is calculated, after preliminary survey, that by tapping the Jumna river near Mussoorie, no less than 6000 horse-power might be made available at the important railway centre of Saharanpore, some fifty miles away, at a cost only one-third of

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that necessitated by the use of Indian coal. Looking to the great item of expense the coal bill is in Indian concerns, there can be little doubt that if cotton, flour, or other mills were established at Saharanpore and equipped with the power derived from the Jumna they would return very handsome dividends. The cost of transmission of electrical power is, of course, a very heavy item. But, in the case of many industries, there is no necessity to carry the power for long distances. Such projects as aluminium reduction, or the manufacture of carbide of calcium, for instance, could be carried out close to the power station. The use of aluminium is rapidly extending in India, especially in Madras. Looking to the enormous population, there is practically unlimited scope for the further extension of the use of aluminium. With cheap power it could be produced in India at a much less cost than that of importation. As for calcium carbide, acetylene lighting seems to promise well in India. Except in the crowded Presidency towns it is unlikely that electric lighting will ever be employed on a large scale. The ordinary up-country station or cantonment is too scattered to make it economical, the cost of wiring would be so great. But acetylene is already used in many places in India, and were the cost of it reduced, as it might well be by manufacture at the foot of the Himalaya, the demand for carbide would be very large indeed. Take, again, the case of matches. India imports enormous numbers of matches. A population verging on 300,000,000, a very large number of whom habitually use matches, awaits the manufacturer on the spot. Years ago the bulk of these matches came from England, now it is the exception to see English matches in common use. The Scandinavian, and, later, the Japanese match has ousted the English article. But with cheap power and an almost inexhaustible supply of suitable timber at hand, there can be little doubt that India could well make her own matches. There are scores of other articles in common use which might also well be made in India at a less cost than imported articles, taking into consideration the cheapness and

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abundance of both labour and power. But the crying need of India to-day is more capital. There is not sufficient money readily available in the country to undertake a tithe of the schemes which offer chances of excellent returns. For years investors have fought shy of Indian enterprises, partly, no doubt, on account of the unstable character of exchange. But that difficulty has now disappeared. Money is always forthcoming in London for the prosecution of wild-cat schemes in distant parts of the world, and millions are lost in mines which were never of any value. But for Indian ventures there are no offers. Yet here we have a country with enormous natural resources as yet scarcely touched, with immense quantities of cheap power running to waste, with practically the largest supply of cheap labour in the world, and with some three hundred millions of potential purchasers on the spot. If but the capitalist would turn his attention to India, not only would his profits be assured, but he would be the means of carrying out the dream of Indian statesmen, the raising up of industries other than agriculture, the consequent enrichment of the people, and the preservation of the country from those periodical famines which occasion such great and such widely extended distress.

W. Malleson.

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OUR FOOD SUPPLY IN THE NAPOLEONIC WAR

THERE really is, so far as I can see, nothing to inquire into. Of course, we all know there will be a rise [in the price of corn] upon the outbreak of a war; but not, I think, such as will cause anything like real scarcity or panic prices. It is sufficient for the country if it has a navy adequate for its needs, and if we have not such a navy, it is not an inquiry that is needed, but rather an impeachment of a Government which has neglected an obvious and essential duty.

Such was the conclusion of the official reply, given in the House of Commons on January 28, to the motion for an amendment setting forth the need of an inquiry into the question of "Our Food Supply in Time of War." The reply seems to have satisfied the House, for the amendment was withdrawn. But it is doubtful whether the words quoted above will satisfy the country and will not rather tend to arouse the suspicion that our rulers are singularly heedless as to the importance of the issues at stake. The Right Honourable Gentleman, who closed his remarks with this soothing utterance, commented on the vagueness of the amendment and of the state of public opinion on the whole subject. In one sense he was correct. The subject is but dimly known. But to cite this as a reason for refusing an inquiry is a somewhat strange proceeding. A business firm is not wont to shirk investigation into a subject that may one day affect its very existence because the danger is but half understood. And it is not reassuring to see obscurantist methods adopted in

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regard to a matter of grave national import because its issues are not at present clearly discerned, and the remedies proposed are not all of the same description.

But the charge of vagueness can be brought against others than the party that asks for inquiry. Those who pin their faith to the policy of *laisser aller* have hitherto failed to give any definite justification for the faith that is in them. All their utterances are pervaded by the tone of misty optimism that accords so well with John Bull's nature. "We've got along all right in war so far, and therefore there is no reason why we should not get on the same next time." That is his typical attitude on these and similar questions. It proves to be rather expensive when the day of testing comes; but until it is right upon him, he stolidly refuses to look far ahead and adopt precautionary measures. Herein lies the strength of the policy of "let be" on this question. It accords with the ingrained national habit of doing nothing until the need is upon us. But there are signs that the policy of "drift" has had its day. For one thing, the confidence inspired by official optimism has waned of late. No longer do ministerial assurances carry immediate conviction; but there is an uneasy feeling that our leaders refuse inquiry because they fear the exposure of the state of unpreparedness which would ensue. Least of all can historical students accept the very slight and misleading reference to the long war with France that was made in the whole course of the recent debate. It is indeed a general characteristic of discussions on this topic to ignore the very important evidence afforded by that war, or else to cite it as a reason why we should do nothing.

The latter course of argument is very often adopted. Exponents of the theory that corn will always come where it is wanted, even in time of war, if only you can afford to pay for it, appeal confidently to the Napoleonic War as proving that our mightiest foe, even when he had subdued the whole of Europe as far east as the River Niemen, never starved us into surrender; but that, on the contrary, we succeeded in

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breaking through his continental system, and in procuring corn from the very lands from which he sought to cut off British commerce. "See there (say in effect the champions of *laisser aller*) the great Emperor by the year 1808 marshalled on his side in the great economic struggle Italy, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even Russia herself. And, as we were excluded from the ports of the United States, all the corn-producing lands of the world were closed to us. Yet grain never ceased to find its way into these islands. Does not that fact prove that, whenever people need a thing, they will get it, if they can pay a good price?"

Such is the argument. I think I have stated it fairly; and at first sight it looks quite comfortably convincing. If it be true, then a *primâ facie* case has been made out for trusting to private agencies to bring us through the far greater social crisis that the next naval war will bring. If, however, it can be shown that those agencies did not save us from acute distress, and further that *Napoleon never sought to cut off our corn supply*, the whole question will wear a very different complexion. Let us see, then, what is the evidence of history.

It may be well to begin our inquiry by asking where the optimists of to-day have gained their assurance as to the bearing of the events of 1800–1813 on the question at issue. It can be traced back to the writings of Cobden and his followers, through them to Porter's "Progress of the Nation," and to Tooke's "History of Prices and of the State of the Currency from 1793 to 1837." As this last work is the chief armoury of the optimists it may be as well briefly to test his statement of the case. Great as are the merits of his book, it is marred by a very obvious desire to minimise the influence of war on our industries, finance, and food supply. The reason for this bias is clear. Tooke published his work in 1838, when the Free Trade movement was being vigorously started in Manchester, and he aimed at stilling the fears of that numerous class, of whom Sir Robert Peel was for some years the spokesman, as to the danger of dependence on

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foreign corn. The author refused to admit that the distress which quickly followed the declaration of war by the French Republic in 1793 was chiefly due to that event: as against the authority of Sir Francis Baring, he ascribed it "to an undue extension of the system of credit and paper circulation."[1] He further pointed triumphantly to the fact that after five years of war wheat was selling at Mark Lane at forty-eight shillings the quarter, and thence inferred that war alone did not affect the price of corn.

In one sense Tooke was right. War with France alone had no very direct influence on the price of bread; for she very rarely sent us corn. But he seems to have concluded that *no war* would have any material effect on the price. In making this sweeping assumption he erred in good company. During the debates of the House of Commons in November 1800, which turned mainly on the sudden rise in the price of bread, William Pitt laid stress on the fact that in 1796–1798 bread was no dearer than it had been in 1792 before the outbreak of hostilities; and he claimed, first, that *the war* had no effect on the price of bread, and secondly, that *war* (that is, war in general) had no such effect. The passage is worth quoting as showing how even a clear and able thinker like Pitt could slide into a fallacy which was to ensnare many speakers and writers after him:

> In 1794 and 1795 the price [of wheat] was high; but in the interval of nearly three years that succeeded, that is, from about Michaelmas 1796 to Midsummer 1799, the price sunk perhaps too low for the fair profit of the farmer. How then, if the war was the cause of the dearness, did it happen that the effect, which on the hypothesis should have been increasing, was suspended during an interval of nearly three years? . . . Thus it is clear from a deduction of facts that war of itself has no evident and necessary connection with the dearness of provisions.

But events were even then imminent which showed the unsoundness of this sweeping generalisation. The Armed Neutrality League of Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Denmark,

[1] Tooke, i., pp. 177, 188, 211.

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was in process of formation, and the dawn of the nineteenth century saw us at war with the lands on which we then chiefly depended to make up any shortage in the home supply. The fallacy of Pitt's conclusions was at once exposed; and it became evident that, while France was a *quantité négligeable* in our food supply, the Baltic lands were most important in time of scarcity. As soon as that source was cut off, our position became most precarious. The facts were too patent to be ignored even by official optimists, and before the close of that year, the very ministers who had stated that war did not much affect the price of corn advised George III. to issue a proclamation urging "the greatest economy and frugality" in the use of bread. The farmer-king himself set the example by ordering that none but stale bread should be served on the royal table; distillation from grain was also entirely stopped;[1] and a lavish bounty was offered to secure the importation of foreign wheat. In spite of these heroic remedies the price of wheat rose sharply until in March 1801 it stood at 156 shillings the quarter. Fortunately the crisis was of brief duration. Nelson's victory at Copenhagen and the assassination of the Czar Paul broke up that formidable league, and in June wheat sold at 129 shillings and in December at 75 shillings.

Now what is the attitude of Tooke in face of these extraordinary facts? It is one of stolid indifference. He attributes this fall mainly to our harvest, which was one "of moderate abundance," and only admits, with evident reluctance, that the resumption of trade with the Baltic may have been a contributory cause. There is not a word to show that he realised the magnitude of the peril to which our nation was exposed, from which we were saved only by the sublime daring of Nelson and by the success of the palace conspiracy at St. Petersburg. Indeed, the mad Czar had hit upon a truth, which fortunately was veiled from the eyes of Napoleon, that England might be forced to submit by being absolutely cut off from her chief source of food supply; but, as we shall see, the

[1] Distillation from grain was also prohibited in 1795–6, 1800–1, 1808–12.

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economic fallacies of Napoleon were as unknown to Tooke as were the dangers with which the savage autocrat of the north threatened England in 1801.

Pursuing his useless clue, the author again points out that the signature of peace with France did not lessen the price of bread, and that the resumption of war in 1803 did not raise it. Of course it did not. The hostility of France affected our imports of corn only when a privateer succeeded in slipping out from Dunkirk or Flushing and in carrying off a corn ship or two in the North Sea. And that happened very rarely. Our fleet then had complete mastery of the seas, and its aims were not distracted, as now would be the case, by telling off squadron after squadron for the protection of the nation's food; its action was therefore swift and decisive; it acted, as a fleet is meant to act, not in defending our own merchantmen, but in attacking the enemy's warships and cooping them up in their harbours. Thanks, therefore, to our naval supremacy and to the offensive tactics which could be overwhelming and immediately adopted, we drew with ease the small supplies of corn that we required from Danzig, Riga, and New York.

Nevertheless, the price of wheat tended to rise, as the following prices show for the closing months of each year:

	1802.	1803	1804.	1805.	1806.	1807.	1808.
Price per quarter .	57*s.*	51*s.*	86*s.*	76*s.*	76*s.*	66*s.*	90*s.*

But any excessive rise was prevented, first, by the circumstances just described, and, secondly, by the advance of agricultural science and the enclosures of open or common fields, and of wastes and fens. That is to say, our undeveloped agricultural resources nearly sufficed for the nation's needs except in times of dearth at home and complications in the Baltic. But the year 1809 witnessed the return of lean years, also our exclusion from the grain lands of Eastern Europe consequent on Napoleon's success in bending Russia and Prussia to his will in the Treaty of Tilsit (1807). Sweden adopted the continental system in 1809, and the close of that year found wheat at 103*s.*

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the quarter. That it did not sell at famine price was due to the strange fact, as to the reason of which Tooke was wholly in the dark, that in 1809, as also in the following year, Napoleon allowed, and even encouraged, the export of corn from France and Italy to our shores. The writer placidly assumes that, because corn was very scarce in England, while it chanced to be abundant in Napoleon's States, therefore it came here as a matter of course. I shall return to this topic presently, and merely call attention to the fact that, though in the year 1810 our great enemy placed two million quarters of wheat easily within our reach, yet the quartern loaf sold for fifteen pence and nearly half the traders of Britain made compositions with their creditors. The climax of misery came in the year 1812, when the harvests were bad all over Europe, so that Napoleon had to expend large sums of the public money to attract corn to France and keep his own people quiet while he was waging the Moscow Campaign. As a result of all these untoward causes, added to which was our war with the United States, the price of wheat at Mark Lane rose to 155*s.* the quarter, and the best Danzig wheat fetched the unheard-of figure of 180*s.* the quarter. But, again, as in 1801, the worst of the crisis was soon over. The close of the year 1812 saw Napoleon's Grand Army straggling back to the Niemen a mob of frost-bitten spectres, and the continued efforts which he put forth in 1813 served but to assure his downfall. The opening up of the granary of Eastern Europe to our ships, and the recurrence of a good harvest at home, brought wheat down to 112*s.* by the month of August 1813. And England was saved from all fear of civil war which had loomed so large amidst the Luddite riots and the wide-spread anarchy of 1811–12.

Here, again, we must notice that Tooke and other optimists of his school pay little heed to the gravity of the social crisis through which England fought her way; and only when we look into the monthly trade reports of those dark years, or dip into the letters or memoirs of Yorkshire families, like the Brontës, do we see how narrow was the margin between safety

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and disaster. The mad rush of gaunt, hungry crowds against factories, which Charlotte Brontë so vividly describes in "Shirley," is to Tooke merely a question of dislike of machinery; and he sees not the spectre of famine in the home which helped to drive those workers to frenzy. He admits that the opening of the Baltic ports in 1813 may have had something to do with the fall in price of wheat. But in general his sense of causation in the handling of this momentous topic is lamentably weak. It is enough for him that the social crises of 1801 and 1812 ended happily, and that in 1809–1810 we bought corn from our enemy. His mental horizon is bounded by the laws of supply and demand, and because those laws sufficed to carry us through the time of trial, though at an awful risk, he and his many followers entertain no doubt as to the universality of their application. Viewing history from the standpoint of theory rather than of fact, the optimistic school is blind to the many signs of national exhaustion in 1801 and 1812, and still more so to the signal good fortune which swept aside the mad Czar at St. Petersburg and lured Napoleon to his ruin at Moscow. Do the optimists of to-day cherish the hope that, if ever again we are in a similar situation, with trade stagnant and the quartern loaf selling at a florin, the miraculous again will happen? History does not always repeat itself.

For, be it noted, the problem of food supply is now infinitely greater than it was about a century ago. Lord Hawkesbury, speaking in the House of Commons on February 18, 1800, stated that the average amount of corn imported was about one twentieth of the total consumption in these islands. That is to say, in ordinary years Great Britain could support herself for about forty-nine weeks out of the whole year. It is true that in bad years like 1800–1 and 1811–12 the home-grown supply might suddenly fall off by nearly one third; and then the country depended on foreign corn for fully twenty weeks. This amount of shortage increased very little, if at all, during the Napoleonic war: for, as the Committee on the Corn Law reported in 1814, the progress in agricultural

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science, and the reclamation of large tracts of waste, or the change of inferior pasture into arable, had greatly increased the yield, and probably more than kept pace with the growth of population. Probably it was this exploitation of her hitherto unworked agricultural resources that enabled Great Britain to survive the strain.

But, after all, as compared with the present problem of food supply, that of a century ago was insignificant. The population of Great Britain in the year 1811 was, in round numbers, 11,970,000 souls: to-day it is about 37,000,000 souls. (The population of Ireland may be omitted as it is more nearly self-sufficing in regard to necessary food-stuffs.) The near approach to famine, then, in the years 1811 and 1812 was due to this fact, that we could not then draw from abroad the corn that was needed to feed twelve million persons for about twenty weeks of the year.

What is the case now? At present we are dependent on foreign corn for fully forty weeks of the year. The problem, therefore, is to draw from abroad enough corn to feed more than three times as many people for thirteen times as long a period per annum. In view of this undeniable fact, it is difficult to see how the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, in the official reply of last January 28 above referred to, could use these words:

> It may be argued that the war risk at the present day is much greater than during the French war to which I have referred. I do not suppose that anything but experience will enable us to determine this question.

He then referred hopefully to the effect which the Declaration of Paris might have in facilitating the imports of corn by neutral vessels. But during the French War, neutral vessels were encouraged to bring us their corn—nay at the worst crises, they were *compelled* by our war-ships to come to our ports and sell their corn at the high prices then ruling. Yet, for all that, we were within measurable distance of famine and civil war.

In fact, the only features of the situation that favour us

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more than they did our forefathers are to be found in the great extension of the corn-lands of the world, and the increase in the carrying power of modern ships. These are reassuring facts, without doubt. But, after all, the main question in time of war is how to get that corn safely to our ports. And here the problem is vastly more complicated than it was in the Great War. After Trafalgar our fleet ruled the waves to an extent that can, perhaps, never be hoped for again. Our naval historian, James, summarises the chronicles of our seamen in the years 1809–1810 in the statements that our fleet in 1809 was stronger than ever it had been, or perhaps ever could be again; while in the year 1810 Napoleon was unable to get a single squadron out to sea owing to the closeness of our blockade.[1] It is worth noting, *en passant*, that this immense naval superiority was to avail us little in the matter of our food supply in 1811–12 because in the very years when we ruled the sea he controlled the land; and therefore when it did not suit him to let wheat leave his ports for England, not a corn-ship weighed anchor. The futility of mere naval supremacy in such a case could not be more forcibly demonstrated; and the fact may be commended to the notice of those who bid us trust solely to our navy. A universal and sustained resolve on the part of the Napoleonic States to withhold their corn from us would have been speedily fatal to us, even when no fleet of theirs could get out of harbour. Naval superiority, without doubt, is an important factor in the problem of food supply in time of war; but to assert that it is everything is to ignore one of the most important lessons of the Napoleonic period. The last word on this question rests with the great corn-growing lands, and not solely with the Power that rules the waves.

This leads us to inquire whether Napoleon ever formed the project of starving England into surrender. The present writer after a prolonged study of the Napoleonic letters and of the memoirs of his chief Ministers, has failed to find any trace of such a notion. The evidence is too wide to be set forth here.

[1] James, vol. v (year 1801 *ad init.*).

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But some characteristic passages from the Emperor's letters may be cited. In 1808, after sending Junot to overrun Portugal, he reproachfully bids him, time after time, to confiscate all British goods, as also American ships and cargoes, seeing that the latter were probably English.

> Seize all the colonial wares that have come into Portugal since the Continental Blockade began. . . . You are in ignorance, I see, as to the grand aim of these measures. Thus you render the conquest of Portugal useless, and it is only for that that I conquered it. (May 10, 1808.)

The experiment of ruining England by seizing all her exported goods did not bear good fruit in the Iberian Peninsula; and in the year 1809 we find fewer signs of Napoleon's resolve to ruin our export trade, save that Sweden was coerced into joining the continental system. But in August–December 1810 (that is, after the laxity of Napoleon's system allowed us to procure enough corn to tide over more than a year of dearth) the giant girds himself to the task of excluding all our goods from the Continent. A series of decrees was put in force, culminating in the ukase ordering all British merchandise to be burnt. Yet even at this time, when he was seeking to confiscate every bale of cloth that came from Yorkshire and every hogshead that hailed from our West Indies, he was anxious to *export* goods from certain favoured parts of France and Italy to England. Most instructive is his letter of August 6, 1810, to his step-son, Eugène, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy.

> I am going to send you two kinds of licences for Venice and Ancona; one is the ordinary licence, and ships furnished with these licences will be allowed to export corn, cheese, and other products of the country, to Malta, England, Switzerland, Turkey, in fact everywhere. In exchange they may import dyes and other objects needed for use in the Kingdom of Italy. These licences give them immunity from the formalities required by my laws relating to the blockade. They may import cotton from the Levant, but must make sure it is Levantine and not Colonial cotton.

He further states that he wishes Italy to dispose of the surplus of her corn, and hopes that that kingdom will thus gain twenty

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to twenty-five million francs. That sum would be applied to reviving the marine of Venice.

Thus, at the time when Napoleon was about to order British and colonial goods (for he now assumed that all colonial goods were British) to be confiscated or burnt all over his vast Empire he seeks to stimulate exports to our shores. And why? Because such exports would benefit his States and enable public works to be carried out. We may go even further and say that Napoleon believed the effect of sending those exports to our shores would be to weaken us. His economic ideas were those of the crudest section of the old Mercantilist School. He believed that a nation's commercial wealth consisted essentially in its exports, while imports were to be jealously restricted because they drew bullion away. Destroy Britain's exports, and allow her to import whatever his own lands could well spare and she would bleed to death. Such, briefly stated, was his creed. At that time, wheat fetched more than £5 the quarter; and our great enemy, imagining the drain of our gold to be a greater loss to us than the incoming of new life was gain, pursued the very policy which enabled us to survive that year of scarcity without a serious strain. In 1811–1812 those precious exports of corn from the Napoleonic States ceased, but only because there was not enough for their own people.

In the latter year, especially, the bread-stuffs of Prussia and Poland were drawn into the devouring vortex of Napoleon's Russian expedition; and this purely military reason explains why the best Danzig sold at Mark Lane at £9 the quarter, and why England was on the brink of starvation. There is not a shred of evidence to prove that the autocrat himself ever framed that notion of cutting off our food supplies, which our Continental friends now frankly tell us would be their chief aim in case of a great war.

The aim of this paper is historical; and it is obviously impossible to review the far more complex circumstances that now constitute the problem of food supply. It may be well,

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however, to indicate some of the questions which render an official inquiry desirable:

(1) Whether the teachings of history in regard to the Napoleonic War justify our reliance on the Royal Navy alone to safeguard our food supply?

(2) Whether such reliance would not impose on the navy an intolerable burden of responsibility, distract its aims, and hamper those offensive operations which alone can bring decisive triumph?

(3) Whether our Government has at its disposal a sufficient number of swift merchant-steamers, adapted to the carriage of large stores of grain, and of approximately the same speed, so as to facilitate the work of the convoying squadron that would accompany them across the Atlantic?

(4) Whether trust can be placed in the plan of neutral ships bringing corn to a neutral port near these shores, and of its being thence conveyed to our harbours on neutral or British vessels?

(5) Whether the effort to build an overpoweringly strong Royal Navy, in order to safeguard our corn supply, does not defeat its own end by inciting other Powers to make the same increase in their fleets?

(6) Whether the plan of national storage of corn would not be cheaper, because more final and more effective, than the present endless rivalry in the building of warships?

(7) Whether careful and exhaustive experiments as to the methods of storing corn would not reveal some means of keeping it so as to avert, or minimise, deterioration or decay?

(8) And, if this prove impossible, whether the stores of corn that would in course of time deteriorate, could not be used, before any deterioration set in, for the feeding of our soldiers and sailors?

(9) Whether a system of granting bounties on the growth of wheat would not also be beneficial to the country districts, and bring a feeling of added security to the nation at large?

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(10) Lastly, whether the present wasteful use of the necessaries of life, the thriftlessness of our working classes, and the tendency of the sensation-mongering Press to magnify every incident, would not create an intolerable situation in time of a great naval war, unless some precautionary measures were taken beforehand?

J. Holland Rose.

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THE WEEKLY PRESS IN ENGLAND

"POLITICS, politics—isn't that what one man at the club says to another man at the club?" So Mr. Bagehot is reported to have once remarked and, outside the Houses of Parliament, the definition still holds good. At all events it can be applied to the politics of magazines and newspapers; for the *on dits* of State affairs, the gossip of army and navy, the things that the Conservative says of the Radical, and the pro-Boer of the Imperialist, form the preponderating elements of modern journalism. This is all perfectly legitimate so long as journalism and literature are not confounded with one another. The daily newspapers satisfy an appetite of man which, if it is not natural, is at least a natural appetite of civilised life. For the citizen of every country wants his public news as much as he wants his breakfast, and he would be very deficient if he did not. As for us in England we are a practical nation, unhampered by many ideas, and we almost make a religion of journalism—every working man taking in one, and often two daily papers. It is the duty of these dailies to be as political as they can be; to be more political, indeed, than they are, more enlightening as to party and public questions. All that is required of them is to give lucid statements of facts and possibilities, unadorned by smart epigram or effective style; and, were they wise, they would discard the little articles on birds and fashions with which they often attempt to sweeten their morning loaf. In

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fact the daily has no more to do with literature than the postman has and, if it is to be a power, it should devote its energies to becoming the political guide, no less than the political informer of the public.

Far different is it with the weeklies. When Addison and Steele first invented them it was purely as literary organs, as critics of life and of books, of men and of morals.

> None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

These are the words of Addison in his dedication of the *Spectator* to John, Lord Somers. No editor of a weekly now alive and retaining a sense of truth could possibly use such expressions about his periodical. In the sensible days of Queen Anne and her successors, the fierce days of Whig and Tory, the weekly paper was looked on as a refuge from party politics, as the literary Mentor and the public Quiz, capable of a nice sense of humour. We have changed all that, and in some ways the change was necessary, even where it was not desirable. There is less leisure, more competition now than there was then, and a political summary of the week's affairs is a help to hard-pressed or lazy people. And though we may not be much better than our forbears, we certainly have more complicated moral aspirations, more extended philanthropies. Labour questions, social movements, which belong to an increased population and cannot be judged from day to day, now demand public consideration. And science, which had so long a childhood, has reached a stage and is producing changes which cannot be ignored. Summaries of events, scientific and sociological (terrible word that in itself shows how long Addison has been dead), are as needful as those of State affairs, and occasional articles upon them are valuable sources of interest and information. But these would only be additions in no wise interfering with the main purpose of the paper, and there is no valid reason why the *Spectator* and its fellows to-day should not occupy

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the same important position as the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* of old.

Yet, if we speak the truth about them, what is it that they have become? Excepting the few that give themselves specially to reviews of current art (like the *Academy*), of current literature (like the *Athenæum*), of Church questions (like the *Guardian*), or of fashion (like the *World* and *Truth*), the whole army of them are mainly political—little more than protracted editions of daily newspapers. With an industry worthy of a better cause they repeat the party-controversies, the monotony of topics, the vehemence of manners of the dailies. There are, of course, exceptions to this, and the *Spectator* and the *Pilot* always remain gentlemen. The *Athenæum* also is a gentleman, but a gouty one, with occasional twinges which induce habitual irritability. What daily, however, can be more cross-grained than the *Saturday Review*, more violent than the *Speaker*, not to mention the asperities of the smaller fry? If any sceptic doubt this, he has but to take up either at haphazard and he will soon be satisfied.

"Lord Rosebery's latest excuse for uttering imaginary criticism of nothing in particular was his acceptance of the freedom of Stranraer." No person of decent taste, whether friend or foe, could like this sentence about Lord Rosebery. If it had been said in the nursery its writer would have been told that it was not funny, only rude; and yet he is not an ignorant school-boy, or even a "daily"-journalist, but a literary contributor to the *Saturday Review*.

Or take this from *Vanity Fair* on the occasion of Mr. Asquith's great speech in July:

> That is Radicalism all over. To work for one's country is the act of an imbecile; to catch the votes of one's countrymen is the highest wisdom. . . . By waiting till the war is over before separating themselves from the Labouchères and Lloyd Georges, Mr. Asquith and his friends have earned the hatred of their ex-associates and the contempt of the rest of the nation.

Or again this from the *Speaker*, for the sake of the last sentence:

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The *Morning Leader* has been making a useful plea for a thorough inquiry into the character of the war expenditure. Here and there scandals have cropped up in the law-courts, but the number of those which are known is very small compared with those of which the officials of the War Office and the Admiralty are aware. The difficulty is that it would be almost impossible to select from the governing classes a Commission which would not wish to cover up the misdeeds of the contractors. Blood is so very much thicker than water. . . . It is very important to know over what part of the country the butter of the war is spread most thickly, then perhaps we may be able to appraise the patriotism of "the well dressed young men" of Birmingham.

Even in articles apart from current politics the *Speaker* can only hit out. It has no objection, for instance (in a paper on King Alfred), to speak of "a preposterous bounder like George III."—or to begin a facetious record of nautical adventure with this unendearing address: "You gentlemen of England that sit at home in what you probably think to be a fine mood of valour, but which is really only a dyspeptic and irritable ease, are commonly Jingoes." This is certainly not wit of the subtle kind.

We have heard of kleptomania and of those who cannot keep their hands from picking and stealing. The *Speaker* seems to inaugurate a new form of malady; it cannot keep its hands from boxing and it smites even where it praises. This is the more to be deplored as it is often much cleverer than its compeers, more pithy and more convinced. It is perhaps the rudest and the most interesting of the weeklies—carried away by its conscience as well as by its spirits and possessed of most of the virtues and all the faults of youth. The Government is its governess and it adopts towards her the persistent attitude of the insubordinate pupil. As for the war, directly it touches the subject we feel as if a young reformer had forced his way into a sick-room, or that famous lady in Dickens who invariably said, "Rouse yourself, Fanny," to the dying Mrs. Dombey. But, with all this exuberance, the *Speaker* counts among the pessimists—devotes, indeed, an optimistic exuberance to its pessimism. For papers, like persons, are divided into optimists and pessimists and most

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of them belong to the last-named category. It is easier to denounce than it is to find out the best side of things; far easier to destroy than to construct. But despondency, after all, is not prudence; it can be as much of a superstition as the credulity of the idealist and it is far more paralysing to action. The public mind needs cheering rather than depressing, and it certainly does not want more lessons in invective.

In these last deplorable years of warfare despair has been especially harmful. There has been a kind of havoc of attack and little to lighten the general gloom. For this reason alone we ought to be grateful to the *Spectator* which leads the scant forces of the optimists. It has not allowed itself to give way to low spirits and has done its best to quicken the pulse and the heart of the poor invalid nation. But (it is the critic's ungrateful duty to point out the inevitable "but") it carries its optimism over the border, into the domain of credulity. Like Charity it believeth all things—even in divination by the dreams of Paterfamilias. If its hilarity belonged to the *Speaker* all would be right and in the rôle of youth. It is the admixture of extreme sanguineness and elderly respectability that is incongruous, almost grotesque, as if a Judge were suddenly to rise and sing a love-ditty in court. We feel there can be no end to this boisterous faith; it seems capable of telling us in a sober article that the Irish question will disappear if we can only have a regiment with green uniforms in our army; it knows that all difficulties would be solved if Lord Rosebery's favourite submarine tunnel were made between Scotland and Ireland. And while Ireland is to be a modified Eden, England would enjoy a golden age if we would but start a tradition on which to educate young statesmen, a kind of political *Académie*, which would produce political geniuses. For the *Spectator* indulges in academic intemperance and believes that measures produce men, not men measures, and that if there were enough Dons in the world talent would abound. The over-belief in absolute principles—that noble, if fallacious conviction which rules the

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debating societies of undergraduates and working men—is at the bottom of the *Spectator's* hopefulness; in politics, as in art, it judges too much from the purely moral standpoint and, fine though this standpoint is, the person who holds it needs a good deal of discernment. Such cheerfulness ceases to affect us. Take as a specimen this passage, almost peevish in its optimism, about the war in South Africa.

> We entirely and absolutely refuse to take a pessimistic view of the war. . . . Of the end we are as certain as ever we were. Nor are we any more pessimistic than formerly as to the settling down of the two races in South Africa. . . . The pressure of the natives on the one hand, and the great material prosperity which is bound to take place directly the war is over on the other, will bring the two peoples together. Those two forces will act as an amalgam—especially the latter.

"Is bound to" is a strong phrase, hardly admissible in people over twenty-five. We say this in all modesty, for we know that it is a hard task to discover the right mean between seeing things as they may be and seeing things as they are. We ought, perhaps, to try and think as pessimists and to live as optimists, though this sounds like a counsel of perfection unattainable by any newspaper. But in some measure, it can be realised and even now the *Pilot* does not leave us without hope of its fulfilment. For that paper tries to apply the gospel of common sense; to believe that men and politicians, be they Boers or English, are neither angels nor devils, but "a mixed yarn, good and ill together." Moderation is too often taken to mean a mere absence of conviction that offends nobody. But this is hardly the real thing. Moderation and tameness are not necessarily synonymous, and moderation may mean convictions as strong as those of fanaticism. To mean this, however, it must be tinged with enthusiasm—the enthusiasm for justice; it must represent an attitude of mind based on temperance, charity, and insight, rather than on party-passion and the need for action. The *Pilot* does its best to steer rightly between Scylla and Charybdis, and whether they resent this course or no, it deserves the thanks of fair-minded

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persons. But common sense is not a marketable policy, nor will it ever form a party; it flatters no personal taste and does not flavour life with excitement.

It has seemed necessary to dwell thus long on politics in speaking of periodicals which give up from a third to a half of their contents to public affairs. But the other half, the part given up to Literature and to Life, is, as we believe, their main business, and it is to these subjects that the rest of our space will be devoted.

Taken as wholes, what strikes one most about the weeklies is their extraordinary uniformity. The same proportion of political articles; the same number of reviews of the same book, done often, it would seem, by the same hands; the same stray bits of metaphysics and heterogeneous matter—impetuous papers on birds sandwiched between wandering chapters of metaphysics, or pleasant little fireworks on friendship and happiness—sermons in holiday attire. Everything is there except consistency, and consistency and character are nowhere. Some of the papers are rather ruder than the rest, a few distinguish themselves by a higher tone and better judgment. All have a good deal of conscience, but whoever sits down to read many of them at a stretch will rise chilly and dispirited, an uncomfortable feeling at his heart that he has been living on cold hash for a week. Some of the reasons for this are not so far to seek, and it is the literary pages that supply them. For the literary is by far the most important element of weekly journalism. If the *Spectator* and the rest are to have any real power, they must hold the position of literary guides to the public, they must be directors of its judgment, they must act as discriminating initiators when the right moment comes. It is their business to sift the old and to hail the new. But can any of their more honest readers pretend that this is the mission they fulfil? What genius has ever been welcomed by them? What popular god destroyed? What author has been much the better for their mild praise and mild sarcasm?

It is best to speak the truth, and the truth is that the

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English do not care for literature; they are far too practical. They care for politics, for business, for conquest, for morals, for anything that can be turned into deed. And so we have our countless articles on reforms and institutions, our daily problem-novels, our problem-plays that have so little to do with the drama; and when we discuss the serious questions with which these works of art deal, we think that we are writing literary criticism. But of art for art's sake, of knowing what is beautiful, we have no real notion. If only we could get the French to manage our art and literature for us, while we in return undertook, say, the government of France, the world might be a different place, and our Saturdays occasions for enjoyment. For the French—it is their weakness in State-affairs—are a nation of artists and of critics. To realise this you need only glance at their *Revue Hebdomadaire*, their weekly *Revue Bleue*, their *Semaine française*, or their *Annales Politiques et littéraires*. Each is distinct in character from the other, each is written by a man who has something he wishes to say and knows how to say it. He does not only perform a necessary duty "up to time"; he enjoys himself while he works; and the literary articles, though done by different hands, are pitched in the same key, so that each number of the Review possesses unity and coherence.

Where lies the secret which causes this gulf between us? Sainte-Beuve says that the art of criticism is the art of appreciation: the art of knowing first the good and then the bad in a book. "C'est pour cela [he writes] qu'il y ait dans le critique un poète; le poète a le sentiment plus vif des beautés, et il hésite moins à les maintenir." No one, indeed, who does not appreciate a work, who does not put the good in it foremost, should venture to write a review of it. But we more often than not confound detective work with criticism, rhapsody with appreciation, colourlessness with good taste; and we would rather dwell upon the unimportant error than on the fine passage. Yet appreciation, or our want of it, is not all; appreciation itself is the result of something that lies deeper,

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which we are without. The French have a literary standard, and they have the literary enthusiasm which alone can produce one. Of both these possessions we are unhappily devoid and hence also of order and consistency. For a literary standard is a regulating conscience to judge by, an infallible Parnassian test to which the French submit all literary things; and the original enthusiasm which creates it is perhaps the only safeguard of art. At all events enthusiasm renders literature two great services—it abolishes caution, most inartistic and *bourgeois* of qualities; it furnishes a writer with something that he keenly desires to say, and so is likely to say well.

As a nation we shine in caution—if so impulsive an expression be allowed us. Instead of determining public opinion, our journalists wait for public opinion to determine them. From the famous reviews of Keats and Wordsworth downwards, our periodicals have always failed to welcome the new genius in proper fashion till all the world has hailed him. Now that genius is in vogue it is true that we no longer slash it, and the non-recognition of it seems the one literary crime that we dread. We generally resort to one of two alternatives. If we have good traditional taste, we take refuge in phrases that cannot commit us either one way or the other. If we have not, we find safety in recognising almost every one as a genius. But this extreme is quite as disrespectful to genius as the former one, and to place the true on the same level as the false is by no means the way to greet it. It is an error which, perhaps, has little to do with caution, but it has a great deal to do with the absence of any dominant taste to appeal to. We have only to take up the *Revue Bleue* or the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires* and compare any of their reviews with parallel articles in the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review*, and we shall soon see the difference between them.

The French are good cooks in more ways than one and, like good cooks, they are economical. They know the worth of words and of material, and their criticism is always rational. We have just lighted in *Les Annales* on "Les livres

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d'Etrennes," a set of short notices of Christmas books; but instead of being no more than a few isolated paragraphs, they are connected by the writer's leading thought—lightly enough expressed—that science seasons all modern literature, even children's story-books. He himself will never forget the emotions of the *Jour de l'An*:

quand mon parrain m'apporta les "Contes de Perrault" royalement habillés de rouge avec "fers spéciaux." Oh ces fers spéciaux! J'en rêvais en lisant les catalogues. Posséder des reliures avec fers spéciaux? Bonheur ineffable! Je crois que les enfants ne connaissent plus ces calmes ivresses. Leurs goûts les portent vers des plaisirs plus bruyants . . . ils amassent des sous en vue de s'acheter un automobile.

There follow some comments on a geographical volume, then upon a boy's tale of adventure:

"Cent millions" est d'une irréprochable moralité. Il contient l'odyssée de deux adolescents qui, sans le savoir, possèdent un énorme patrimoine. Des intrigants cherchent à les dépouiller, et pour y parvenir ils n'usent pas des moyens classiques . . . ils n'empoisonnent pas leurs victimes . . . ils les plongent dans un sommeil hypnotique et annihilent, par ce moyen, leur volonté. Vous le voyez! la science remplace le merveilleux. Elle produit les coups de théâtre. Vive la science!

There is nothing elaborate here, but there is, at least, an intention—an intention we can follow and understand. And so there is in criticism of more serious work. Look, for example, in the *Revue Bleue*, at this passage from the notice of a new poet, M. Paul Fort, by M. André Beaunier—a good specimen of the average writing in the paper:

Il ne fait partie d'aucune école; il ne se prête à aucune classification; il frappe d'abord par sa désinvolture, sa spontanéité; le sans-gêne singulier de sa manière, une sorte d'excessive abondance. Quand on se demande à qui l'apparenter, on lui trouve de la ressemblance surtout avec le dieu Pan, qui n'est pas mort, bien que le bruit en ait couru.

This is appetising. It gives us a notion of our dinner; whether the food, when we come to table, be to our liking or not, we know the sort of dish that will be set before us. But translate this into the average language of the English weekly, and it will sound something like this:

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Mr. Smith's little volume of poems is not without merit. It deals chiefly with Nature in her various aspects and her changing moods—with forests, fields, and fountains, and the thoughts and fancies they evoke. If in some places the verses are a little crude, in others they show a polish which gives them a certain distinction. They are undeniably fresh and pleasing; many of them with a distinct Tennysonian ring about them. Mr. Smith is evidently young, and if he goes on as he has begun we have little hesitation in predicting work of considerable promise from his hand.

The phrase "not without merit" is indeed one pillar of the *Spectator*. "We have little hesitation" is another. And here is a sentence straight from its pages—from a short review of a novel: "On the whole, what she has given us is a pleasant and readable book, but it might have been better done."

This is a little masterpiece of prudent vacuity and especially valuable from its possibilities of universal application. It might even be purchased as the form of review for nearly every book that appears. But with our enlightenment about the volume in question it seems to have but little to do. When we turn to the other kind of notice—the flowing rhapsody—we are not much better off. To go back, for instance, to Mr. Smith's poems, the enthusiastic reviewer would probably pronounce himself about them somewhat after this fashion:

Not since our first reading of "Othello" have we had such a sensation as we experienced in perusing Mr. Smith's modest booklet of verse. The poems sing Nature—Nature as Mother, Nature as Sister, Nature as Child. There is a world of joy and sorrow in every line: a joy and sorrow that would be Olympian if they were not so deeply human. But it is, of course, in those that deal with man's nature that the tragic note is struck; and if at one moment they recall Shakespeare in their vivid force, at another their plastic calm and their marble acceptance of destiny remind us of the Greek drama. For strength of imagery and colour "Forest Sin" perhaps ranks first among the ballades, and its simple refrain of "Green, green, green," has a haunting pathos of its own which does not easily leave us. Here and there Mr. Smith shows a slight want of finish in his rhythm which proves that he is not yet quite an adept in metrical skill. But he is evidently a young poet, and one so surprisingly gifted that he will easily mend this defect. We look forward with confidence to more work from his hand

There is a third type of review which grows more common

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every year, and that is the smart review: the one which is the vent for all the good things that the reviewer has said in the week at the various dinner-tables he has attended. He becomes an expert at working them into his articles, whatever the subject under notice, and he would at once dispose of Mr. Smith with the utmost facility.

> Mr. Smith (he would say) should remember that Nature made Mr. Smith and not Mr. Smith Nature. In his little volume of "Natural Poems and Others," he seems rather to have forgotten this fact; he has not only put the cart, but the shafts and wheels before the horse. "Forest Sin" is full of metaphors, and Mr. Smith forgets that no pudding should be all plums (this had been originally said to a very young lady about life). He also forgets that humour is as necessary in poetry as elsewhere and, whereas wit gives form to words, humour lends them colour.

This last distinction was merely introduced to use up a rejected essay on wit and humour which the reviewer was loth to waste.

Again, it is the absence of a literary conscience which takes away all power from the smart reviewer. Where there is a standard, mere smartness—the effectiveness of each sentence for its own sake—disappears, and brilliance assumes the dignity of satire. Smartness certainly takes a good second as enemy to literature, but caution still holds the first place. Sometimes the two combine and bring us to a terrible pass. What, indeed, but prudence could have induced the *Spectator* to omit a review of so important a work as Tolstoï's "Résurrection," while it inserted a long eulogy of "Sir Richard Calmady"? We English have yet to learn that it is a mistake to mix up respectability and literature, the more so if we are affected by a conscientious anxiety to be in the swim.

All these drawbacks would be diminished were we in possession of the second benefit conferred by a literary conscience. If we really had something we wanted to say, caution and banality would go under. We should give out ideas instead of words, and a review of the most trumpery novel would consist of something more than the picking out of

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one or two details to blame and a long summary of the plot, our ignorance of which is the only motive that could induce us to take up the book. Much more would some sort of enthusiasm tell in the serious reviews, the notices of works historical and philosophical, in which our weeklies abound. But here the general uniformity does not hold, and some papers are decidedly in front of others. The *Athenæum* and the *Speaker* distinguish themselves in this way, and it is evident they send out their books to students; not, like so many of their fellows, to the first cultivated young man from Oxford, or to some narrow specialist without the means of comparison, without that panoply of wide information in which every French reviewer seems to be clothed *cap-à-pie*. The absence of it often misleads the poor public, and it was only a few months ago that the *Saturday* noticed a book—"L'Impératrice Joséphine," by Ober—with no severer stricture than a slight allusion to its inadequacy and its too rare citation of authorities; while the better-read *Athenæum*, with a knowledge of contemporary correspondence, at once discovered it to be full of serious errors.

Then there is another type of historical review, perhaps the most common of all, in which the reviewer makes the book he writes about a peg on which to hang his ideas and gives us an essay on his own opinions. It is unfortunate that nearly every soul has his or her private theory about the French Revolution and the Renaissance, so that it is hardly possible for a work on either of these periods to get fairly noticed. We read such an article the other day and, except at the beginning and end, the volume in question was not mentioned. It was followed by another equally provoking—a long, bald recapitulation of one of the chapters in the history it was supposed to be judging—and this without a single comment, or any expression of praise or blame.

Of course the same failings are to be found in the reviews both of art and of music. Current criticisms of painting usually consist in nothing more than a catalogue of names and a few

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purely technical remarks showing no power of fine discrimination, no intimacy with æsthetic ideals. Here, again, the *Athenæum* distinguishes itself and its art critic, whoever he may be, is a person of convictions. So is D. S. M. of the *Saturday Review*, which also boasts "Max," the one dramatic critic of character. As to music, the paragraphs about it are generally poor. Nor are they always free from prejudice. None are as personal, happily, as the *Saturday Review*, which possesses a kind of hoyden critic and indulges in actual romps of liking or disliking.

> Dr. Stanford has never yet made a success, despite the many struggles of the *Times* in his behalf; and he never will make a success until he realises that in the opera, as in the spoken drama, the play's the thing.

That is one of the serious verdicts of this authority. Here is another, on the playing of a Beethoven quartet by Joachim and his colleagues last spring:

> A smooth, pleasant, unaccented performance. . . . But I persist to refuse in recognising Joachim as a great artist and his quartet as a fine quartet. The composition (he goes on to say) "is not trifling, not scrappy, and Joachim and his confederates succeeded in making it both."

These sentences raise questions not of criticism but of manners. It is open to the gentleman who wrote them to admire neither Stanford nor Joachim; but it is vulgar to judge the former by a popular success and merely disrespectful to talk slightingly of the latter—a musician who has, at any rate, enjoyed a European reputation, since the days, fifty years ago, when Liszt pronounced him to be "an artist *hors ligne*." Such utterances cannot count as anything more weighty than the rather *gauche* exuberances of the rude school. The other papers are certainly better bred, and they generally give accurate reproductions of concert programmes; but, for their musical worth, as criterions for the public to go by, they have much the same importance as a casually written letter about concerts from one private person to another. The real obstacle to good judgment here is that which we have already found in literature.

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The criticism of art is bound to be dull if it has no atmosphere, no context, no knowledge of other arts to compare with, no ideals after which the critic himself is striving.

We should probably fare better if the example of the French were more generally followed by newspapers, and if only signed reviews of books and of art were admitted by them. This would put writers on their mettle. It would also do away with another important abuse. For how can we complain of the monotony of our weeklies while we allow the same critics to review the same book in two or three periodicals? This illiterate custom has a great deal to do with the low level of our journalism and could only be tolerated by a public deficient in literary self-respect. As for more flagrant evils, they would vanish if the names of writers were printed. For our system of reviewing is not always even honest. Some time ago, for instance, there appeared in one of our leading weekly papers a slashing notice of a book by, let us say, Miss G. Brown. A., a friend of Miss Brown's, met the reviewer B., and, their talk falling on the book, A. said he thought the criticism unjust. "Oh," said B., "I did not read the book through; I saw it was by Geraldine Brown and that was quite enough for me." But the author happened to be Miss Gertrude Brown, by no means identical with her namesake, and the review which guided the public was based on a misconception. There may not be many examples as bad as this, but even were it one of its kind it is enough to cause a revolution about signatures.

Perhaps the "Middles," the miscellaneous literary and social articles, are the most literary part of our weeklies. If we chose the best of these papers from the *Pilot*, the *Spectator* and the *Speaker*, we might make up a very pleasant volume. In nearly any number of these papers—especially the two first and sometimes in the *Saturday* also—there is some article of the sort that gives us pleasure to read. We open a *Spectator* at random and find a charming little essay called a "Fit of Happiness," or an old *Pilot* and discover—better still—a real

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bonne bouche in Canon Ainger's "Charm in Literature." Many words of wisdom and daily philosophy may be, and are, conveyed by this humble means, and the only thing to be desired is that there should be more of such compositions and less of the political leaders. Less too—may we plead?—of Correspondence. In the *Spectator*, at all events, the correspondence assumes phenomenal proportions, sometimes occupying five out of twenty-four pages. But perhaps we ought hardly to count it as belonging to the literary domain, it is too frivolous and heterogeneous for that. Here we have a note headed "Hints on Baldness" close to one on the "Wish for Immortality," and it has been well said that the letters that flow in on the last-named subject are the *Spectator's* equivalents for the *Daily Telegraph's* on "Ought our Daughters to Marry?" Indeed, the correspondence in a serious newspaper takes the place of fashionable gossip, and there is no scandal about dogs and cats—about any creature on four legs—that the *Spectator*, otherwise the most charitable of creatures, is not prepared to believe.

The topic of "Correspondence" naturally brings us to the social side of the best weekly papers. We began by humbly averring that the two chief functions of these periodicals were the criticism of literature and the criticism of life: of manners and morals, of all that is implied by the valuable French word *Mœurs*. The eighteenth-century journalists showed us how useful such criticism could be. It was often the ally of the stage in laughing fashionable absurdities to death and, since laughter can do what sermons cannot, it frequently attacked failings more harmful than folly. There was a gravity in its lightness, and a lightness in its gravity, alluring to any reader. No cushion-thumping for these critics; they had mastered the art of playful preaching and gentle malice was their only weapon. They used but little epigram and there are few single sentences one could quote from them. They were serious enough to keep their main purpose in view and to subordinate the way they said things to the things they had to say. Their

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sarcasm is ever good-mannered and their fun has an engaging dignity all its own. What enchanting papers would Addison have written on Bridge or on Christmas bazaars! how deliciously funny Steele would have been over women novelists or the infatuated pursuers of modern hygiene! We of to-day can, as we said, boast of pleasant little sermons and essays on social subjects, and very good reading they are. But the art of satire has died for want of seriousness, and our moral articles fail to have much effect because they have so little play.

Addison and Steele are unfortunately not born every century, yet the average eighteenth-century article-writer, though he could not boast their genius, possessed some of their dignity and a little of their sober charm. And our average contributors on subjects such as they affected are often nearly very good and might be much better if it were not for the vices of journalism—heaviness on the one hand and smartness on the other. Many papers and much writing have done cruel work, and smartness has invaded our literature as it has invaded our shop windows. There is the same difference between an amusing article of 1760 and an amusing article of 1902 as there is between the hat of a Gainsborough and a smart hat of this year. English people (so at least it seems to us), humorous though they are, are not equipped for amusement. Their idea of being amusing is to make a point and laugh—to embody their fun in a definite form. This notion, unless the refined make use of it, is apt to grow cheap and vulgar; it leads to the confounding of finery with epigram. "London," said *Vanity Fair* last summer, "is now given over to the three C's—cats, curates, and caretakers." This gives us no picture of London out of season (a delightful subject for a writer of imagination), it does not make us laugh, in fact it does nothing at all, and for pure alliteration it is far behind the famous "Peter Piper picked"; but there is no doubt that the *faux air* of an epigram goes far to pervert the public taste. One sees the fatal tendency even in the names given to reviews. "Religious

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snapshots" would hardly strike one as a witty substitute for "The Romance of Religion," yet this is the heading to the notice of that book in the *Outlook*. Even the fashionable intelligence — or fashionable want of intelligence — is now written in the same kind of style. "Little jokelets sparkle as usual on odd pages"—this is a sentence taken from "The Smart Set" in *Vanity Fair*, but it would be easy enough to find the like in other society papers.

Of all these (*Truth*, the *World*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Outlook*, and their smaller brethren), perhaps we may add of all weekly papers, *Truth* is, strange to say, the one that has the most individuality and occupies a niche of its own. It is by no means of the best; it is often vulgar and out of taste; but it is forcible because it fulfils a task which no other paper fulfils; a task at once generous and useful—the exposure of all kinds of frauds. Business swindlers, philanthropic swindlers, all the varieties of swindlers, have been courageously unmasked by *Truth;* and there must be a whole army of reduced and sanguine ladies whom it has saved from the advertisements of fraudulent companies that have promised them work and fortune. In the course of its slashings for the sake of honesty, *Truth* may now and then be precipitate and mistake the innocent for the guilty; but these blunders are far outweighed by the really useful work it accomplishes, and the diligent pursuit of cheats needs qualities by no means of the lowest.

Of the other society papers there is but little to say. *Vanity Fair* has a certain distinction because of its weekly caricature and the short biography attached to it, but its politics, its gossip, its *feuilletons*, its reviews (with some bright exceptions), are much like those of the rest. "Papers which are libellous by profession and sometimes truthful by inadvertence" is a definition that unfortunately fits too many of them. And it is certainly a pity that periodicals which claim to represent society should have such a limited conception of what society is. If you depend for sustenance upon anecdotes of the Royal Family and the aristocracy, no amount

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of epigram will cover the void to which you must at last come. But the dispensers of these tit-bits are untiring. "Royalty and Birds" was a heading we came upon, it is true in nothing better than the *Week-End*. "The queen and several of her sisters-in-law are rather fond of birds"—such was the opening of the paragraph—a little triumph of tameness. Could any lady, even in the remotest suburb, thrill over this moderate statement? For all we can tell, it may be so, as we hear that the supply of such pieces of news, as well as of "Flora's" letters and "Poppy's" recipes, is caused by a feminine demand for them. But this is no justification of their existence, for shopping would give these ladies just the same pleasure as they do, and would save considerable expense both in printing and in paper.

And yet, when all is said and done, what makes the immense success of all these weekly newspapers—the success of fresh ones yet to be? Whether they are dull and pompous, or trifling and scandalous, they are read by thousands, and there must be some reason why this happens. "La médiocrité seule est à notre niveau et ne nous choque pas"—so runs the French translation of a Russian poet. This is, perhaps, putting the case rather too severely, but it is only the overstatement of a fact. The truth is that the weeklies suit the average mind of the average reader. They are never cleverer than he is, never too much below him. He can read them in his dullest mood and they do not make him realise that he is stupid. This, in itself, is enough to ensure the success of any periodical, and success is the chief reason for persistent mediocrity. Of course we need good writers, but we cannot plead their absence to excuse our evil-doing, for we have enough to make one first-rate and several second-rate weeklies. We should, were we more literary, have fewer papers than now, but that could only be an advantage.

And those that we had would be considerably better if we took a few hints from France. If (may the recapitulation be forgiven us?) we had one lengthy political summary,

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and, if need be, a single political leader: if these were followed on occasion by an article on labour, philanthropy, or some other social question; and this, again, by about four leisurely literary papers: memoirs, essays on past writers, thoughts about life and its humours, fragments of learning or philosophy; and if the rest of the paper were devoted to full reviews of literature, science, art, music, and the drama, with, generally, only short notices of current fiction, there would, as we humbly believe, be a very fair framework for a good weekly newspaper. It is now nothing more than the newspaper of the Future, but the Future is full of possibilities.

ANON.

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STATION STUDIES

II. IN EAST AFRICA

LUNCHEON is brought to me in the verandah by Hamis —sedulous to earn my favour—soup of gazelle-meat, guinea-fowl, sweet potatoes, and mangoes; all of which, being all that is for the moment within my reach, he expects me to eat without leaving a morsel behind. Much to his perplexity, however, nearly all are rejected, for I know that here in the tropic I must eat little meat if the afternoon's work is to prosper, and, in spite of his alternated grins and frowns at my waste of good opportunities—he himself would think it the act of a fool not to devour every atom of food available, at every meal however vast, and at any hour however unseemly—I bequeath my dishes almost untasted to my household, who, for all my threats and commands to the contrary, will send me an equally excessive meal on the morrow, and can never be persuaded to understand that, much as I envy them the low level of their ideals (Food! Food! and more Food), I have other objects to serve than those of the stomach.

Luncheon finished, I snatch a short half-hour for reading—it seems the mere ghost of an honest half-hour—and then Majaliwa once more stands before me, abominably punctual, importunately saluting, and murmuring "Fungua." *Fungua* is a Swahili verb by birth, meaning "to open"; but it has changed its sex and become a substantive since England came to Africa, and now means when occasion demands, "a key."

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To Majaliwa it means the office-key. He salutes until I rise and hand it to him with a grunt of disgust at the interruption, and then carries it with extreme care to the door of the office, which he endeavours with heartrending efforts to open. But he fumbles vainly at his task, now as ever—a year's regular practice (ten minutes every day) has apparently rendered it no easier of accomplishment—and the happy faculty by which I am able to make such a complex artifice do my bidding in a moment of time remains to him as much as ever an insoluble mystery.

I allow him but little time to linger over the problem to-day, for the month's accounts have to be made up and balanced by the evening, in readiness for to-morrow's mail, and this is a task of inevitable tangles and incalculable length. A very heavy and dispiriting task too, for I am no master of the mathematic, and never know how many fresh starts I may have to make before I can hope to find the right road to success, much less the success itself. I do not, indeed, go to it without a show of confidence and cheerfulness, even with a jest on the subject to Manuel, who must presently stand beside me in the battle, and requires still more encouragement than I to plunge into such dangers; but I know in my heart that this gaiety is but a glamour drawn over the stern realities of the moment to keep my own apprehension and his at bay until we are so embedded in the turmoil that we have no time to feel fear; and my real feeling is that we shall be lucky indeed if we are quit of the struggle within two days. I set to work grimly and strive, first alone, then with the very doubtful benefit of Manuel's assistance, and strive—and strive.

The afternoon is far gone before we have attained even the promise of success, and by that time there is a body of other work waiting to be dealt with which cannot be postponed. I thrust the accounts aside with a sigh of at least temporary relief, and find that I have the choice, now that I am no longer a clerk, whether I will be an African judge, an Indian magistrate, a Bishop, or a Publican. The first two matters

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before me are those of a Marai's theft and an Indian coolie's theft and assault respectively: the last concerns an Indian trader: the Bishop's function is to receive and answer a soldier of the Salvation Army who desires to hold camps, parades, and general alarums in my diocese. The last affair instantly strikes me as being first in order of interest, for I so seldom have to perform the duties of a bishop that I leap at once at the chance of wearing the cope and lawn sleeves. The soldier is hailed into the office (which now becomes a chapter-house), and given as good a welcome as I am able to offer. He is a tall gaunt man, black-bearded, broad-browed, great-voiced, clothed, to his obvious distress, in the thick dark and scarlet uniform of his calling, and fulfilling to the last detail my idea and ideal of the hot, the uncomfortable, the out-of-place; but he beats down every feeling but that of respect by the strong faith and enthusiasm blazing in his eyes, and I like the whole figure of the man excellently well, none the less because of its incongruity. He comes straight to business, h-less but throbbing with enthusiasm.

"Could you kindly give me some information as to the numbers and distribution of the Marai?"

"Certainly. I suppose you wish to propagate your teachings among them."

"Yes: we have left them too long. I suppose there is nothing to hinder us from beginning at once?"

"One moment. In the first place, you are no doubt aware that no missionary is allowed to travel about a district without the approval of the official in charge?"

"Er—no. I did not know that. I imagined that there could be no objection to our presence. Is there any here?"

Oh soldier, soldier! if only you could hear the unprintable objections which surge into my brain at this! If you could but peep in and see more than the colourless official formula with which I have to make answer!

"No, there is no objection in this particular instance ('unless you sing hymns near my house' I would like to add, but

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mayn't). The Marai are perfectly quiet and friendly, and you can begin on them to-morrow if you can satisfy me that you are not likely to disturb the peace."

"Peace, sir, peace! It is one of our first duties, sir, as soldiers whose cause is peace, to keep it.'"

"Certainly, I quite appreciate your spirit; but somehow or other, you know, you missionaries don't always manage to put your motto into practice. You go out with the idea of evangelising at all risks, and rather make it a point that you care nothing for life; but you don't always remember what this means to the officer who is responsible for your safety. When he tells you not to visit a certain territory because it is quite unfit for you, you obey him readily enough; but when he tells you, for instance, that a certain territory is safe if you go so far and no farther, you forget in your zeal your obligations to him: you do go farther, and then there is the deuce to pay. Unconsciously and involuntarily perhaps you offend some tribe, you are threatened with danger, and then instead of taking the risk as you profess to do you send in an appeal to the Government officer for assistance, and he has, at the very least, the bother—often a serious matter—of sending it. If it comes too late you are killed, and he is held responsible; if it comes in time he has only just begun his work, for he will have all the trouble of settling the disturbance at the moment, and the pleasant experience of feeling anxiety about the tribe for months afterwards."

"But I assure you I have no thought of doing anything contrary to your advice and approval."

"Well, that is entirely satisfactory."

"And we pick our men with the utmost care."

"So I believe. I wish other organisations did. Now, what can I do for you? Information or advice?"

"Both, please."

"Very well. I think we had better begin with the advice. If you want to know my candid opinion about going out to teach among the Marai, it is simply this, 'Don't.'"

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"Why do you say that?'

"Because if you go you will waste your time. Try to convert them by all means if you like; you will, at any rate, keep them amused; but if you value your time and money go where you have some chance of success. There are plenty of tribes farther up the country who will welcome you for what you bring them—your schools, technical training, and anything they can get out of you—but this particular tribe won't look at you even for that."

"You are not very encouraging."

"No. I believe in stating the facts as they stand. There are certain tribes in the Protectorate who value the 'mishni' because he can teach them to read and write, and make things; but I gather from all unprejudiced observers that, when once natives have gained this teaching, and seen that there is nothing more to be got out of the teacher, they leave him, and his schools, and services, and etceteras behind and retire into private life. They appear in the missionary's report as 'converts,' and thus help to make a splash at Exeter Hall; but they don't appear in his tabernacles again."

Soldier is furious; I have put myself beyond the pale of salvation by telling him the truth.

"You sit there as a Christian man and tell me that the whole of this spiritual work, this bearing of good tidings to our dark brothers, is all lost!"

"Yes; it isn't pleasant to contemplate, I know. But I am afraid that is the truth."

"I don't believe it, sir; I won't believe it!"

"As you please. I am open to conviction."

"They cannot have been properly taught. None of these missions can have approached them in the right way. I don't believe it. I won't!"

"Well, they haven't tried drums and hell-fire yet; the people are very fond of drums."

"Sir, you are not treating this question seriously."

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"I am endeavouring to tell you what you seem disinclined to believe—the truth."

"But it is incredible; these tribes cannot have been properly handled. They are not lost. I cannot believe that they are all lost."

"I wish to heaven they were, for my part. But that is by the way. As to your side of the question, I can only tell you what the real results up to the present have been. You may alter them. Try for yourself."

"I will, I will. I am not convinced. I think you will see a difference within a few years."

"I hope so. I think not."

"Believe me, sir. Now, could you tell me some particulars about the Marai?"

"Anything in my power to help you."

"How do the numbers run?"

"From three to four thousand, in my district."

"Oh, I expected ten thousand at least. And the principal towns?"

"Towns?" (I am sorry to say that I wink to myself at this point.) "There aren't really any towns."

"No towns! The villages then, where shall I find them?"

"There aren't any villages."

"Are there no centres of population?"

"None whatever."

"Bless my soul! Where do the people live?"

"Nowhere in particular; they wander."

"Wander! Where?"

"Anywhere there happens to be good grazing."

"But have they no homes and gardens or enclosures?"

"Nothing more permanent than mud huts and a *bomah* of horn bushes."

"Then where do they raise their crops?"

"They don't."

"How do they live? They must eat."

"Precious little."

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"Do they starve?"

"Not they. They have plenty of milk—and blood."

"Blood!"

"Yes; they are awfully fond of blood—raw blood, you know."

"You—you don't mean that they are cannibals?"

"Oh no; it's only beasts' blood. When they kill an animal they don't eat his meat, but make a hole in him and suck his blood. When they can't get any game they bleed their cattle."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and seal them up again when they have finished. You'll soon find out if you travel among them."

Pause. Soldier seems to be taking breath, aghast at all these surprises, and not quite confident in my veracity. At last he continues, in a far more subdued tone:

"Where shall I find them then? What am I to do? Wander about looking for them in the woods?"

"No, no; it is not as bad as that," I reply with a laugh. Then our eyes meet, and suddenly the mad humour of the difficulties lying before him darts into his mind, and all zeal and seriousness thrown for the moment to the winds, he makes the office echo with his shouts of laughter. I reassure him as to the last difficulty when we are both once more in a state for conversation, and explain that he can find material for his labour as easily here as in England, if it is of any value. He asks for further direction, and I take him out to the corner of the *bomah*, where there are half a dozen kraals within sight upon which he may begin his attack to-day if it be his pleasure. He is all fanatic again at seeing these, and gazing hungrily at them and all around him with the hope of finding others, gasps out "Thank you. I see, I see. Thank you; poor souls, poor souls!"

"Well, there are the Marai. Now, is there anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thanks. That is quite enough, thank you."

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I expect it is.

"Stop and have dinner. I'll put you up for the night."

"No, thanks. It is very good of you to ask me, and I am grateful to you for the advice; but——"

"You won't take it?"

"It is my duty not to. I must be getting on now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and good luck." With which greeting he walks out of the *bomah* and "gets on." Poor soldier! I doubt if any new-comer ever had his home-made illusions so quickly disturbed as he in this short conversation, but it is no part of my function to preserve them. My episcopal duties, to my thinking, include the grasping and dissemination of hard facts about my flock, as well as the effort to dissuade the members of it from thrusting spears through each other when they disagree. A profound belief in my own omnipotence is the principal creed in my diocese, and though I am quite willing for others to add frills and furbelows to this (so long as they do not alter it), I know that their efforts are doomed to failure. I am not exactly worshipped as a god by my people, but I come, in their opinion, from a country quite close to that of Ngai (God), and have learnt from him to do wonders unintelligible by the lights given to common men; hence my power is looked upon as invincible.

My next function is, however, very far from being godlike or even episcopal. Two Marai are brought before me charged with continued and repeated theft of metal from the railway—their spears are made from bolts which bind the rails to a bridge close at hand, and they must suffer.

The evidence is clear; they have been caught in the act of robbery; they hardly attempt any defence; and the sentence, one month's hard labour and fifteen lashes, follows almost as a matter of course. The latter part of the penalty is carried out without delay. *Askaris* take the prisoners in turn, strip them, and lay them flat on the ground, two holding them at the head and two at the feet. I go out to watch that the

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punishment is properly administered, and at my word Hosain raises the *kiboko* and strikes—eight from one side and seven from the other—with the aptitude gained by long practice and the zeal caused by a long search for the villains without success. The *kiboko* is a rounded strip of hippopotamus hide, three feet long, an inch tapering to half an inch thick, and in the hands of a master just fails to draw blood at each stroke; it is the duty of the officer to see that it does so fail. I watch the punishment with some indifference (though this may seem very shocking), knowing that though I, the white man, should faint before a fourth of it had passed, the two dark scoundrels who are suffering it have a callous hide and unflinching nerves, from going naked all their days, and are little disturbed by any such small number of stripes. They bear them without a sound or a sigh, except of relief when at the end they rise from the ground to make their way to prison, and I know that, though I have made them tolerably penitent for their sins, I have not done them real justice. Nevertheless, it is a matter for satisfaction, at any rate, that I can give them the feeling of penitence in the positive degree; for there is never any certainty that some ill-balanced humanitarian may not come to Africa and try with bland meddling ways to take from me and my fellow rulers the one means we have, not of ruling, but of creating that respect for the Criminal Code which it is impossible otherwise to instil among our subjects. I can hear the soft-minded whisper, "How shocking!" "How cruel!" "Why cannot you rule by kindness, by influence, by force of character?" But I beg most respectfully to submit that no person is fit to speak upon this question, much less to be listened to, who has not been to Africa, striven to avoid using the punishment, and come reluctantly to the conclusion that it is essential. Let any who desire to argue by all means argue among themselves in seclusion; but let those who have no first-hand experience in this matter keep silence, at any rate in the market-place.

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The next case is one which I should like to treat in the same way. It is that of an Indian coolie who has also been caught stealing railway material, and has in addition fallen with a spade upon the Jemadar who found him at his theft, and made such chaos of his face as is likely to spoil his love affairs for some time to come. I long to chastise him as I chastised the Marai who went before him, for there is no other penalty, in my opinion, which will fit the offence of so base a man as he. But I may not do it. Half the virtue has gone out of me since I began to pronounce judgment no longer upon an African but upon an Indian. The chair in which I sit may appear to be the same, and the office may show no sign of change to the closest scrutiny, but both are in reality as different as the two sexes from their condition of five minutes ago. Then the chair was that of a magistrate under the African Order in Council, and the office the Judicial Court for the district of Eldala (Criminal Jurisdiction). Now both chair and office have passed under a great change and become the visible symbols of the Indian Penal Code. I who occupy them am an Indian magistrate administering Indian law; and if I do but tap the prisoner with the *kiboko* the Indian Government will howl like the winds in anger about my ears, and remind me in round terms that its subjects may not be struck or even touched with such an instrument. I am driven to ordering the man merely a poor six months "H.L.," as the nearest equivalent of what is due to him; and he goes out, always whining over his fate, to be put into the collar which will keep him safe in his chain-gang for the next half-year.

Next, I become a publican once more, taking dues of all sorts from a horde of Indian merchants who have been waiting (ever since I put on the mitre) to pay the penalty for their passion for commerce. They disburse and I receive, and they depart, all in perfect silence. Then as I sit wondering why Indians were ever created, much less brought into my dominions, my virtue (for the first time in my experience) brings me some reward; for the laggard up-mail, which

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should come to me fortnightly, and is now more than a week overdue, is brought into the office, and I pounce upon the Eldala bag to seize and devour my own share of it. A dozen or more daily papers a month old but precious; invaluable letters; and, by all that is perfect, a book or two, all positively smelling of London, tumble out of its maw, and—to my shame be it said—I take a greedy sip of more than one item among these before attending to my duty as Postmaster-General, that of checking the mails of my master the Public by the way-bill and sending them once again on their journey to the north.

This done, a flood of business letters is poured on to my table, promising a whole sea of work to be done in reply, and as I open envelope after envelope to find a score of despatches, memos, queries and complaints, all of which must be answered promptly and with care, if I am to have peace, my heart sinks within me, and I curse the day when some misguided sprite invented that monstrous nuisance, the penny post.

It is too late, however, to attend to them to-night, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This particular day is very far spent, and it does not seem to me proper or possible to transact any more of the country's business this evening. I give the order "Piga ngoma" once again; the time instantly becomes five o'clock, the right and very desirable end of office hours, and I begin to write the diary for the day.

The end of my working hours, however, and the departure of Hosain, clerk of the court, and Majaliwa, my bodyguard, from the precincts, do not mean the end of my worries. Just as I am locking the cash-box and safe for the night Manuel enters with faltering step and brings me news that our stock of paper is running low, and that the King's business cannot proceed for many more days without a further supply.

This has been a difficulty with us on previous occasions; for the Chief Storekeeper, with the loftiest designs, can owing to some dark reason never keep us adequately furnished with the means of conducting our affairs; and I personally who

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have lately put him to rout in set battle, suspect him of endeavouring to do far lower than his best for me. His apology for "a subordinate's error" still lies on my table to remind me of my victory—I like to keep such little souvenirs of my successful battles always before me—and I am convinced that he might have served us better had he the will to do so. But, Chief Storekeeper or no, here is the naked problem staring us in the face, and we have to face it. Neither I nor Manuel have any doubt in our hearts with the help of what ally we shall ultimately solve the difficulty. We shall obtain a temporary loan of railway paper from the station-master, Sujan the Babu, and thereby ward off famine till the Chief Storekeeper cares to replenish our shelves. But this is not an alliance into which we can enter without care and delicacy; it is only by the use of a devious and secret path that I can circumvent the great gulf which lies between me and Sujan. For the truth is that while holding me in very proper respect, and living indeed in a wholesome and continuous terror of my powers, the latter has a check upon me in this matter which I cannot gainsay, and in his natural anxiety to obtain a vantage over me and thereby shine for ever in the opinion of his fellows, he might quite easily screw up his courage to the point of refusing my request—a thing not to be borne. So, as I cannot force him to obey me, and dare not risk such a danger as a direct application might bring, I have to go about the affair subtly and with the help of Manuel as mediator. He, to strip the matter at once of all decency, knows and loves Lachmi, the wife of Sujan, and Lachmi, loving Manuel and not Sujan, is yet able on occasion to set her snares for the latter with such effect that she can win from him favours of almost any value, even the gift of shining golden nibs—the property of his employers—or the loan of a few quires of foolscap. It is through Manuel and Lachmi alone that I can hope to approach Sujan with success. And even here I must walk with care, for Manuel may not at the moment be in favour with Lachmi, and if he is not there is need to be still

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more circumspect than usual. I test him, throwing out inept suggestions as to the possibility of securing paper from other sources, such as our neighbouring station. Manuel leaps at this idea, making it very evident how he stands with Lachmi: but I destroy his hopes almost as soon as I have raised them by insisting that we must procure a supply elsewhere without delay.

He sinks at once into a deep study, and is uneasy and depressed, for he is beginning to scent inevitable danger ahead. But all is not lost yet. He shoots out a brilliant proposal on his side which, if it is old and quite unlikely to be adopted, will at any rate gain him time.

"Nawab Ali the merchant sells paper, sir."

"Yes, I know; but——"

"Shall I go down at once and order some?" In a flash Manuel has caught up his pith helmet and is halfway to the door. He does not reach it, however, for I am inexorable, and cry to him:

"No, no; that will not do, Manuel; he only sends us mere tissue paper, and the ink goes through it."

"Yet, perhaps he has a new kind. I will at once go and see."

"No," I reply. "You said that last time, but it was worse than the old."

"I think—perhaps—he might order some more."

"From India, I suppose?"

"Oh no, sir. From the coast-town."

"No; we cannot wait so long; and, besides that, there is no estimate for buying paper: we must have some immediately. What did we do last time we ran short of it?"

"I don't remember," says Manuel, lying flatly.

"Did we not borrow some from the railway?"

"Surely no, sir; it would not be according to rule."

"Rubbish. The paper I have been using to-day is railway paper."

"Indeed no, sir; we have none."

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"But here is the mark—Lunda Railway. How else did it come here?"

"Who can tell?"

"You, I should think; you asked the station-master for it yourself, I believe."

"No, sir, really not."

"You did; I remember it clearly."

"I think no, sir."

"I tell you, you did."

"Oh, sir! My honour."

"Damn your honour! You did."

"If you please, sir, I—I—think really not; but I will try to remember." Manuel is almost in tears as he says this. I give him a moment's respite, which he employs in turning his eyes to the ceiling in feigned effort to call up the forgotten.

"Ah yes, sir; I believe I remember now. But he never liked to lend, and I fear will not again."

"Why not?"

"He says that we never paid back."

This is very probable, but cannot be held in any way to affect the main question; and I continue:

"I must have it from him and at once."

"But how shall he answer to his auditor?"

"As he has before."

"But the auditor may demand reasons. He may say that paper is an expensive thing."

"Oh, the mischief take him and his auditor. What do I care? The Railway is not strict."

"Perhaps no, sir. Yet not many things do not cost something."

Storms follow—I furious, Manuel terror-stricken and conciliatory but still evasive. Some time elapses before I manage by sheer power of voice to scare him into giving a definite answer.

"Yes, yes, sir; surely yes; the price of paper itself is not great; but—perhaps——"

"Oh," I answer at length, very slowly, "oh—I—see now. How much?"

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"Only a very little, sir,' says Manuel eagerly. "Quite a very little would be enough; but—but—something."

Now at last we have come to the heart of the difficulty. Lachmi cannot be approached on this occasion with any hope of success unless the person approaching her bears something with him less abstract than love. This is a new development, and requires consideration; for the grant of a bribe to Lachmi is not without dangers, since it is certain to be used as a precedent. I look at Manuel in silence for some seconds, debating all the bearings of the case with myself. If Lachmi is really obdurate the bribe must obviously be offered, and by me, for it is not fair that the cost of it should fall on her lover, though he alone can make the offer. On the other hand, if she can be won without bribery and her lover is lying, I shall have wasted my money and lost status in the eyes of both as a gullible person and one who may easily be deceived again and again. He has the whip-hand of me, however, for I have no means at all of discovering the truth. I come to the conclusion that Manuel would not attempt so daring a fraud as this without good cause, and reluctantly accepting his implied statement as true, decide to give him some more concrete equipment than his mere personal charms. Putting three rupees on the table I come without any further parley to the point.

"Will that be enough?"

"Surely, yes, sir."

"She—I mean you, can get the paper to-morrow?"

"I think yes, sir."

"Good-night, Manuel."

"Good-night, sir."

My day's work is ended.

A British Official.

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A DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN OF THE MEDICI

ONE of the most original figures in the brilliant court of Lorenzo de' Medici was Matteo Franco.[1] Born in Florence in 1447 of poor parents of the name of Della Badessa, he simply adopted his father's Christian name of Franco, as was often done in the fifteenth century, and called himself Matteo di Franco which soon became plain Matteo Franco. He entered the church as a lad and some of his first efforts in poetry are sonnets addressed to Cardinal di San Sisto, the Archbishop of Florence, begging in the name of St. Peter for a cloak. In others he states that his income is but three lire a month and that never a crumb of bread remains on the table after meals. His poverty was rendered more irksome when, after the death of his parents, he took his young sister Ginevra and an old maid to live with him. Ginevra however soon married a Doctor Leopardi, a converted Jew, known in Florence as "il medico della barba," or the bearded doctor, and Matteo made friends with Angelo Poliziano who probably introduced him to his patrons the Medici. The witty, clever, kind-hearted Matteo became indispensable to Lorenzo the Magnificent, with whom he was on such terms of intimacy as to write the following letter, rather a curious picture of the times as coming

[1] See *Archivio Storico Italiano.* Serie Terza. Tomo IX., Parte I., 1869; also Isidoro del Lungo. *Florentia.* Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1897.

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from a penniless young priest of twenty-seven to the ruler of Florence.

Lorenzo mine, have mercy. God well knows how and in what attitude I write to you. A chopping-board on my bed whereon lies my paper, my arm bare with up-turned sleeve, I am as a dead man laden with bricks, with a head like a big onion on an arid mass of *cappelline*,[1] I seem to be all east wind. With trembling voice and hands I write, Signior mine, because the sacristan of Orto San Michele has just come to my bedside to tell me that the priest of my little church, which Your Magnificence promised me, is dead; it is at Empoli and worth 12 or 15 florins a month, and there are no duties. . . . Now being vacant Lorenzo, my life and hope, I throw myself into your arms. I know not what to say to you. I have nought but mine own mother-wit and my tongue. Do not judge, for the love of God, by my writing, but by my affection, my need and the straits in which I find myself. I commend myself to you as heartily as I can, and will not again molest you. No more: in haste: I am sweating as though I were harnessed to a waggon. God keep you in health and prosperity, and inspire you to do what is best for the salvation of my soul.

The "little church at Empoli" was but a foretaste of many fatter livings which fell to Matteo Franco and which he sub-let to others, as the Medici could not do without him. He taught all Lorenzo's children to read, and feelingly describes the trouble they gave him in one of his sonnets. Lorenzo speaks of him as "among the first and best loved creatures of my house" and delighted in his witty conversation. Poliziano and Franco were as brothers, and his friendship with Piero and Bernardo Dovizi, of Bibbiena, both of them chancellors of the Medici, lasted till death parted them. From Piero, whom he calls "marrow of my heart," Matteo had no secrets, and poured out all his hopes, sorrows and anxieties in long letters when in later years he was repaying Lorenzo's affection tenfold by his devotion to his daughter Magdalena in Rome. As generally happens a man who inspires ardent friendship also makes bitter enemies, and our Matteo was no exception to the rule. Bernardo Bellincione and Luigi Pulci both hated him intensely, and the three poets abused each other in sonnets written in the choicest Tuscan to the amusement of all Florence. Bellincione seems

[1] A very small kind of maccaroni.

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to have dropped out of favour with the Medici, but Luigi Pulci, the friend and companion of childhood and youth, never lost his place in Lorenzo's heart. Indeed, until lately it was generally supposed that Franco and Pulci were in reality friends, and only wrote the ferocious and biting sonnets to each other to amuse Lorenzo the Magnificent. But Sigr. Guglielmo Velpi, in a brilliant article [1] conclusively proves, I think, that their animosity was very real, and that Matteo often had the best in this war of words.

Even Lorenzo's austere and unlettered wife, Clarice Orsini, always ill at ease among her husband's brilliant friends and at first most suspicious of Matteo's biting tongue, soon discovered his many excellent qualities and never stirred from Florence without him. He became her treasurer, her almoner and at length her attorney. A charming description is given in one of his letters of the meeting of mother and children on her return from the baths of Morba, near Volterra, where she had spent three weeks with Lorenzo in 1485. Her boys rode out to meet her near San Casciano, and Matteo says:

. . . We met paradise full of young and festive angels, that is to say, Messers Giovanni, Piero, Giuliano, and Gulio, together with their attendants. As soon as they saw their mother they threw themselves off their horses, some by themselves, others with the aid of their people, and they ran forward and cast themselves into the arms of Madonna Clarice with such joy and kisses and delight that one hundred letters would not describe it. Even I could not refrain from getting off my horse, and before they could remount I embraced them all twice; once for myself and once for Lorenzo. Darling little Giulianino said, with a long O, O, O, "where is Lorenzo?" We answered, "He has gone to Poggio to meet you." Then he: "Oh no, never," almost in tears. You never beheld so touching a sight. He and Piero, who has become a beautiful boy, the finest thing, by God, you ever saw, somewhat grown, with a profile like an angel, and longer hair which stands out a little and is pretty to see. And Giuliano, red and fresh as a rose, smooth, clean and bright as a mirror, joyous, and with those contemplative eyes. Messer Giovanni also seems well, he has not much colour but is healthy and good-looking; and Gulio has a brown and wholesome skin [the two future Popes, Leo X. and Clement VII.]. In shor

[1] *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. xvii., fasc. 50–51.

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all are as happy as can be. And thus, with great content and happiness, a joyous party we went by Via Maggio, Ponte a Santa Trinita, San Michele Berteldi, Santa Maria Maggiore, Canto alla Paglia, Via de Martegli, and entered into our house, *per infinita aseculo aseculorum exclibera nos a malo amen. . . .*

When in March 1488 Clarice, who was in very bad health and therefore more uncertain in temper than usual, went to Rome with her daughter Magdalena affianced to the Pope's son, Francesco Cibo, Matteo accompanied her. Lorenzo was loth to part with his daughter, "more dear to him than one of his eyes," and wrote to his trusted old friend and ambassador at Rome, Messer Giovanni Lanfredini:

I much desire that Magdalena should return with her mother, for she is but a child and the house of Signor Francesco is badly governed, and also she will be a consolation to Clarice; but I wish this to be managed delicately so as to cause no displeasure to His Holiness or to Signor Francesco; I should receive it as a grace done to me, but whatever you arrange will be well done. . . . It seems to me that His Holiness in this and in other matters moves very slowly, and till now is chary of giving what little he has; for besides the well-being of Signor Francesco, I am distressed lest a daughter of mine should be in straits, and am almost in despair about this and the other matters, seeing the slowness, the variability and the small attention bestowed on business there.

Piero de' Medici joined his mother in Rome where he married Alfonsina Orsini, and on May 20 the bride and bridegroom with Magdalena accompanied Clarice back to Florence. Much against her will Matteo Franco remained behind; Francesco Cibo had evidently discovered how active and honest the Florentine priest was and had sent him to Stigliano, a half-ruined castle built on the site of an imperial villa. It was about thirty miles from Rome, and the baths had once been famous and brought in a considerable income.

Matteo wrote the following long and delightful letter, of which I give some extracts, from what he calls "this cesspool of a bath," to his friend Ser Pietro Dovizi Chancellor to Lorenzo the Magnificent:

I cannot tell you how gracious and kind Madonna Clarice is to me, even saying two or three times that my Lord [Francesco Cibo] had shown small

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discretion in taking me from her: "See how I am left: I will not permit any one but Franco to have the spending of my money and I will eat nothing but what has passed through his hands; and then we never intended to give him Franco in order that he should bury him in a wood; he would do far better for himself, for Madonna Magdalena and for his house to keep him here." This she repeated a hundred times. And twice she has sent for me since I have been at the baths and kept me two or three days with her, until my Lord had to drive me back to Stigliano. They tell me that before going to Florence with Alfonsina, Magdalena made out a list of what she wanted to ask of my Lord for her journey; and on this list was, among other things:

"A chaplain, and I wish for Franco."

"Then some one to write letters for me sometimes, and for that Franco will serve me well."

"And also your Lordship's necklace for the time I am in Florence."

"And such dresses, and such footmen, if it so pleases you, &c." This list she gave in the evening to my Lord, and after he had read it he replied: "I gladly give thee all, save only Franco and the necklace." And the maiden said: "Madonna Clarice desires above all things that he should come." "And I desire above all things that he should stay. They have nought to do with Franco once Lorenzo gave him to thee; and I wish him to be left here to see to thy interests, for the income of these baths I intend shall be for thee. Thou seest that I have no one here who does not rob me. He has done more good in the fifteen days he has been there than all my other people in the years that I have had the estate of Cervetri, &c."

All this was told me by my angel Mistress and Lady, who cried often about my coming here to stay, and I am told talks of me and wishes for me all day long; if it were not for this and for the recollection of Him in Florence my soul and my heart, of whom I think in all my tribulations, so that, by the true God Ser Piero, melancholy flies from me and my heart is so consoled that my soul is kept in my body. Otherwise I should have died a hundred times a day. . . .

I have been at the baths of Stigliano since the 12th of March, and have already built bridges, churches, and hospitals, for there was nothing, and the baths I have arranged *alla Toscana*. . . . My room is disgusting—Bagno a Morba is a Careggi in comparison; accursed air, inhabitants like Turks, everything as bad as can be; day and night I fight with *bravi*, with soldiers, with swindlers, with venomous dogs, with lepers, with Jews, with madmen, with thieves and with Romans. Now I go to the cook, now to the baker, then to the tavern, then to the clients in the inns; then I argue with the discontented and the sick at the hospital, then with the pedlar, then with the grocer, then with the chemist; then I go to the washerwoman, then to the grooms, then to the courier, then to the doctor, then to the priest. For I have brought all these people and all these things here; there were but bare walls and only half

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of those standing; in short, I have had to transport into this forest from the smallest to the largest thing which may be needful for perhaps 10,000 people, who during these two months will visit these baths, so that every man may, for his money, have every convenience he may want. And I am alone to manage all this: during this month of May never a day has passed but there have been 100 or 150 persons, rooms, beds, and the courtyard are all full, and some days there have been over 300. Most of them stay three days and then go; and I have to receive them all, to see to their food, to provide what they want and have not brought with them, grass, oats, hay, in short, everything; for all they have to pay me, so I hope to glean over 400 ducats for Madonna Magdalena if God gives me health. I have here between cooks, inn-keepers, bakers and others, about twenty-five men in my pay; and if you could see your Franco in this tempest and purgatory and whirl, host of this great inn of the devil, by God you would pity him. They comfort me by saying that Christ must wish me well if I escape without a beating, a knife in my ribs, a quarrel or an illness, for no one has ever returned whole from here, God be praised for his mercies. Yet I am of good cheer, and have such faith in my fair dealing that I hope to do myself honour, if it pleases God. Till now I have pocketed about 100 ducats; and all sorts and conditions of men have come. If I have not gained with the bad ones, I have not lost; and most have gone away contented: from those of the better sort, courtiers, gentlemen and the like, I think I have gained affection and esteem, for since their return to Rome they have written to me and even sent me presents. Some day I hope to have some great joy, I would hope even in the—of Lucifer the Great, serving for love of God, of Lorenzo and what is His.

In vain Lorenzo wrote to his Ambassador Lanfredini at the end of May:

It would be most pleasing to me as Signor Francesco is coming here [to Florence] that he should send Franco on before him to prepare his house, for I am alone, and so much occupied that I cannot attend to so many things. If Signor Francesco decides to send Franco let him come as soon as possible.

But Matteo remained in Rome, either still occupied at Stigliano, or kept by Pope Innocent VIII., who had named him his "commensale perpetuo" (*i.e.*, free of his table) as the witty epigrams of Franco amused His Holiness, and did not, to his infinite regret, even accompany Francesco Cibo to Florence in June. For the first time since the Pazzi conspiracy in 1478 the usual festivities for San Giovanni (June 24) were again celebrated, the peasants flocked into the town to see the Pope's son,

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husband of the gentle Madonna Magdalena, and the crowd saluted him with cries of "Cibo e Palle."

Serdonati gives, in connection with this marriage, an interesting account of the sobriety of Lorenzo in private life and his magnificent treatment of strangers.

Francesco, on going to Florence to consummate his marriage, took many cavaliers and noble personages with him, the flower of the Roman nobility. He was received with great splendour and lodged with all his people right royally. But soon Lorenzo, taking pleasure in seeing his son-in-law familiarly, or perchance thinking to gain yet more the benevolence of the Pope, invited him continually to dine at his house without ceremony, or as we say "alla casalinga." Now it appears that the Florentines are generally held to be chary of spending their money, so he thought that those gentlemen who had accompanied him to honour his marriage might be treated in like manner and was sorely troubled, fearing that afterwards in Rome the city of Florence and his relatives might be held up to ridicule; and fearing to hear what he would not wish he dared not ask how they fared. But one day a Roman gentleman, who was intimate with him, saw how full of thought he was and asked the reason; and he answered that although he knew Lorenzo, his father-in-law, to be a man of great reputation and worth, yet he felt mortified because, on account of the usage of the city or for some other reason, his friends were treated in too homely a fashion; this pained him for them, but should be remedied by a speedy departure and in Rome he would be there to indemnify them for whatever discomfort and annoyance they had undergone. Astonished at this speech the cavalier replied that had the Pope himself been lodged as they were he could not have been more splendidly or magnificently entertained, cared for, served and honoured, and that no one could desire more. So delighted was Francesco to hear this that he could not contain himself and recounted all to his father-in-law, who with great urbanity replied that children, among whom he now reckoned Francesco, and strangers and noble persons such as accompanied him were to be treated differently, the latter with all magnificence, partly for their own merits, partly out of respect for him and to do him honour; but that he had made no difference between him and his own children. This caused Francesco much satisfaction and pleasure and greatly pleased the Pope when he heard of it, and all admired the wisdom and prudence of Lorenzo in all things public and private.[1]

On July 30, 1488, Clarice died in the arms of her favourite daughter Magdalena, who soon after went to live at Rome when

[1] *Vita e fatti d'Innocenzo VIII.* Scritta per m. Francesco Serdonati fiorentino ec. Milano; Ferrario, 1829. Pp. 59–61.

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Matteo Franco became not only her chaplain and secretary, but her steward, cook, sick-nurse and, at odd moments, poet. Many and long are the letters he writes about his "dear daughter." He analyses her frequent illnesses with the acumen of a skilled physician and the tenderness almost of a mother. Watching over her night and day, and hour by hour, only occasionally he lets us see how home-sick he is and how he longs to be once more in the palace in Via Larga with Lorenzo and his friends. Then, returning to his beloved patient he recalls whose daughter she is, and shows his antipathy for her husband and, indeed for all "these Genoese," from the Pope downwards. Not that Francesco is unkind to his wife, but she loves him too much. He gambles all night and Magdalena lies awake till dawn listening for his footstep. She ought to go out, breathe the fresh air and take some exercise, and she longs in vain for her dear hills of Poggio and of Fiesole. She has become "as thin as a lizard," and Matteo's anxiety is shown in a very long and rather querulous letter to his constant correspondent Ser Pietro Dovizi the Chancellor, of which I give some extracts:

Ser Piero, you know for how long I have been telling you about the disorder of this house, and how day by day it increases, so that I am worn out; and how here a Florentine is as a Cross among devils, and also I have told you about the various maladies of Madonna. And as I am in doubt that you read not my letters through, I suspect all this will be new to you; for this doubt and for my own satisfaction, and because I am bursting with anxiety and worry, without knowing where to turn for counsel or help, and see such coldness and so little care and love for creatures much more important than Franco, I take no thought about my own concerns, but cannot do the same about this. Never a man or a woman comes to this house, save perhaps once in a new moon, to know whether Madonna is alive or dead. Let be that she has no sort of authority here; but just to know whether she is alive, for since our return she has always been shut up in the house, save for two days when she went to Cervetri, twice that she visited His Holiness and one evening that she supped at the bank. She is always ailing and for her, poor child, no living soul seems to care. . . . Cursed be those cream cheeses, milk cheeses, pears, flasks of Trebbiano, bunches of fennel and those medlars which have never, never been sent to her by you or any one else. These Genoese are splendidly housed and

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have every marvel of the world; but, not to speak of things of greater value, she being the daughter of such a father and so good and charming, is not to be despised; yet the daughter of an exile would receive more attention than this poor patient child . . .

and then after many pages about her various ailments and the remedies used and entreaties that Maestro Pier Leoni should be sent to visit her, he ends by urgent entreaties to be recalled as he can bear such a life no longer.

But Matteo was still in Rome in 1492, when Magdalena's brother, Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, took up his abode there. A sad year it was for her, as Lorenzo the Magnificent died in April, her only little girl soon afterwards, and her husband's father, the Pope, in July. Matteo Franco writes to his "Lord and most dear son Piero" a heart-broken letter on the death of his father:

God be thy consolation for nought else will serve. Consolation and comfort from any man alive will not suffice and, even could it be of use, one who has lost all his own consolation and comfort is a bad consoler and comforter . . . for 18 years I have eaten your bread and been nourished entirely by your house; soul, blood, flesh and bones obey you more than myself, because they have received more from you than from me. . . .

Innocent VIII. had never, in spite of Magdalena's prayers, done anything for Matteo, so when a canonry of the cathedral of Florence fell vacant she and Francesco wrote to Piero de' Medici:

Magnificent my brother Piero. From your ambassador and also from your most Revd. cardinal, to whom I wrote as much as my sorrow would permit, you will have heard of our fresh tears, shed for our dead little girl. I will say no more, not to recall other deaths, and only pray God that this may be the last and that he will console my afflicted Magdalena who cannot be comforted; so that her grief keeps me in constant fear, for her and for the child she carries in her bosom. God comfort and help us, and I pray of you when you write to comfort her, for there is much need of it. *Et de hoc satis.* It remains for me to say that you must be spokesman for Magdalena and for me with your Revd. Monsignore [Rinaldo Orsini, Archbishop of Florence, uncle of Piero and Magdalena] and induce him *ex corde* to grant what we have asked for a person belonging to us; and that is the canonry of Messer Carlo de' Medici for our and your slave and martyr Franco, who for love of us and of you is in Rome, aged,

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broken in health and impoverished, to our great shame; one of the sorrows that Magdalena and I hold in our hearts is that we have never been able to do anything for him. For if you Piero, knew as we do, how he has striven always for the honour and good of our house, and what he has done during the illnesses of Magdalena and of myself, more especially in this last one of our dead child, I know you to be not so ungrateful as to refuse to do more for him than to obtain a canonry of XXX ducats. His Holiness and every one, as I have written to Monsignore, who knows him here are agreed. In short, persuade Monsignore to excuse himself with any man to whom he may have promised this canonry, even if it be a hundred times, by saying that he is more beholden to Magdalena (not to speak of myself) than to any one. We ask for this canonry as a gift and a grace to ourselves. Tell his Grace that we insist on having it; and that could he see Magdalena in her bed begging with such heartfelt entreaties for this thing, and on the other side the martyr Franco, ill from the many discomforts he has suffered in our service, he would be ashamed to give us only so small a thing as this canonry. And now, having also written to his Grace *ad longum*, I will add no more, only recapitulating to you that at any cost we must have this canonry; if not for the obligations you are under to Franco, for ours, which we know better than any one.

Magdalena and I send greetings to you all, and pray you may be kept in health, and above all our Innocent wishes to be remembered to you. Romae, last day of May, MCCCCLXXXXII.

FRATER FRANC. CIBO.

From my heart and with my own hand I adjure you, brother dear, to cause Monsignore to bestow this canonry on us; because I want it at all costs and I think I deserve it.

SOROR MAGDALENA CIBO DE MEDICI (*manu propria*).

On June 23 the canons of the cathedral of Florence assembled in chapter "receperunt in canonicum dominum Mathæum Franchi"; and Angelo Poliziano wrote to Piero de' Medici to express his delight at having his old friend as a colleague. His elegant Latin epistle gives a pleasant picture of Magdalena's "slave and martyr."

Let me thank thee, O my Piero, for having exerted authority and trouble to get Ser Matteo Franco made one of our canons. Thou knowest how great a friend he is to me, a man, of a truth, worthy of this and any other honour, in despite of certain jealous persons. He gained the good graces of thy most learned father by his pleasant and urbane accomplishments, writing those Burchielesque poems in the vulgar tongue, which are to-day praised all over Italy. Well do I remember that thy father taught thee, as a small child, just

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for fun, some of the most facetious of these rhymes; and in conversation thou wouldst lisp them, ornamenting them with thy infantile graces and affectations. Of a truth the conversation and society of Franco is no less agreeable; for proverbs, stories, and curious knowledge he is worth untold gold, acute yet discreet, as becomes one who is neither scurrilous nor licentious, who is never tiresome, but always speaks to the point, never talking at random or without reflection. Thy father, Lorenzo, therefore always took him with him in his *villegiature* and when he went to any baths, as being so pleasant a companion. And when Magdalena, thy sister, married and settled at Rome he placed him with her as counsellor, so that she, being an unexpert girl who had never quitted her mother's side, should have a friend by her in case of need. Customs were new and strange there, but Franco, at once quick and patient, gained universal esteem, and to Magdalena it was as though she had all the comfort of her paternal home. I hear he is a great favourite with His Holiness and with several cardinals and that the administrators of thy bank are devoted to him. In so short a time he has even mastered the intricacies of law and of the Roman courts, so that he is now looked up to as an authority. He is in short, our Franco, one of those versatile spirits who are themselves at home everywhere and with every one. But where he is a master is in domestic economy, knowing, not only how to tell the servants what to do but how to do it. I must add another singular virtue of his: in making friends and keeping them when made, he has no rival. The affection between us is well known and we pass, thank God, for a rare couple of friends. So much so that it appears to me that thou hast made me canon a second time, by adding him, my second self, to our chapter; in his person I seem to receive not less honour than I did in mine own.

In July Matteo accompanied Piero de' Medici as chaplain to Rome, when he went to do homage to Pope Alexander VI. after the death of Innocent VIII., chosen, no doubt, for his intimate knowledge of the intrigues at the Roman Court. Soon after his return he was named "spedalingo," *i.e.*, rector and head of the hospital at Pisa, probably because his "dear heart" Magdalena and her husband, Francesco Cibo, had taken up their residence there. In August 1494, Giovanni Cambi, writing to Piero about Pisan matters adds, "but I must not forget to give you news of Franco, he has so many sick that all the beds are full."

This is the last mention of the genial, kindly, witty priest, who died on September 6, a victim probably, to one of the epidemics so frequent in olden times.

JANET ROSS.

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THE EVOLUTION OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND

WE cannot understand the course which the art of painting has followed in England, and the influences which have affected that course, unless we understand the main lines along which the art has proceeded in Europe generally. Broadly speaking, there are two primary centres of painting in Europe, differing widely as regards both the races that have constituted them and the conditions that have affected their development. The first of these centres is that of the Mediterranean, that which arose in the lands primitively peopled, it is probable, by what Sergi would call the Pelasgian branch of the great Mediterranean stock, more especially Greece and Etruria, the latter being chiefly of importance on account of its position in the development of modern art. The other centre is that of the Rhine, more especially the Lower Rhine and the regions extending from its estuary, now known as Holland and Belgium. It is from these two centres that the European art of painting has spread. There are no other primary centres of painting in Europe, and, unless we go back to palæolithic times, it cannot be said that there are any other primary centres of the arts of design generally. There are, however, two secondary centres, of very considerable importance—that of Venice, which, geographically speaking, merges into that of Etruria, and that of Spain, which is mainly

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significant through the supreme achievement of a single artist, Velasquez, at his finest point of inspiration in half a dozen pictures. These two secondary centres owe their very great interest and charm to the fact that they represent a successful combination of the methods of the North and of the South. Otherwise these two primary centres remain distinct, even although it may be that, if we could go far enough back into the neolithic age, we should find a link of connection between them, for in pre-historic times, as Montelius and others have shown, there were very important commercial routes between the Mediterranean and North-western Europe.

The course of each of the art currents arising in these two centres has been long, in the case of the older of them demonstrably extending over thousands of years, though this southern art-impulse has now been exhausted for several centuries, leaving the northern centre still vigorous and widely diffused. Both continue to exert the influence of their traditions wherever the methods of European painting are practised.

The general characters of the southern and the northern centres are, however, widely different. The southern way of painting expressed the instincts of a people who had not always a close and vivid perception of reality, but who were artists to the finger-tips. The northern way of painting expressed the instincts of a people who were not apt to create beauty of form or line, but who were infinitely patient in detecting and representing the details of beauty, in colour and light, of the world that was familiar to them. These differences were fostered, if they were not even to some extent caused, by the varying conditions under which the people of these two races lived. In the dry and bright air of the south it was possible to paint external wall spaces. Thus arose a decorative method in which details were subordinated or suppressed for the creation of flowing harmonies; this method found its full expression in fresco painting. In the cold and damp and dark air of the north such a method was impossible; here arose oil painting,

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and by this method were produced small cabinet works in which were sought the highly elaborated brilliance and colour of great jewels wherewith to decorate the interior of houses. The varying climate of the north and the south influenced the characteristics of these two art-centres in another way. In the south, where the light is nearly always equally brilliant, the problem of light less easily presents itself to the painter. It is merely a datum which, until his art reaches a high degree of development, he accepts and ignores. Light indeed, in the south, is a blessing so bountifully bestowed on man that he is constantly seeking to minimise it; so it is that while we find the architects of northern France always striving to make their church windows larger and larger, in the south of France and in Spain they were always striving either to reduce their windows or so to dispose them that they let in as little light as possible. In the north, light is not only comparatively rare and precious, its manifestations are more varied, and therefore more conspicuous than in the south. The painter is thus irresistibly attracted to the manifold and difficult problems of light, and as his work is small and meant to be seen indoors, instead of seeking the flat and broadly flowing harmonies of the southern artist, he strives to elaborate into one jewel, deeply glowing with light and colour, some single aspect of the visible world floating in its own atmosphere. Thus the southern painter is predominantly a decorative artist who attenuates, traditionalises, or, as we conventionally term it, "idealises" the actual world; the northern artist is predominantly what we are accustomed to call a "realist" who seeks to concentrate some corner of the actual world in a dazzling and highly elaborated focus of light and colour. The southern artist has always tended to restrain nature within forms demanded by his own traditional conceptions; the northern artist has always worshipped nature, and has always found it easy to modify his traditions, and to model his own conceptions, to the forms of the natural world. It is dangerous to attempt to set up any all-embracing formula, but it remains true that we cannot

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understand the fundamental characteristics of the southern and the northern centres of painting unless we remember that the most typical and significant artists of the one have always set up the canon of tradition, whatever personal modification their own temperaments may have brought to tradition, while the others have at the decisive moment always set up the canon of nature.

I

Great Britain, separated from the Continent, has in painting, as in other matters, been exposed to different influences. It has been affected by the influx alike of races and of traditions from the south and from the north. As regards painting, however, racial impulses remained latent, and traditions non-existent, for very many centuries after the composition of the population had been definitely determined. Mural paintings were no doubt common in English churches, but they are of an extremely primitive, crude, and conventional character. There appears to have been no interest in foreign painting, and no desire to imitate or rival it. At last, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, Holbein was induced by Erasmus to visit England. In all respects an admirable and significant representative of the northern school of painting, he was the greatest painter who had up to that time visited this country. He painted much in England, drew many portrait sketches, left some of his finest work behind him. But it remains doubtful whether he found here more than a very limited appreciation of his work, and of influence he had absolutely none. So far as the development of painting in England is concerned, Holbein might never have visited our shores at all. He seems to have been forgotten, and some of the most important pictures he left behind, like the portrait group of More's family, have disappeared, while to other pictures his name was affixed at random, as a synonym for "unknown early master." A few years later, when Shakespeare tries to think of some great artist, it is not the Rhine master nor indeed any northerner whose name occurs to his mind, but Julio Romano, Raphael's

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weak follower of ambiguous reputation, is the name that comes to him in a halo of remote Italian romance.

The decisively initiative moment in the evolution of English painting came indeed from the north, but it was the north at a time when the last southern Renaissance wave had finally reached this region and was now about to spend itself, last of all, on England.

In 1625 there came to the throne a monarch who, whatever his defects as a constitutional ruler, certainly showed a finer taste in painting and a greater enthusiasm in collecting works of art than any English monarch before or since. In this, indeed, he was but representing a spirit widely spread in the courts he had visited in youth, but he represented that spirit with great judgment and energy. His collections were dispersed to form the nuclei of some of the most famous foreign galleries; had they been preserved, England would now possess the most magnificent collection of pictures in Europe. Charles I. was not content merely to collect pictures; he desired to have great artists around him, and though he was not successful in securing the not very eminent masters whose presence he sought, chance favoured him by bringing to London the most princely and magnificent figure that has perhaps ever reached the highest eminence in painting, the man who still shares with Velasquez the pinnacle of art in that age. Rubens came to London as an ambassador, but at Charles's invitation he stayed to paint. He was thus the second great painter who worked in England. But although Rubens doubtless found among the few cultured English nobles a far more appreciative public than Holbein could find, he was not destined to initiate English painting; his own art was too original and audacious to be understood in a country where the only paintings at all well known were the stiff and angular portraits of the early Flemish and French schools. It was the influence of a pupil of Rubens who shortly followed him to England, as a promising place to achieve fortune, that the taste for painting and the aptitude to paint in accordance with recognised European

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methods first appeared in England. Vandyke arrived in London in 1632 at the age of thirty-two, and remained in England many years. He speedily became the fashion; he not only painted the king and the queen and their family repeatedly, but a great number of persons of quality. He was the first of the long series of fashionable portrait-painters, and unlike his successors he practically had the whole field to himself.

There was good reason why Vandyke rather than either of the two greater painters who preceded him should have exercised this decisive influence on the development and direction of English taste in painting. His unquestionably great and facile talents, his quick impressionability, his accomplished eclecticism, even his monotonous mannerisms, won admiration and applause, when more profound and original artists would only have met with indifference and contempt. A public just beginning to awake to æsthetic perception found here exactly what it needed and could understand. To an aristocracy painfully conscious of its unpolished roughness and the barbarism from which it had only just emerged, the particular mannerism of Vandyke and the air of elegant and refined distinction which he shed over his sitters, without too absurdly disguising these robust models, must indeed have been enchanting.[1] So it is that Vandyke has had the good fortune to leave his mark for ever on the English men and women of that age; and the people who were shortly after found vigorous enough to cut each other's throats in the name of king or

[1] Very significant indeed of Vandyke and of Vandyke's art is the contrast between his own portrait as painted by himself and as painted by a careful but undistinguished fellow artist—I forget his name—whose picture now hangs in the great gallery at Vienna, which contains so many of the most beautiful and interesting pictures in the world. On himself Vandyke bestowed the same careless air of distinction that he found it so easy to bestow on his sitters, together with an even greater degree of refinement. For his fellow artist the glamour is non-existent, and Vandyke appears before us with an unforgettably veracious face, small-mouthed, sensual, assertive, the face of a clever and ambitious *parvenu*.

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country will always appear to us with the idle attenuated hands and the lackadaisical affectations which Vandyke has endowed them with.

Vandyke not only exercised a decisive influence on moulding English taste in painting; it was under his influence that the first genuinely English portrait-painters, Dobson and Walker, arose. Dobson, both in date and importance, came first; although he owed much to Vandyke he was an artist of virile temperament and slow deliberate perceptions, very honest and solid in his methods, with a horror of trickery. So at least he appears in the excellent pictures by which he is represented in our National and National Portrait Galleries. He worthily occupies the place of the first genuinely English painter. Dobson attached himself to the King's party; Walker belonged to the Parliamentary party; it was a seemingly paradoxical division, for whereas Dobson was something of a Puritan in his methods, Walker had the instincts of the Cavalier; he was a follower of Vandyke and nothing more, an artist of feminine sensitive temperament, whose portraits remain pleasing and as portraits interesting, though they can never command the respect and admiration which Dobson still wins from us.

We thus see that the English native school of painting arose under a stimulus that came from the north European centre, though in a form profoundly modified by influences from the secondary centre of Venice. This mixed character has marked most of the art influences that have reached England; they have been predominantly northern, but to some extent southern. When the Civil Wars cut short for the time the native development in painting, the England of Restoration days, like the England of Elizabethan days, fell back on artists more or less of the northern school. For nearly a century after the death of Dobson the art of painting was almost extinct; there were no English artists of merit or of reputation, and the foreign artists who took the place of Vandyke—Lely and Kneller—possessed more reputation than merit.

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When English painting arose again it was along new lines. Hogarth, indeed, stands apart; he showed how an artist, while distinctly of the northern school, could yet be genuinely English; but though our first absolutely English artist, he was somewhat out of the main line of evolution. The painters who carried on this main line of development were still under the inspiration of the northern school as affected by southern influences. Richard Wilson had seen the pictures of the French landscape artists and had lived in Rome; those two facts chiefly moulded his work. While, however, he remained convinced throughout that the typical landscape is a classical landscape with Roman architecture as an essential item, and while he generally assumed that it should be seen as the French landscape painters saw it, he yet went somewhat beyond these canons. He began to perceive the beauty of English landscape and he was fascinated by the problems of atmosphere. His very powerful personality is clearly revealed in his work, which has the sobriety, calm, and thoroughness of an artist who had clearly realised what it was he wanted to do and knew how to do it. Wilson is the Dobson of English landscape, and these two figures are the chief initiators in English painting.

Wilson's work was almost unnoticed in his time, it was eclipsed by the much more brilliant work of a much more brilliant man. Reynolds, indeed, knew and cared very little about landscape; he claimed for himself supremacy in portrait-painting, and compounded for that position by declaring that in landscape Gainsborough was supreme. It is impossible to over-rate the influence of Reynolds on the evolution of English painting. Every English artist before him, even Hogarth with all his originality and aggressive independence, had been but as it were a patient and laborious craftsman. Reynolds took both himself and his art proudly; he desired to show that an English artist can assume something of the princely stateliness of a Titian or a Rubens. The same feeling went into his work; he dealt in traditions, but freely, almost recklessly, and with an accomplished command of his methods which enabled him to

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infuse his work easily with the sentiment of his own personality. He thus became a sort of English Vandyke, that is to say, a less severely trained Vandyke.

It is no doubt because of the immense services to painting which were directly and indirectly rendered by Reynolds's brilliant and accomplished personality, that his work has always been very indulgently treated in England. The seductive qualities which it must have possessed in the highest degree when fresh from his hand intoxicated his contemporaries, and in more recent times there has never been any inclination to judge harshly a figure in our art history at once so imposing and so amiable. It must, however, be said that the part played by Reynolds in the development of English painting—with which we are alone here concerned—was indirect rather than direct. His seductive brilliancy was not, and could not be, accompanied by any penetrating and earnest vision of the world, or any desire to see things truly. The judgments on painting contained in his discourses and other writings, and—notwithstanding his professed worship of Michelangelo, Raphael and the "grand style"—his real admiration for the late Bolognese school and all that was most decadent in Italian art, reveal a taste little superior to that of his age, and confirm the impression produced by his paintings. He was fascinated by the epidermis of things, and his desire was to render the fascination of that epidermis, the sheen and bloom of the world. His preoccupation with these aspects rendered it easy for him to adopt the incongruous affectations of a pseudo-classicality which led him into very vapid absurdities, as well as much restless experimentalism in the use of pigments which has brought its own revenge. Delightful and admirable as much of his works still remains, there could scarcely be any progress along those lines.

The line of progress was more truly represented by a less brilliant and accomplished artist. Although Gainsborough doubtless owed much to a very sympathetic personality, he lacked the commanding and somewhat superficial personal

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qualities which contributed so greatly both to the work and the position of Reynolds. A man of sensitively acute æsthetic perceptions and, like so many of the other great painters, a passionate lover of music, he was saved from committing the pseudo-classicalities and specious superficialities which commended themselves so often and so easily to Reynolds.[1] He was neither so indiscriminate an admirer of tradition as Reynolds, nor so bold an innovator in technical methods; his penetrating and sensitive love of nature seems indeed usually to have been under a certain restraint due partly to the limitations of a temperament which was not marked by its daring impulses or its ability to withstand the tendencies of the day, but showed a very sound and sober judgment in following the most genuinely English or at all events northern traditions (including that of Vandyke) and in making real progress possible along these lines. Gainsborough was much more English than Reynolds, and even apart from his actual achievements he is a very important figure in the development of English art. In his hands portrait-painting reached a sensitive delicacy combined with intellectual distinction which no Englishman had achieved before; while in landscape he leads directly to the exquisite art of Morland, the first English landscape painter who had a kind of international reputation, and, indeed, one cannot help thinking, directly influenced the development of French landscape art.

It may be doubted, however, whether the truly original note was reached in the development of English landscape art

[1] A comparison of Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" (in the Dulwich Gallery and the Duke of Westminster's Collection) with Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons (in the National Gallery) may alone serve to indicate this profound difference of personal temperament, and—as may be clearer in the sequel—something even deeper than personal temperament. Reynolds instinctively sought to convey the genius of the actress by the external aid of clouds, a throne, allegorical figures, and a theatrical attitude. It was equally natural to Gainsborough to seek the same end, with no external aids but colour and light, by simply concentrating his vision on the woman herself.

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until we come to the water-colour painters of the end of the eighteenth century. Here we find an art of very simple and humble origin still unencumbered by traditions. This freedom from traditions, the nature of the media employed, the small and unpretentious scale on which the art was carried out, made it easy for water-colour work to obtain a freshness and naturalness, a swift and delicate reproduction of natural effects, which were to become a little later the characteristics of English painting at its highest point of culmination.

Turner, who is one of these culminating points of English painting, is a very interesting figure from the present point of view, because he represents the fusion of the aboriginal English water-colour manner with the more traditional oil-colour manner. On the one hand, he was a more or less successful disciple of the school of Poussin and Claude, painting the old-fashioned classical scenes, and seeing them in the old-fashioned way, introducing at the same time impossible human figures which were all his own; on the other hand, taking up the art of water-colour at its highest point of development, he made it the happiest of mediums for expressing his own highly individual vision of the world. He continually tended to leave behind the traditional method and to weld oil-painting more and more into a medium for expressing what he had first learnt to express in water-colour. It may seem an illegitimate impulse, but in Turner's hands it was fully justified by its success, and it certainly achieved the immense service of finally emancipating English painting, rendering it at once the most personal and the most realistic representation of the natural world. Turner is thus the most significant figure in the development of English art.

It may well have been the emancipating influences of Turner which rendered Constable possible, though we have to remember that Constable really represents the climax of a great and fruitful though local movement in landscape art, and is most intimately linked on to Crome. In Constable we have the most absolutely and purely English manifestation of the

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art of landscape painting at its highest point. The exotic and traditional elements that are still clearly traceable in Turner have in Constable disappeared; he painted distinctively English things under truly English aspects, in a characteristically English spirit. And, as ever happens, by force of being national he became international. He was not only the first great English landscape painter who was completely national, but the first to have really international significance. Whatever pioneering part may be assigned to Huet, it was largely under Constable's influence that the French school of romantic landscape arose.[1]

After Constable the current of English evolution in painting was transferred to France, and proceeded there on more or less English lines, some of which have flowed back and are still with us. Perhaps the chief purely British initiator in English painting since Constable has been Ford Madox Brown. A singularly forceful temperament, with a very personal vision of the world, Madox Brown possessed a genius that was essentially simple and homogeneous, though very versatile in its manifestations. Whether he turned his hand to landscape, or to dreams of past life, or to scenes of present day life, his touch remained hard, firm, brilliant, personal, a little fantastic, but essentially realistic. It was once the fashion to belittle Madox Brown's influence, and to question his initiatory impulse on the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement. The fashion had its excuse in the somewhat unsympathetic character of Brown's genius. Although Rossetti brought an eager receptivity, the sensitive temperament of the poet, the sensuous attitude of the lover of physical beauty (which in turn influenced Brown), much of the force and fibre of his work exists already in Brown before 1848. The term "Pre-Raphaelite" may have been happily chosen in so far as its inventors sought to fling a slight at the popular

[1] Constable's international significance is shared by his contemporary Bonington, a painter of versatile and accomplished genius who began to do many things which have often been repeated since. Bonington's early association with Delacroix makes it a little difficult to define his originality, and he has never yet, and least of all in his own country, received the honour that he deserves.

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ideals of their day, but otherwise it was a misnomer; the movement was indeed not so much Pre-Raphaelite as Flemish. Madox Brown's training was Flemish, his traditions were fundamentally northern, though transformed in his perfervid Scottish temperament; Holbein was the artist who most decisively influenced him and sent him to nature, and though he studied in Rome the visit left no permanent impress on his art. Rossetti, again, remained true to the same northern tradition; he visited no foreign centre of art except Belgium, which ever after left its mark on his work, and though on this basis it is true that his Italian temperament led him to developments which seem sometimes to recall the work of the North Italian masters (those most closely in touch with the Flemish masters), the Italian by blood was still a northerner by artistic training and tradition. Millais and Holman Hunt also remained essentially northerners; the one true Pre-Raphaelite was Burne-Jones, and the profound fascination which the Tuscan or Etruscan spirit exerted on him swiftly drew him away from those northern influences under which his genius had begun to develop.

II

It has seemed necessary to trace this rapid sketch of the development of painting in England and the chief traditions and forces that have influenced it, even although it may have recalled many facts that are familiar. When, however, we proceed to study the geographical distribution of the great painters who have played the chief part in this evolution, we reach ground that is comparatively untrodden, and we attain results that are so precise and definite that they furnish peculiarly brilliant evidence of the intimate connection between race and even the subtlest manifestations of the human spirit.

In the course of that study of British genius to which I have before had occasion to allude in these pages,[1] I found that on making "The Dictionary of National Biography" the basis of inquiry it appeared that the British painters and

[1] See "The Distribution of British Ability," *Monthly Review*, April 1901.

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designers (I here leave out of account sculptors and architects) of sufficiently high rank to come within the limits of eminence I had set, and concerning whose place of origin adequate information was forthcoming, were forty-five in number, only those who were no longer living at the date of the issue of the "Dictionary" being included. If now, bearing in mind the characteristics of the great English artists, and remembering that they may be roughly divided into the two classes of those who have been mainly influenced by nature, and those who have been mainly influenced by tradition, we proceed to inquire into their origins,[1] we find that the geographical distribution runs as nearly as possible parallel with the distribution by characteristics. In other words, while the painters who have chiefly followed nature came from one part of the British Islands, the painters who have chiefly followed tradition came from another part. Speaking roughly, it may be said that of the two great foci of genius which (as I pointed out in the paper already mentioned) may be found in England, the East Anglian focus is the headquarters of the painters of nature and the south-western focus, more especially Devonshire, the headquarters of the painters of tradition. The East Anglian district is the centre of an influence which extends along the whole east coast of England and Scotland and to some distance inland, while Devonshire is, so far as painting is concerned, the centre of a district which may be said to include the whole of the rest of the country including Ireland.

There may be some query as to the propriety of dividing painters into two classes accordingly as they are mainly affected by nature or by tradition. It may be said that no painter is cut off from tradition, and that the worship of nature may itself become a tradition. Although this is true, the distinction between the painter who is mainly influenced by what other

[1] As I have elsewhere pointed out, the origins of eminent persons are by no means necessarily discovered by determining their birthplaces, but depend on the parts of the country with which the parents or grandparents were ancestrally connected.

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painters have done, or by his own imagination, and the painter who is mainly influenced by what his eye actually sees, is fairly clear, both to those who are and those who are not painters, and it may well be retained. A few examples may illustrate both the distinction itself and the accuracy with which it coincides with geographical distribution. Reynolds belonged so far as is known entirely to Devonshire, the centre of the south-western focus of British genius; he is likewise the king of the English painters of tradition; his ideals of art were Italian; in theory he was an ardent admirer of Michelangelo, in practice he was a strayed disciple of the later Venetians. A painter, he was accustomed to say, should form his rules not from books or precepts, but (from nature? oh no!) "from pictures." "Rules," he would add, "were first made from pictures." Very different indeed were the maxims and the practice of Constable. Like Gainsborough, Constable belonged to Suffolk; he was absolutely untouched by Italian tradition, and certainly never formed his rules by the study of pictures. "Truth only will count," he said, and he loathed every attempt at *bravura*, the striving to go beyond nature. As a more complex illustration we may take Turner. It may seem a little difficult to say whether Turner belongs pre-eminently to the school of tradition or the school of nature. His early work was distinctly in large measure traditional; through the greater part of his life he carefully preserved a predilection for pseudo-classical conventions. Yet at the same time he revealed a passionate devotion to nature which in his latest work has altogether survived the classical traditions. The key to this complexity in Turner's genius is, however, at once apparent when we turn to consider his ancestry. His father, like Reynolds, belonged to Devon, coming in early life to London, where he married; the mother's place of origin does not appear to be definitely known, but as her relations were scattered in the eastern counties, we are probably correct in supposing that her family belonged to the east coast. There are no greater names in English painting than Reynolds, Constable and Turner,

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and we thus see that all three furnish evidence—at nearly every point definite evidence—of the intimate connection between a painter's method of painting and his racial heredity.

It would be somewhat tedious to go through the whole group of the forty-five artists in the same manner to show how they illustrate this distribution, even if my own knowledge of second-rate British artists were sufficiently extensive to enable me to do this with complete assurance. In order that the reader may judge for himself, I print the list here:

Barry	Cork.
Bewick	Northumberland and Cumberland.
Blake	Irish.
Bonington	Nottingham.
H. K. Brown	Norfolk.
Cattermole	Norfolk.
Constable	Suffolk.
Cotman	Norfolk.
Copley	Limerick and Clare, but originating in Yorkshire and Lancashire.
Cox	Birmingham.
Crome	Norfolk.
Cruikshank	Leith.
Danby	Wexford.
Dawson	Nottingham.
Dobson	Hertfordshire.
Doyle	Dublin.
Dyce	Aberdeen.
Eastlake	Devon.
Etty	Yorkshire.
Flaxman	Norfolk.
Gainsborough	Suffolk.
Gillray	Lanark.
Haydon	Devon.
Hogarth	Westmoreland.
Keane	Suffolk.
Landseer	Lincoln.
Lawrence	Worcester.
Leech	Irish
Maclise	Elgin and Cork.
Morland	Berkshire (mother apparently French)
Mulready	Clare.
Northcote	Devon.
Opie	Cornwall.
Phillip	Aberdeen.
Raeburn	Edinburgh and Annandale.
Reynolds	Devon.
Romney	Westmoreland and Cumberland.
Sandby	Nottingham and Lincoln.
Scott (D.)	Lanark.
Stothard	Yorkshire and Shropshire.
Turner	Devon and Nottingham (?).
Varley	Nottingham.
Wilkie	Fife.
Wilson	Montgomery.
Wright	Derby.

It will, I believe, be found that if a line is drawn from London (for the south-eastern corner of England is singularly bare of painters) to Liverpool, the naturalistic painters will be

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found mainly to the east of that line and the traditionalistic and idealistic painters to the west. There are of course a few dubious and complex cases. Flaxman, for instance, scarcely appears to show the special characteristics of the east country. The case of Wilson, again, seems to resemble that of Turner; he was at once a conserver of traditions and an ardent lover of nature; on his mother's side he was undoubtedly Welsh; his father was a clergyman,[1] and bears a Teutonic or Scandinavian name, which, though widespread, belongs mainly to the east coast. It may be noted that, while the two divisions are nearly equal in size, the whole of Scotland falls into the eastern division; this is due to the fact that the west of Scotland has produced so few painters; if painters were forthcoming here I should expect them to fall mainly into the western group.

If we turn to more recent painters—not included in the list because still living when the body of the "Dictionary of National Biography" was issued—we shall scarcely find any marked exceptions to the tendency already found to prevail. The chief movement in British painting during the latter half of the nineteenth century was that associated with the "Pre-Raphaelites." Leaving Rossetti, as mainly of Italian race, out of account,[2] we find that the leaders and precursors of the movement, like Ford Madox Brown and Millais, belonged in character mainly to the followers of nature, and in race mainly to the east country group. But Burne-Jones, notwithstanding all the influences around him, is strictly distinguished from the others by his love of tradition and his affection for early Italian art. In the light of our present knowledge concerning race it is impossible not to connect this fact with his Welsh ancestry. He is one of the seeming exceptions which really prove the rule.

[1] In investigating the racial heredity of British men of genius the very numerous section whose fathers were clergymen have constantly offered difficulties, for clergymen are frequently found in districts with which they have no ancestral connection.

[2] It is not known (Mr. W. M. Rossetti tells me) where the Peirces, to whom the Rossettis belong on the English side, came from, and the name itself is not very distinctive.

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It is probably unnecessary to elaborate a point which when once indicated is seen to be very clear and simple. Our islands, roughly speaking, may be said to be divided between two races: one, more ancient, predominantly dark in complexion and commonly called "Celtic," but in reality, while containing what may fairly be called Celtic elements, doubtless more correctly denominated Mediterranean. The other element, fairer than the first, lying in its most concentrated form along the east coast of England and Scotland, is Teutonic in its affinities, closely related to the Flemish, Dutch and Scandinavians, as well as to the people of Northern France. It is clear that the instincts of one of these two great sections of our population urge them to adopt a traditional or idealistic vision of the world in painting, while the people of the other section are impelled to the direct study of nature, their tradition, when they have one, being the naturalistic tradition of the north European centre of painting to which the other men are insensitive. The first are concerned with what, as it seems to them, ought to be; the others with what is. The first are moved by great ideals or follow lofty traditions; the second are, however, more closely in sympathy with the impulses of the important art-centre, that of north Europe, with which Great Britain is in such close contact; they have produced twice as many notable artists as the men of the western district.[1] And it is from them, rather than from the others, that the decisively progressive movements in the evolution of British painting have come.[2] As I have previously

[1] That it should be so is not surprising when we recall that even in mediæval times this part of the country was the chief English art-centre. I am inclined to think that more remains of mural painting are found here than elsewhere; it is certain that East Anglia is the chief district for brasses; while the same region, as is recognised, almost alone in our country, has produced an original and attractive architectural style.

[2] The French school of Romantic landscape, which received its impetus from the east coast of England, spread almost exclusively among painters of fair race belonging to northern and north-western France, the regions of France most closely allied to eastern England in race.

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pointed out, the east country and the fair element in our population have shown a special predilection for the scientific study of nature, though they have no such special pre-eminence in the field of poetry. Now we see the same fundamental racial distinction even in so subtle a matter as methods of painting and modes of æsthetic feeling. Nearly all English painters have been subjected to similar environmental and traditional influences, and have been educated in the same large art-centres. Yet the racial factor, while not all-powerful, still persists. A man's æsthetic feelings are the most delicate, seemingly the most capricious, of his mental possessions. Yet they are, we see, among his most radical and unchangeable possessions; and through a long series of ancestors born to till the soil or to consume its fruits, he may yet retain a spiritual kinship, only waiting for circumstances to make it clear, with the greatest artists of his race, even in foreign lands.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

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THE ODYSSEY ON THE STAGE

THE play, now being presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, would be of singular interest to the students of drama, even if far less subtly composed and far less magnificently produced than it is. For Mr. Stephen Phillips with his *Ulysses* has made the first serious essay in our language to dramatise a classical epic as a whole. Choosing the Odyssey, he has taken representative episodes from all parts of the poem, compressed them, and offered the result as the single drama which Aristotle said this epic contained. Predecessors less ambitious have been content to work upon the seven cantos only in which Homer tells the story of Odysseus from the moment that he has been put ashore on Ithaca. These, with their process of mystification, gradual revelation, and final *ἀναγνώρισις*, have tempted more than one of our poets of the stage. The earliest version played in England was the *Ulysses Redux* of William Gager, writ in Latin for production on February 6, 1591, in the hall of Christchurch, at Oxford, before the Chancellor, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and a brilliant company. The Elizabethan, like the living author of the *Return of Ulysses*, was too much of a scholar to depart from the letter of Homer: but he was also too little of a dramatist to make a really interesting play out of these seven Ithacan cantos. He seems, indeed, to have had a saving sense of inadequacy all round, if we may judge by the lines in which

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he offered previous apology after the pedantic manner of his time:

> Zoile, parce precor! Non est hic graius Homerus,
> Non est hic totus, sed neque dimidius.

Thereafter Rowe tried his hand at an Odyssean drama early in the eighteenth century, and Mr. Bridges has followed his lead late in the nineteenth.

These dramatists, however, omitted that which probably has most to do with the perennial and universal appeal of the Odyssey. As a Saga of human deeds, without its large element of myth, the poem might have been, if not less universally known, not more universally felt, than the Lay of the Niblungs. It has been rendered independent of age and clime by its presentation of that which every great myth contains, an allegory of the human soul in pilgrimage through pain to joy. And here we touch the very heart of the difficulty which has deterred many timid dramatists and baffled the few bold. Whether or no, when recited by the rhapsodists of a thousand years B.C., the Odyssey was but a series of episodes, not invested with more significance than children nowadays attach to them, told as fairy tales, dramatists have to face the fact that it has come in its literary form to be a great Morality of universal application. Odysseus, under the spells of Calypso, the Lotus-eaters and Circe, in peril from the cannibal Laestrygonians and the cannibal Cyclops, lured by the Sirens, threatened by Charybdis and Scylla, buffeted by Poseidon, is not a man but Man, looming vast in an elemental atmosphere. In relation to him all creation moves. To him the Powers of Evil pay exclusive attention, and for him is manifested the supreme solicitude of the Powers of Good. His is, in short, the type of human life for the time being. Had he failed to accomplish the Pilgrimage, man, we feel, had lain in bondage a further term, and in his triumph all his race triumphs.

Doubtless we thus read much into the Odyssey which is not actually in Homer's verse. We read into it, for example, a good deal that is due to mediæval imagination.

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But in conceding that to criticism we do not alter the fact as to the appeal which the supernatural in the poem actually makes to our imagination at this day, but only proclaim that the Odyssey is of the small but supreme number of myths, whose allegory is consistent with the permanent elements of human nature. There can be no better proof that it is so than that its appeal is not affected by the fact that, critically examined, its ethics are not ours. Its moral impressiveness is not more seriously impaired by the adulteries and murders of the hero than is that of the Old Testament by similar episodes. We are not, indeed, of a race which holds that, while woman must be chaste and monogamous, man may, nay must, follow his natural instinct for polygamy; that he who can beget a hundred healthy sons should not be limited by her who can bear but twenty, and that there is no obligation to restrain passions which hurt not, but rather help, the community; but such views the writers of the Odyssey did hold. Nor in our eyes is it justifiable that a man slay his fellow men by the score, who neither have threatened his life nor insulted his honour (for in Homer the wooers do neither of these things, but comport themselves much more moderately than Mr. Phillips' bacchanals). But in primitive Greece a man might do this and more also, since he owned no moral obligations beyond the narrow circle of his own kin, were it his family or his tribe.

The largeness of Odysseus' humanity helps us indulgently to pass these features as accidents of a particular age and race. Whatever his actions, under the stress of elemental forces too great for our estimation, we feel that the hero's heart was in the right place, and what he did we should have done, and worse, if similarly compelled. Probably he appeals to us all the more for his lapses, for his dalliance with Calypso, and his year long climbing into the golden bed of Circe. To fall so were a small sin compared to the greatness of such a repentance and deliverance. And we are comforted that he who triumphed at the last had so much in him of our own flesh. Neither a Galahad nor

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an Arthur, a mystic nor a "blameless prig," can hold our sympathy like a Lancelot. The spotless hero leaves us cold, nay more, persuaded that never a great fool, he was always fool a little.

Put, however, the episodes of such allegory into the concrete embodiment of the stage, with what scenic accessories you will, and the allegory can hardly survive. Imagination withers before the visible. Scene and persons, falling from heaven to earth, shrink to a merely human scale. Such shrinkage could be counteracted only by some influence capable of producing by suggestion an emotional exaltation, which no mere scenic illusions nor spoken lines of poetic beauty, however great, have probably ever produced on a general audience, least of all on an audience of our race. At Oberammergau, perhaps, some such spell indeed is cast by mere theatrical presentation upon those who are watching scenes and hearing words upon which they and their fathers' fathers before them have habitually exercised imagination and thrown a veil of awful sanctity. Homer might so have worked upon a Greek audience had it known what we mean by reverence, which it did not; but for us he cannot do it, nor can any interpreter of him, without some mighty aid. Whether music, treated as it is treated to a like end in the "Ring," could stimulate in a selected audience such exaltation as would swell the visible Odysseus to a type of Man, his sorrows to the *Weltschmerz*, and his scenic environment to a vista of the primæval world, will only be known when a Wagner, or a greater than Wagner, chooses the Odyssey for a libretto of grand opera. Mr. Tree has not failed to seek this aid in his production of *Ulysses*. But the music, to which he assigns a prominent place, is far from adequate to such magic work.

It would be futile to consider how far, having no such assistance, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tree have gone towards the achievement of the impossible in this direction; for in presenting, for the first time on the British stage, scenes from the mythical part of the Odyssey they had probably no thought of convey-

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ing allegory at all. Mr. Phillips' Ulysses is in no sense intended to be a type of man, but just a heroic man, and the episodes from his Pilgrimage are introduced for the better understanding of a human character. The dramatist, we may take it, was fully conscious how much his Ulysses must lose in scale compared to the Odysseus of the epic—he accepted so much loss when he set out to dramatise the epic at all—but he believed, and, in our opinion, was justified in believing, that his Ulysses would gain in scale compared to the Ulysses of earlier dramatic convention, who is seen only in a human environment, the Ulysses, that is, of the Return to Ithaca.

If there be gratitude in the Elysian Fields, Mr. Phillips should find it in one shade at least, when his time comes to pass the Styx. Literature, since the Odyssey, has sorely belittled Odysseus. The great-hearted, much-enduring hero has had a certain feature of his many-sided character insisted upon till he has become a sufficiently unheroic figure. The Iliad and its cyclic sequels are responsible in the first instance for his undoing. In the great Saga of Achilles the Ithacan king perforce remained on the second plane. That the Peleid hero might stand forth unrivalled, the occasions permitted to the magnanimous courage of others were few, while many were those found for the display of characteristics not shared by Achilles. Thus Odysseus who, like Agamemnon, was terrible fighter enough on occasion, is labelled with pre-eminence in a crafty diplomacy, such as great souls seldom use. The tradition, thus originated, was strengthened by the Cyclic sequel, which described the sinister diplomatic victory of the Ithacan over Ajax, a type of blunt manhood, in a contest whose rancour the Odyssey itself echoes in Hades. In effect, the heroic strength and patience of Odysseus have come to be obscured by his craftiness. He is always πολύμητις, who was also πολυτλήμων, and a more sinister meaning has been read into the first standing epithet than it really possessed in Homer's use. To Shakespeare he is the devious flatterer, whose tongue draws Agamemnon's rebuke:

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> Be 't of less expect
> That matter needless, of importless burden
> Divide thy lips.

And to Sophocles the cold irritating calculator, about whom the Briton feels, as the author of "Ionica" felt on closing the "Ajax":

> The world may like, for all I care,
> The gentler voice, the cooler head,
> That bows a rival to despair,
> And cheaply compliments the dead;
> That smiles at all that's coarse and rash,
> Yet wins the trophies of the fight,
> Unscathed in honour's wreck and crash,
> Heartless, but always in the right!

Not quite heartless, nevertheless. Personally fearless, and no shirker, worthy to speak one of the finest passages of Shakespeare, and what is perhaps the most immortal line in English drama. But not on the heroic scale with Achilles, or even Agamemnon.

Mr. Phillips saw that this conception of the Ithacan has been not impaired but rather confirmed by the dramatic versions of the Odyssey hitherto composed. When the king is landed on his own isle, not only is almost every adventure past, which best illustrates his great endurance of soul, but, except in the incident with Irus and the final slaughter, his craft is to play a much greater part than his downright courage. Indeed, his behaviour, as the crisis approaches, is marked more than ever by the unrestrained emotional moods of a southerner, which, as in the case of Æneas, are apt to leave an unheroic impression on northern minds. It is necessary to establish the hero's character, as Homer does, before these episodes are narrated at all. Then, and then only, will they not depreciate it. And, perhaps, if not the audience for which the Odyssey was written, but an audience of national characteristics so different as our own, be in question, it were better not to insist, as much as Homer insists, on the hesitations, the lies, and the tears of the hero. On this point we think even

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Mr. Phillips errs in his final act, squandering some of the sympathy which he has striven with success, in the two acts before, to enlist for his persecuted Ulysses.

The Homeric myth takes the hero into two kinds of peril of soul, peril by the seduction of evil and peril by the terror of evil. Though not concerned with him as an allegorical personage, but as an individual, Mr. Phillips has elected, for the better presentation of his character, to retain the two kinds of ordeal, but is compelled by obvious dramatic exigencies so to select and compress, that each kind may be represented by a single episode.

The seductive influences that assail Odysseus with any effect in the epic are three—those of the Lotus-land, and of the two island nymphs. The Lotus-eating is too slight an incident to stand alone; the two nymphs have much in common, and in any attempt to stage those features, in which the Circe episode is differentiated from the Calypso episode, practical difficulties would arise of the pantomime order. Mr. Phillips' poetic and dramatic sense has guided him to a middle course. He takes the Calypso episode, but paints its setting with some hues of the Tennysonian Lotus-land,

> Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,

and the nymph herself with certain stronger tints of Circe. The whole episode, as conceived by Mr. Phillips, is very fine. He has, no doubt, been influenced in his treatment by the Tannhäuser myth, but his Calypso is a more lovable as well as a more ethereal witch than the Venus of the Harz. And with a just instinct he has kept what chiefly makes for the fascination of both Calypso and Circe in the epic, and wins eternal sympathy not only for them but for the man they detain, namely, that both come to be enthralled by their thrall, and so far to be purified by this mortal love, that when the fated moment of separation arrives they have no longer a thought of evil towards him. The subtlety and beauty of the dramatist's treatment here is such that this scene inevitably

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reads better than it plays. For one thing it is hard to lose sight of the pantomime associations of this kind of fairy scenery; for another only a great actress could embody Mr. Phillips' idea of Calypso. But by way of compensation, Mr. Tree's part suits him better here than in any other scene of the play.

The selection, however, of an episode from the Odyssey to represent the Ordeal by Terror, presents difficulties to a modern dramatist which are perhaps insuperable. What can be made of the Brobdignagian cannibals, who smash the ships, of the Cyclops in his cave, of Scylla with her belt of baying hounds, of Charybdis sucking and vomiting, of the storms and shipwrecks with which Poseidon afflicts the hero? What, that is to say, short of lapse into sheer Drurylania? But if these episodes be excluded by fear of their becoming grotesque under stage conditions, and the seductive perils are already accounted for, there remains nothing else in the Pilgrimage of any moment except one famous episode, not presented in the Odyssey, as an ordeal at all, and that is the visit to Hades.

Mr. Phillips has had to make what he can of this; and to invest what in Homer is a purely epic digression with such dramatic horrors as Virgil, Dante, and the popular imagination of the Middle Ages placed in Hell. Instead, therefore, of the wistful "strengthless heads" of the Odyssey, flitting like sere leaves before the wind and rousing pity not terror, we have malignant spectres, hostile Furies, an outraged Charon, and a suggestion of fearful peril encompassing the man of flesh, and ready to overwhelm him if he lose heart or even falter a moment. Of this peril there is no hint in the Odyssey. Odysseus experiences no more than a vague uneasiness and creeping of the flesh, and that only after a long spell of ghostly visions. The horrors are, indeed, described by Virgil, but they do not greatly trouble his hero, nor has he any perilous escape to make at the end.

It would be pedantic to quarrel with Mr. Phillips for introducing so much into a Homeric story. The more so since his

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purpose is perfectly in accord with the spirit of the Odyssey, and he does but change the location and character of the terrors by which the hero's soul shall be tried. But one may ask if the dramatist, having dealt so with the *Νέκυια*, has really produced the effect desired? Is it Ulysses' constancy, courage, and purity of purpose that are really illustrated by this scene? Both when reading Mr. Phillips' play, and while seeing it on the stage, we confess that we were not convinced. The rub lies in the denial of all freedom of will to the hero. The prologue, conceived apparently to the express end of showing cause for the introduction of a Hades scene later on, sets Ulysses in the light of a puppet, willed without reason to descend into Hell. Zeus says merely that he "must learn from ghosts the tidings of his doom" (knowledge which, by the way, makes no difference ultimately to the plot, and we may fairly ask what doom?), and further that "Fate" has decreed that he shall abide fiercer toils than other men. Nor does Ulysses himself show any understanding. In the event, arrived at Hell mouth, the hero does what he can to avoid his fate, and is at last half driven by Athena, half led by Hermes, into the pit, with no purpose of his own in going, acting merely under compulsion. Within Hades he makes more than one attempt to turn back, and at last escapes upwards under the impulse of tidings, to obtain which was not apparently an original reason of his descent. Both entrance and exit seem gratuitous.

So far, then, from quarrelling with Mr. Phillips for departing from Homer in this scene, we quarrel with him for not departing to a greater distance. In Homer's *Νέκυια* there is no particular purpose in Odysseus' visit to Hades. On that the home-coming does not hang. The episode is merely accidental, an epic digression. But epic digressions need other treatment in drama. If the Descent into Hell is to be an essential part of a drama of Ulysses' Return, a reason must be supplied for it which is not in the epic. To picture the hero as moving irresponsibly under an arbitrary fate in this scene is

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to make him a puppet all through the play, to take away value from his actions and to alienate our sympathy from his struggle.

It might be pleaded that this blind subordination to arbitrary fate is at least a Greek, if not a Homeric idea. But a Greek Μοῖρα was not wholly arbitrary. She worked in mysterious ways, but under such well-defined rules as govern a blood feud at the present day. If there was a doom on a house, resultant on some foul or impious action, the members of that house could not avoid it except by tremendous expiatory measures. But without such an ἄτη, fate did not toss them blind hither and thither. The only ἄτη, incurred by Ulysses, was the wrath of Poseidon. But that did not force him to Hades in the Odyssey, nor does it in Mr. Phillips' drama. We venture, however, to think that in the latter case it had been better if it did—if, in fact, the Descent to Hell had been represented as undertaken to expiate such a guilt of blood, and the issue had not been confused by Ulysses' afterthought of obtaining news of his home, news which in no way conditions his purpose to return thither as quickly as might be; for he had that purpose when he left Ogygia. Thus this striking spectacular episode might have had a real meaning in the development of the heroic drama; and we should not have felt that what plot there is in this play is left on one side and the action stayed, while we are invited to consider a purely epic digression, which is, indeed, a little drama in itself.

Nay more, not only this scene, but the whole of Acts I. and II., seem to us, in a sense, no better than a kind of episodic Prologue, a series of tableaux without true dramatic connection, designed to put the spectator in possession of the situation ere the true drama shall be presented, and to win his sympathy for the action that is to be taken by the hero therein. In a word, Mr. Phillips has adhered too closely to the Odyssey to escape its dramatic limitations. Where the original poem is purely epic in character, Mr. Phillips' poem is not other than epic; when the former inclines to the dramatic, then, and then

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only, does the latter become dramatic also. The latest dramatiser has prefixed to the Odyssean play, as presented by his predecessors, much that intensifies its interest, but his drama is substantially the same as theirs, if confined within one Act, not five.

That said, all homage should be paid to the masterly skill with which seven cantos of the Odyssey have been dramatised in a single Act, without the omission of anything essential to the plot which those cantos contain. Mr. Phillips' experience of the stage has stood him here in great stead. His coherent, rapid, and practical treatment of events differs from the unpractical version of Mr. Robert Bridges as drama differs from epic. It "acts" to perfection, while conveying to the full the purification by pity and fear which is its legitimate end. Of the changes and cuts which Mr. Phillips has made in the epic text, there is hardly one that, *ex post facto*, we do not recognise was amply justified by dramatic necessities. Even in his treatment of the climax we reluctantly allow that he is right. A *Μνηστηροφονία*, without a gradual revelation of the terror to come, as the beggar "gets his hand in" with the bow, without the locking of the doors and a "slaughter grim and great," like Hereward's in the death-pen, is sadly shorn of its epic impressiveness. Supernatural weapons do more in Mr. Phillips' version than the shafts of Ulysses or the spears of his son and herd, and the guilty crowd escapes by several doors to die out of sight of the people. But so it had to be. To transfix ranked axeheads with unerring shafts is beyond the resources of stage-craft, and the Horatian rule, coupled with fear of the grotesque, forbade a protracted and wholesale slaughter before the footlights. The episode of the fight with Irus is barred by the inexpediency of a visible man appearing at one moment a broken dotard, at the next a giant in his strength, and once more a dotard. These quick changes are admissible in epic where whoso sees and whoso is blind the gods will. On the stage they would disturb the conviction of the spectators. Mr. Phillips has been careful,

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however, to convey to his audience, through the struggle before the swineherd's hut, the hint which the episode of Irus conveys to the reader of the epic. With the acceleration and condensation of the rest no one will quarrel, nor with the instant conviction of Penelope in the moment of crisis, substituted for the reluctant, timid ἀναγνώρισις, in which the epic queen shows all the nature of the half-eastern woman she was.

Nor, though about to point out two important features of Mr. Phillips' treatment of the Ithacan scenes, which are not only foreign to the epic but discordant with its spirit, do we do so in a mood of criticism. The Odyssey was composed for an audience differing radically on certain points of ethics from the audience to be considered in Her Majesty's Theatre; and on no points did it differ so much as the position of woman, and the scope of man's duty to his neighbour. To enlist the sympathetic sentiment of the modern spectator, Mr. Phillips has had to set Penelope in a position and a light in which woman did not stand before the Age of Chivalry. Her beauty is miraculously preserved through her lord's twenty years of absence; for her personally is the chief longing of Ulysses throughout his Pilgrimage; with lust for her the suitors burn; in homage to her beauty they consent to delays and trials; in comparison of her the palace, the land, and the wealth of Ulysses are nothing: hers, and not Telemachus', is the honour and the power in Ithaca. Now all this is not in the least Homeric. The Penelope of the Odyssey is not blessed with eternal youth; Ulysses longs with all the nostalgia of a tribesman for his own again, that is, for all that goes with his tribal life, and outside of which he has neither position nor obligation. Wife, child, father, mother, house, slaves, cattle, fields, are all equally objects of his desire. Penelope is wooed as able to admit the successful suitor into the circle of a powerful family or tribe. Telemachus, as he grows up, is to be lord in his father's palace, and would remain so whoever won his mother. The personal glory which Mr. Phillips sheds on Penelope was not even Helen's. The Greek lords helped

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Menelaus to regain part of his property; and as property, still of inestimable value, Helen was resumed after the fall of Ilion. The responsibility for her action rested on those who stole and received her. They suffered just retribution. She was taken back, as a matter of course, without shame or reproach, moral blame hardly attaching more to her than to a recovered heifer of price.

Again, the fact that his audience is no longer in the tribal state of society has compelled Mr. Phillips to exaggerate the iniquity of the suitors. If the final slaughter of these men by the hero is to be sympathised with to-day, their crime must be more than simply an intrusion on the reserve and property (including the women) of another family or tribe. This, however, is practically all their crime in the Odyssey. But one who listened to the rhapsodists knew that death would be as inevitably their meed should the lord of that reserve return, as if they had committed every moral excess, and that there was hardly any question of moral right involved in their slaughter, these men being outside Odysseus' circle of obligation. There was, indeed, the weak limitation of superstitious fear. But the impurity of blood on the house, and the possible retaliation of ghosts, could be obviated, as in the Odyssey, by a ceremonial purification, the *σπόνδαι* after the slaughter. Having made his suitors comport themselves so as to alienate all modern sympathy and cause the spectator to rejoice in their ultimate slaughter, Mr. Phillips, as many critics have already observed, lands himself in a new difficulty. Their relation to Penelope, marked in the Odyssey by no worse than dignified persistency, becomes almost impossible to credit on their behaviour in his play. Penelope's position is impossible. Treated so by her handmaidens, all but assaulted by the men whenever she appeared, she would never have left her quarters for a moment.

We confess we see no way out of this dilemma; and presumably Mr. Phillips saw none. It is apparently an unavoidable drawback to dramatising the Odyssey in modern times.

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And it is doubly unfortunate that these two un-Homeric features have to be thrown into prominence so early in the play. The second scene is devoted to emphasising them; and withal it follows an opening which, with all its fidelity to Homer and to epic traditions, is equally un-Homeric in effect. In the imaginative mist of epic, the high gods may do many human things without losing Olympus. Zeus made fond and foolish by the trick of Hera, Aphrodite caught in flagrant fault by the golden net, remain gods unblamed, and unabashed. But a concrete visible Zeus of mortal stature gloating over past passages with Danäe, Leda, and Leto is all too human. It is owed to the sincerity and power with which this Prologue is acted, and especially to the magnificent presence and enunciation of Athena and the resonant dignity of Zeus, that *non solvitur risu fabula!*

If, finally, we may look at the play for a moment from the point of view of its historical value, we would say that it presents very adequately the life and the *realien* of the primitive age in which its action lies. Except in respect of the two, perhaps unavoidable, modifications with which we have just dealt, the dramatist has preserved excellently the Homeric unities. Of the players, Ulysses makes a striking study of the inexhaustible subtlety and irresistible force that distinguish the hero of the Odyssey. If he cannot look the godlike hero as Miss Collier can look the goddess, no other actor can that we know. We wish for no better Eumaeus, nor for a better Antinous (conceived as the dramatist conceives him) than are to be seen at Her Majesty's; but Ctesippus is a sixteenth-century Silenus looking for his wine-skin. Telemachus is the most "Mycenæan" figure on the stage, and Penelope is presumably what the dramatist meant her to be, a gracious and dignified delight to eye and ear, if more St. Monica than the Queen of Ithaca. Calypso in her exquisite attire might belong to any age that has believed in fairies and sea-maidens.

The setting and accessories of the two palace scenes

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succeed in conveying to a remarkable degree an impression of the Mycenæan period without being over accurate or consistent in details. We were quite unprepared for the admirable harmony which the archaic Greek dresses make with the Mycenæan dresses as designed from Knossian frescoes, and with the Mycenæan architecture. The general effect of the varied colour laid on intricate decorative schemes both in the textile and the architectural work, singularly recalls the impression which a spectator receives from the Cretan wall pictures. We speak of the general impression only, and for the stage that is enough. Its pictures must not have the microscopic fidelity of a pre-Raphaelite Brother.

D. G. Hogarth.

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TO ROBERT BURNS

AN EPISTLE ON INSTINCT

I

THOU art a poet, Robbie Burns,
Master of words and witty turns,
Of lilting songs and merry yarns,
Drinking and kissing:
There's much in all thy small concerns,
But more that's missing.

2

The wisdom of thy common sense,
Thy honest hate of vain pretence,
Thy love and wide benevolence
Full often lead thee
Where feeling is its own defence;
Yet while I read thee,

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3

It seems but chance that all our race
Trod not the path of thy disgrace,
And, living freely to embrace
  The moment's pleasure,
Snatch'd not a kiss of Nature's face
  For all her treasure:

4

The feelings soft, the spirits gay
Entice on such a flowery way,
And sovran youth in high heyday
  Hath such a fashion
To glorify the bragging sway
  Of sensual passion.

5

But rakel Chance and Fortune blind
Had not the power:—Eternal Mind
Led man upon a way design'd,
  By strait selection
Of pleasurable ways, to find
  Severe perfection.

Google

6

For Nature did not idly spend
Pleasure: she ruled it should attend
On every act that doth amend
  Our life's condition:
'Tis therefore not well-being's end,
  But its fruition.

7

Beasts that inherited delight
In what promoted health or might,
Survived their cousins in the fight:
  If some—like Adam—
Preferr'd the wrong tree to the right,
  The devil had 'em.

8

So when man's Reason took the reins,
She found that she was saved her pains;
She had but to approve the gains
  Of agelong inscience,
And spin it fresh into her brains
  As moral conscience.

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9

But Instinct in the beasts that live
Is of three kinds; (Nature did give
To man three shakings in her sieve)—
  The first is Racial,
The second Self-preservative,
  The third is Social.

10

Without the first no race could be,
So 'tis the strongest of the three;
Nay, of such forceful tyranny
  'Tis hard to attune it,
Because 'twas never made to agree
  To serve the unit:

11

Art will not picture it, its name
In common talk is utter shame:
And yet hath Reason learn'd to tame
  Its conflagration
Into a sacramental flame
  Of consecration.

Google

12

Those hundred thousand years, Ah me!
Of budding soul! What slow degree,
With aim so dim, so true! We see,
  Now that we know them,
Our swamp- and cave-folk ancestry,
  How much we owe them:

18

While with the savage beasts around
They fought at odds, yet underground
Their miserable life was sound;
  Their loves and quarrels
Did well th' ideal bases found
  Of art and morals:

14

One prime distinction, Good and Ill,
Was all their notion, all their skill;—
But Unity stands next to Nil;—
  Want of analysis
Saved them from doubts that wreck the Will
  With pale paralysis.

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15

In vain philosophers dispute
"Is Good or Pleasure our pursuit?"—
The fruit likes man, not man the fruit;
  The good that likes him,
The good man's pleasure 'tis to do 't;
  That's how it strikes him.

16

Tho' Science hide beneath her feet
The point where moral reasonings meet,
The vicious circle is complete;
  There is no lodgment
Save Aristotle's own retreat,
  The just man's judgment.

17

And if thou wert not that just man,
Wild Robin, born to crown his plan,
We shall not for that matter ban
  Thy petty treason,
Nor closely thy defection scan
  From highest Reason.

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18

Thou might'st have lived like Robin Hood
Waylaying Abbots in the wood,
Doing whate'er thee-seemèd good,
  The law defying,
And 'mong the people's heroes stood
  Living and dying:

19

Yet better bow than his thou bendest,
And well the poor man thou befriendest,
And oftentime an ill amendest;
  When, if truth touch thee,
Sharply the arrow home thou sendest;
  There's none can match thee.

20

So pity it is thou knew'st the teen
Of sad remorse: the Might-have-been
Shall not o'ercloud thy merry scene
  With vain repentance,
Nor forfeit from thy spirit keen
  My friendly sentence.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Google

DANNY

I

LAIRD AND LADY

THERE came a knock at the Laird's door, very shy.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It's me, Massa," said a timid voice.

"Come in, Me," said the Laird, grimly, and swung in his chair.

There entered the Laird's lady, who might have been his daughter.

"I'm not disturbing you?" she asked, and stood against the door, slim and shy and maidenly, and with alarmed child's eyes.

"You are," said the Laird.

"O," said the lady, "sh-shall I go?"

"It's done now," said the Laird.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the lady.

The Laird grunted.

"What is it?" he asked.

"O, it's nothing," said the lady; and whispered, "Hush! *do* hush!" to a noise of snuffling without.

"Why disturb me then?" said the Laird.

"Because it's—well—*rather* nice," said the lady.

"O, show it in!" said the Laird.

"May I?" said she with leaping eyes, and opened the door delicately.

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"Danny!" she called, bent, and enticed with maidenly long fingers. "Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!"

Busily through the crack there came a knightly babe in tabard of clouded silver; saw the grey man at the writing-table; halted on a lion's skin, sea-grey babe, long and low and battle-jawed; and stood there with uplifted head and the shy delightful dignity of one gentleman doubtful of his welcome at the hands of another.

The grey man eyed him with grim unwelcoming stare; so he cuddled back into the skirts of his love, and sat down there between her ankles, lifting a long muzzle to adore her with his eyes.

"Well?" said the lady anxiously.

"Well?" said the Laird.

"What d'you say?" asked the lady.

"What have I got to say?" asked the Laird.

"Isn't he a duck?"

"I've seen uglier," allowed the Laird.

"May I then?" asked the lady, with quick, anxious eyes.

"What?"

"Why, keep him?"

"Why should ye?" asked the Laird.

"O, didn't I tell you?" said the lady quickly. "He's a present. Andie Campbell sent him. I thought I'd said."

"What's young Campbell want sending you presents?" growled the Laird.

"It wasn't a *present*," said the lady quickly.

"Then why d'ye say it was?" asked the Laird.

"I didn't," panted the lady. "I said it wasn't. And don't be such a grump. . . . Not like a present to *call* a present," she added.

"What then?" said the Laird.

"It's a charity," said the lady; "sort of."

"O," said the Laird.

"Like a duty," said the lady; "sort of."

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"Indeed," said the Laird.

"You see, I'm bound to have him," said the lady; "sort of."

"If you're bound to have him," said the Laird, "why ask me?"

"I don't," said the lady; "I only want to know if you mind."

"I do," said the Laird.

"But you won't when you know," said the lady.

"I will," said the Laird.

The lady looked at him with filling eyes. "Then you're horrid," said she.

"I can't help myself," said the Laird, unmoved.

"I know," said the lady, with cruel sympathy; "that's why I'm *so* sorry for you."

"Why?" said the Laird.

"Well, it must be horrid for you to be so horrid."

"Ye see I'm used to it," said the grim Laird.

"But I'm not," said the lady with a gulp.

The Laird swung slowly back to his writing.

The lady stood by the door and chewed the end of a baby handkerchief.

"You see," she said, lifting eyes of woe, "if I don't—he's got—to go——" She paused.

The Laird ceased from his writing.

"Where?"

"You know," said the lady and nodded ominously.

"I guess," said the Laird, and resumed his writing.

"In a bucket," said the lady.

"As good a way as any," said the Laird, writing on.

She looked at the grim back with wounded eyes.

"Don't you care?" she asked.

"Not a finger-flip," said the Laird.

"O," said the lady, and chewed her handkerchief. Mournfully bending, she gathered her grey babe and tucked him away beneath her arm.

Google

"Anything else?" said the Laird and drummed on the table.

"No-o," she murmured and stood at the door with bowed mouth, wet eyes, and her babe beneath her arm.

"Then shut the door when you go out;" said he, and turned to his writing.

The door did not shut.

"It'll be very expensive sending him back all the way to Ardlochet, Massa," said the voice at the door.

"No need to send him back," said the Laird.

A ray of hope shot across the face of her chewing her handkerchief.

"Ye can get Robin to shoot him," continued the Laird.

The light died out of the girl's face.

"Robin can't shoot," she said resentfully.

"He must try," said the Laird.

"He couldn't hit him," said the lady.

"He must go on till he does," said the Laird.

"Beast!" said the lady, low; looked dreadfully frightened, and bit home on her handkerchief.

The Laird sat, great of shoulder, grim of back, unmoved, and wrote on.

The lady thrust her hand into her belt desperately and plucked forth a letter.

"This is what Andie says, Massa," she said with scared eyes.

The Laird swung round, grim and slow as fate.

"He has written, has he?" said he.

"Not written," panted the lady, roses blowing in cheeks of snow.

"What then?" asked the Laird.

"Only scrambled a line," said the lady.

The Laird sat home in his chair.

"I would wish to see what Mr. Campbell says," said he, and folded great arms.

"I'll read it to you," panted the lady.

Google

"I can read myself," said the Laird.

She marched across the room, all pale, hitching her babe beneath her arm; and offered him the letter.

Grimly he thrust forth his man-paw and took—not the letter but the hand that held it.

"I was only daffing, child," he said, and pulled her down on to the arm of the chair.

"I—I know," she gasped.

"Then why did you——"

"I didn't," said the lady.

"You were just going to," said the Laird.

"I wasn't," said the lady; "and I don't," said the lady; and did.

He put his arm about her, grim, tender man; nursing her as a bear might nurse a broken lily of the field.

"You're h-h-hateful!" sobbed the lady.

"Now, now," said the Laird.

"Yes, you a-a-are," sobbed the lady.

"There, there," said the Laird, comforting her.

"Why's Master Andie going to bucket him?" asked the Laird at length.

"It's because of his eyes," said the lady, her own still downcast.

"I see nothing amiss with his eyes," said the Laird, looking.

"It's only his nonsense," said the lady, still with downcast eyes.

"Let's hear it," said the Laird. "I'm partial to nonsense."

"He's only a boy," said the lady.

"Old enough to be your elder brother, miss," said the Laird.

"Boys are different," said the lady. "Boys don't grow old till they're elderly." She unfolded the letter reluctantly. "He says:

"'*My dear Marjory, I—I never saw*——'"

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"Stop!" said the Laird. "You're skipping."

"This is all that matters," said poor lady.

"All or none," said the grim Laird.

The lady, pale as lilies, folded the letter. The strong arm about her fell away.

"Tell Robin," said the grim Laird, "I would speak with him."

A moment she sat on the arm of the chair like a shamed child with downcast eyes; then she looked up, and her eyes were as those of that same child, pleading to be let off, and full of rain.

"O Massa!" she begged.

"I mean it," said the ogre Laird.

She sat on the arm of the chair, poor stripling lady, shame-faced as a rain-whipped rose. Then she put the letter in his hand.

"Very well," she gulped, "but I'd rather not."

"Is it amorous?" asked the Laird, not taking it.

"Certainly not," said poor lady, choking.

"Is it revilings," asked the ogre Laird, "of me?"

Poor lady sat dumbly with bowed neck, and plucked threads out of the arm of the chair.

"It's only some rather stupid nonsense," she gasped. "Andie's only silly. He doesn't mean any harm, but——"

"If it's laughable," said the grim Laird, "I would hear it."

"No, please," pleaded poor lady.

"Does he call names?" asked the Laird.

Poor lady drooped upon her stalk in misery of woe.

"He'd not be the first," said the Laird. "Let me hear."

"O *please!*" pleaded poor lady.

"I wait," said the Laird.

"He says," gasped poor lady, "O Massa, you *might* not!" she cried. "I can't! I really can't!"

"Try," said the Laird. "He says——"

"'*How is his Dottyship?*'" with a rush and a sob it came at last.

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"Indeed," said the grim Laird, "How—is—his—Dotty-ship? And what might 'His Dottyship' mean?"

"It's sort of slang," said poor red-rosy lady. "It means—sort of—I don't know—sort of—you know."

"I don't," said the Laird.

Poor lady gulped.

"You might try," she said, catching up a sob.

The Laird's arm stole about her, not untenderly.

"I jalouse," said the grim Laird.

Lady dabbed her nose. Then she looked up. There was rain in her eyes, rain on her eyelashes, and her mouth a rainbow; and she began to talk in April showers.

"You see, he really did like me quite a lot—at least, he thought he did; though, of course, that's no reason—and he was rather bitter about it—and he doesn't understand—and he was sort of—sort of sorry for one—and he thinks I must be lonely."

"So you're like to be," said the Laird suddenly. "What sort of company are the Woman and Robin and me, with our two hundred years between us, for you and your twenty?"

She put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked at him with quick eyes, very tender for him.

"I'm not," she cried. "I'm *really* not. I *wish* you'd believe that, Massa. I have a *lovely* time; and you're all so sweet."

"Am I sweet?" asked the ogre Laird. "Is the Woman sweet?" he asked—"Sweet and sixty."

"Deb's a duck,' said the lady.

"And Robin?" asked the Laird.

"Robin tries," said the lady, and began to gurgle.

The lady sat on the arm of the chair, rain-clouded still; and the Laird looked at her with grim eyes very tender.

"And so," he said, "Master Andie thought ye needed a playmate, and sent ye the little doag—eh?"

"Partly," said the lady, low.

"And what about his eyes?" asked the Laird.

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"That's nothing," said the lady rosily, yet laughing.

"Then let's hear it," said the Laird.

"Would you like to?" said the lady shyly, and unfolded the letter. "It's only fiddle, of course," she said.

"Fiddle away," said the grim Laird.

"Well, he says, '*I never saw such eyes outside the head of an angel and one other, whom I mustn't think of any more. I can't keep the little beggar because of his eyes. They remind me too sadly of the past*' (there never was a past," murmured the lady). "'*I can't give him away except to you for the same reason. So you must either take pity on him or he must go where I sometimes think of going myself.*' Fiddle!" said the lady; "that's all," she said quickly, and folded the letter.

"Seems to end rather abruptly," said the Laird.

"That's all the letter," said the lady firmly.

"What about the postscript?" said the Laird.

"The postscript doesn't count," said the lady.

The Laird folded his arms.

"The postscript!" said the Laird.

"No," said the lady, palely; tore the letter into dainty fragments and strewed it on the floor.

"Child!" said the Laird.

"Well!" said his wife.

"Look this way."

She turned on him two eyes of sunburnt gold, tender, clouded, shy.

Long he looked into them, then into a twin pair set in a sea of pearls, and girdled round by a maidenly long arm; and he said to himself, and dreamily:

"He has discernment then, young Campbell?"

She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Need he, then, Massa?" she begged—shy, pleading eyes close to his own.

"What?" asked the Laird.

"Go to—you know," and nodded.

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"It would seem a pity," said the Laird.

"It would be a shame," cried the lady.

"That he shouldn't," continued the Laird, "while he's still innocent."

"He'll never be anything else," said the lady, and bowed over her babe; "will you, my precious?" she said, and kissed him. "And he does love his new mum so, don't 'oo, my own?" and she fell away into tender mother-drivel.

"How old is he?" asked the Laird.

"Only three months," said the lady.

"Just a match for ye," said the Laird.

She began to jig upon the arm of the chair.

"I may keep him then?" she cried with leaping eyes. "Yes, Massa. There's a lovely Massa."

The Laird reflected.

"It'll save me buying ye a ball," he said.

Radiant she rose—

"O you dear Massa!" she said, and patted his rough head. "Danny say 'ta.' Danny says 'I will love my Massa next in all the world to my mum!' Tousand tas, Massa."

"Get ye gone!" said the Laird, and returned to his writing.

"Come, then, Danny," she cried, and put him down. "Let's leave old Grump! Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!" and away she skipped, alluring him with her skirts; and he not slowly fell upon them and hung like death.

The door shut and opened again.

Two eyes of sunburnt gold with long shy lids peered round the door; and six inches from the floor, such another pair, set in a sea of pearls.

"*Quite* sure you don't mind, Massa?" asked an anxious voice.

"Be off to your mischief," said the Laird.

"Andie's a dear boy and that," said the voice shyly; "and of course I like him like anything; but he's not a Massa."

The door shut quickly; the two pairs of eyes were gone;

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and without was a turmoil of worryings and little laughter, and hushed screams of "Now look here!" and "You'll tear me!" and "O you little horror!"

And this was the postscript:

"How is his Dottyship? I enclose you a cutting from the *Whitehall Gazette* on him—'The Kirk Militant of Hepburn: a Survival.'

"Is it true that you've had to do the Longer Penance for not keeping your kirks? You stand on one leg or something, don't you, and you can put down the other leg when you like, but only on a red-hot brick or something?

"Is it true his 'souls' fall down on their flat faces when he passes; and if they don't he breaks them on the wheel?

"Is it true that there's one she-hag and one he-hag to run the place, and you do the washing?

"I know it is true that he once killed a man, and wears his skin as a fancy waistcoat.

"Is it true you have to sew the buttons on this?

"There's a lot more I want to know, but I'll write again soon.—Yours as of old,

"ANDIE."

II

DANNY, KNIGHT-ERRANT

IT was a year later.

Marjory stood on the grass before the house—slim wisp of black with swan-neck and naked hair of russet gold, and looked up steadfastly towards the birch-woods hanging like a grey bloom on the dark bosom of the moor.

All day there had been rain. Now the evening drooped about her with folded wings; thrilled with the song of birds from the wet woods. The sky was now of the pale, shining purity of rain-washed pearls; and above dark-shouldered

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Lammer-more a single star shone like a diamond in the forehead of the approaching night.

The rain had passed, but the dews were falling all about her; and still she waited, pure, cold, pale, as the evening; and in her hand a riding-whip.

The door of the house behind her opened. A lean woman, hungry-eyed and very tall, came down the steps of the house and stalked across the gravel to her.

"You are to don this cloak," she said harshly.

"Who says so?" said the lady, not turning.

"Deborah Awe," said the Woman, gaunt and grim; and added—"and his Honour."

"O, bother you both!" said the lady crossly.

"I carena a boddle for your bothers," said the Woman, and threw the cloak tenderly about the evening shoulders of the other.

Then she turned vindictive eyes to scan the hillside.

"Still bloodying," she said. "No sign of him."

"Then you'd better go in," said the lady.

"While you bide," said the Woman doggedly, "I will bide. If you will catch your death, so will Deborah Awe."

"Bide then," said the lady, "and don't babble."

Silently they waited, the gaunt time-worn woman and lily-fleshed cold lady with the maiden eyes side by side.

"Never content but when he's killing," muttered the Woman. "In my time I have known many males, and most of them bloody, but I've never known the like of him for it. Herod was a wean to him; Robin's hardly his match."

"We all have our failings," snapped the lady, "and you particularly, Deb."

"And have I been away three times since the Sabbath massacreeing God's creatures!" cried the Woman.

"You would have been," said the other, "if God had made you that way. It's not your fault He didn't."

The Woman stared up at the hillside.

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"I am praying God has seen good to take him," said she, and licked her lips. "He is long away."

The other turned on her.

"You want to see him dead?" she cried.

"If it's the Lord's will," said the grim Woman. "I will make shift to bear it."

"Then you want to see me dead, too!" cried the lady, cold as death.

"He will be the death of you any gate," said the Woman.

"He would die for me!" cried the lady, hot as flame.

"I'd be blythe to see him," said the grim Woman.

"Yes, I know you don't care," said the lady, gulping.

"It is little I care for his likes indeed!" retorted the Woman.

"Then it is little you care for me," said the lady. "I knew you didn't," she added. "I knew it was only put on."

The Woman turned.

"And why then am I asking you to come in?" she asked.

"Just to worry," snapped the lady. "And I just won't. And as you don't care for Danny, you don't care for me; so I d rather be without you, so you can hook it."

"Keep me!" cried the Woman. "He might be son to you, the gate ye go on."

"So he is," said the lady.

"With a soul to save!" cried the Woman.

"So he has," said the lady.

"Who says so?" asked the Woman, turning to her.

"I do," said the lady.

"Are you his Honour that you should know that?" cried the other.

"His Honour doesn't know everything," retorted the lady.

"His Honour knows that or nothing," said the Woman. "And I will inquire of him."

"Go and inquire!" said the lady. "Good riddance of bad rubbish."

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The Woman turned away, and turned again.

"Not but what I would fain that he had a soul," said she. "I would be blythe to think of him in hell."

The lady flashed round on her.

"You horror!" she cried. *How* I hate you!" and added, "If Danny's not good enough for heaven, neither am I."

"Whisht! whisht, Missie!" whispered the other, awed. "If his Honour was to hear you——"

The lady interrupted her.

"Here he is!" she cried joyfully.

"His Honour?" asked the Woman, with starting eyes.

"Danny," said the lady.

"Where?" said the Woman, returning.

"Just coming," said the lady.

"He has been just coming this great while," sneered the Woman.

She looked up the hillside and beheld a little busy shadow bustling through the dimness towards them.

"I am thinking it will be other vermin," she said.

"It is no vermin," said the lady; "it is my Danny."

Daniel, son of Ivor, Warden of the Marches, had come to his full-blown beauty now; and he was beautiful as Absalom.

Broad of chest, broad of brow, with coat of tarnished silver and eyes of love set in a sea of pearls, he looked what he was, the warrior and lover in one.

Since Lancelot there had never been such a gallant with fair eyes and ways of chivalry; since Lancelot never such a battle-fighter.

He lived indeed for battle, murder, and delight of kisses. To be loved by his lady, and to find a worthy foeman, these were the two passions of the knight in grey. And something of either passion entered into the other. He went forth to war as to the arms of his mistress—flaming, passionate, fond; and an honourable enemy he loved next only to his lady and his own white honour. And the heathen host—foumart, sweet-

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mart, otter, and tod, and all the lesser outlaws of the wilderness —he cherished like a fond father, and waged war upon them everlastingly.

Yet while he smote the heathen, true knight that he was, he succoured the distressed—the tame things of the farm, whose Warden he was, and his lady's one-legged partridge with whom he dealt honourably upon the lawn, for so had she taught him, she of the high soul and aspiring chivalry.

Yet even so, his bloodiness not seldom brought upon him tribulation and stripes. That very forenoon he had slain in battle the one-horned fallow-buck, him his lady called King Cole because he was such a merry old soul. Now the fight was a fair fight, but the deed was sacrilege; for it was done in the shadow of the house, on the borders of the birch-wood, and his lady had ordained that there should be sanctuary for any wild things of the wilderness.

So, beside the dappled corpse of the fallen king, her collar about her ears, the rain dripping from her hair, she had beaten him; and kindled to great anger had bidden him go home, for she would speak no more with him that day.

So he had gone, trailing miserably through the rain, and she had followed. Nor when she reached home had found him there; but going forth to hearken had heard his battle-cry in the mist far away in Lammer-more, and knew then that he was slaying among the heathen in a passion of remorse.

That was hours since. Now the rain was over, and in the hallowed evening he was coming back to her.

Steadfastly down the hill through the heather he ploughed with the earnestness of purpose and massive swagger of gait peculiar to him; off the hill, on to the lawn, breaking now into a canter, all in a tender hurry to be with his lady once again; and she awaited him with cold cheeks and riding-whip.

"O the innocent!" jeered the Woman, as he came, cantering still, in grey glad bustle of love. "O the bloody murderer!"

"Come here!" said the lady coldly; but there was no need

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to call. He came to her feet, gay and grinning, with eyes of love, and frankly unafraid.

She bent and clutched her lover by the scruff of his neck.

The Woman shifted her position the better to see.

"Hold!" she cried suddenly. "He has a peace-offering for you."

She stooped.

"Keep me!" she screamed. "It's a corp!"

The lady looked.

"He has laid it at your feet!" jeered the Woman. "O the cannie laddie! he bears ye in mind while he's at his bloodying."

The lady bent and picked up the bloody sop. She looked at it; she looked into her lover's eyes; and he smiled up at her, there in the fair face of heaven, because he had made his amend; but she was pale.

"This is different," she said. "Follow me." And Danny's soul died out of him, and he followed her.

The Woman, disappointed of her feast, stared.

"Will ye no lay into him then?" she called.

"No," said Missie, marching away.

"Then will I for you?" asked the Woman greedily.

"No," said Missie, marching away.

"She is afraid I will deal with him ower faithfully!" jeered the Woman, pursuing.

"I am taking him to the Laird," said Missie, "that *he* may deal with him."

The tone of her reply struck the other's ear. She caught up with her.

"Dear sakes, Missie!" she cried aghast. "What's come to ye?"

The lady held up the bloody sop without a word.

"And what's that?" asked the Woman.

"It is murder," said Missie, pale-lipped.

"It is no more murder than usual," retorted the Woman.

"It is," said the lady. "Danny has killed a chicken."

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Pale and miserable she marched on her way, and Danny draggled at her heels.

The woman followed, flat-footed and grim.

A sound of one running and cursing as he ran came to them.

The Woman turned.

An aged beldam of a man, unbonneted, and with dim ringlets dripping about his face, was stumbling down the hill towards them.

"It's t'other shedder of blood," said the Woman, and turned in sour disgust.

The old man caught up with them.

"Where away, Woman?" he panted.

"To his Honour," said the grim Woman, marching at Missie's heels. "The other murderer has killed once ower often. He has killed that you see in Missie's hand."

"That?" cried the old man in grim scorn. "Think you *that* is all?"

"What," screamed the Woman, "is there more?"

"Leuk!" said the grim man, and thrust forth a horrible hand.

The Woman stopped.

"Murder! It's a massacree!" she screamed. "A massacree of Incense."

"Ye may say that," said the old man. "O it was fine to see!"

"Hear him, Missie!" screamed the Woman. "O the bloody Belial!"

Missie had turned.

"You saw him at it?" she asked, cold as death.

"I did so," said the gleeful old man. "I was in my luck's way."

"And you let him?" with stinging eyes.

"Who am I that I should hinder him?" asked the meek old man.

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"Hear him!" shrilled the Woman. "When it was him like as not set him on."

"You will come with me," said the lady, and turned on her way.

"Will I?" said the other, not stirring. "Where to?"

"To his Honour," said the Woman grimly.

"Why for?"

"To help hang Danny," said the grim Woman.

The old man stared and started in pursuit.

"You're no going to deliver him into the Laird's hands, Missie?" he asked aghast, and at her heels.

"I am," said Missie.

"Just for a bit massacree?" cried the old man.

"For murder," said Missie. "It was a promise."

The old man drew a deep breath.

"Then," said he, "the Lord pity my man, for the Laird will not. He will hang him."

"He will so," said the woman. "He is sore on murder is his Honour."

"He was not that sore on it," said the other bitterly, "when he murdered one himself."

Missie marched on.

"I tell you he will hang him, Missie," cried the old man at her heels, "hang him by his neck—so," and acted it, gurgling horribly.

"It would be just," said Missie, pale as lilies.

"It would be just murder!" cried the other. "More by token it is not murder he has done."

"Na," said the Woman, "it's a massacree."

"He has killed a chicken," said Missie, not to be cajoled; "and that is murder; and Danny knows it."

She looked at Danny; and he was miserable at her feet, and not for the murder's sake.

"Cheekhen!" cried the old man, with sudden heat. "Cheekhen yourself. She is none of your cheekhens at all."

Missie looked at him.

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"What then?" she asked.

"A young pheasant for sure!" cried he.

Missie stopped.

"The rear-mother of that you hold, and of these in my hand," continued the old man, "was the grey hen; and she was bringing up half her own and half young pheasants. A-well, as Danny was coming down the brae by way of the wood, the canker'd old carlin flustered out at him from under a bit bushie, and her brood after her. And so," said the old man, "Danny just took and sent the half of them," said he, rolling his eyes, "home."

He paused and wiped a weeping eye.

"I don't see——" began Missie slowly.

"Ye will if ye'll wait," said the other. "The half he put to rest," he went on, "was the pheasant half."

"And where's the difference?" asked the lady, cold as ice.

"Where, indeed?" asked the Woman.

"The differ!" scoffed the old man. "Is she daft? Why, in the reek of them. The one reeks gamey, t'other tamey. How would Danny ken they was like, as ye may say, liars, reekin' gamey yet bein' tamey. If they werena gamey they'd no cause to reek gamey. 'All that reeks gamey is fair game,' that is how he talked, did Danny. And if you reeked gamey, Missie," ended the courteous old man, "he'd serve you th' same gate."

Missie looked at the sop in her hand, and saw that it was speckled; she looked at Danny miserable at her feet.

A breath of roses blew upon her cheek.

"Thank you, Robin," she said, and sighed like a relieved child.

"Will I run fetch his Honour?" asked the Woman, eager at her ear.

"No," said Missie. "It's not murder; it's only man-slaughter again."

"What will you do then?" asked the Woman.

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"I will do my duty," said Missie. "Danny, you old bother, come here."

He came and lay at her feet, meek knight; nor stirred, while she dealt with him faithfully because she loved him much.

The old man turned away; but the Woman watched with glee.

"It is a fine little mother you make to him, Missie," she said complacently when it was over.

Missie panted; but Danny, gay at heart again, shook himself and sallied furiously at the yellow cat licking thin lips upon the path as she watched.

"Would ye murder my Jael?" screamed the Woman, and caught up her treasure in her arms. "O," she cried, rocking her darling, "is there no bounds to his bloodiness?"

But Danny was back at the feet of his lady, begging with adoring eyes for her whip, that he might bear it home for her.

So they set off for the house: first Danny, whip in mouth and proud at heart; then his lady, pale still, yet laughing tenderly as she watched her lover swaggering before her bearing proudly the trophy of his shame; and last the Woman, Jael, malignant-eyed, beneath her arm.

"His Honour will be waiting you in the hall," said the Woman grimly, as they came to the steps; "you and your bloody one."

Missie turned to her with large child's eyes.

"Don't tell on us, Deb?" she begged.

III

THAT DOAG

She flitted through the hall like a frightened shadow, and Danny paddled at her heels.

As she reached the foot of the stairs, a harsh voice stayed her.

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One hand on the bannister, she turned.

In the door of the morning-room stood the Laird, great and grim and grey, his short cloak about his shoulder.

"You're late," he said.

"Only a little minute, Massa," she said.

"It's that doag!" said the Laird with gathering brow.

"We won't be a sec, Massa," said poor Missie, and prepared to fly.

The harsh voice stayed her.

"Dinner's in," it said.

"I know," said Missie, hovering on the lowest step. "I won't be long, Massa."

"Why be any time?" said the Laird. "I have waited long enough."

Poor Missie looked at the lover at her feet; then looked across at the Laird with frightened eyes.

"I only just want to wash his mouth, Massa," she said. "He's—it's—it's—not very nice for him—before his dinner."

The Laird looked with thunder-brow.

"So," he said, "he has been bloodying again."

"Only a little tiresome, Massa," said poor Missie with frightened eyes.

"I weary of this bloodiness," said the Laird.

Missie, hovering on the lowermost step, looked across at the grim man with appealing eyes.

"Don't be cross with us, Massa," she pleaded. "We can't help it; we're only human," and added, dropping fond eyes to the little man at her feet, "It's the naughty ones we mothers love."

The Laird turned.

"Mind," he said, "I will have no murder. If murder is done, I will deal with it."

"Yes, Massa," said poor Missie, "I've promised."

"Killing is killing," said the grim Laird, "and murder is murder, and——"

"And Danny knows the difference," said Missy quickly.

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"And well for him," said the grim Laird. "His first murder is his last."

In her room she made him sweet with tender hands, scolding him motherly all the while.

When he was once again himself, sweet-smelling as the dawn and fresh as dew, he led her down the stairs by the hand, as it were, arming her in to the great hall, grey, tender gentleman in shining silver apparel and with eyes of love.

At dinner he lay at her feet, adoring her with faithful eyes. Once the Laird spoke.

"Child," he said, "you are not eating."

"All gone," said Missie, showing a clean-swept plate.

"So I see," said the Laird; "to that doag under the table."

"Not very wolfy to-night, Massa," said tired Missie.

The Laird looked at her.

"It's that doag!" he said.

Afterwards when he came into the drawing-room she was standing over the fire, shivering, pale, a flush of red in either cheek; and Danny sat beside her with lifted muzzle warming his throat and warrior bosom at the blaze.

"A fire in July!" said the Laird.

"I'm a little sort of shivery, Massa," said she. "Deb lit it without asking me."

He put forth great hands and took hers, and they were hot and dry, and lay in his own like fevered lilies in a bear's paws.

"Child," he said, "you best get to bed."

"I think I will," she said, "if you don't mind, Massa."

"Tired?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she said, smiling at him. "A little all-overish—sort of—that's all, Massa."

"It's that doag!" snarled the Laird, and looked thunder at the grey man at her feet.

(To be continued.)

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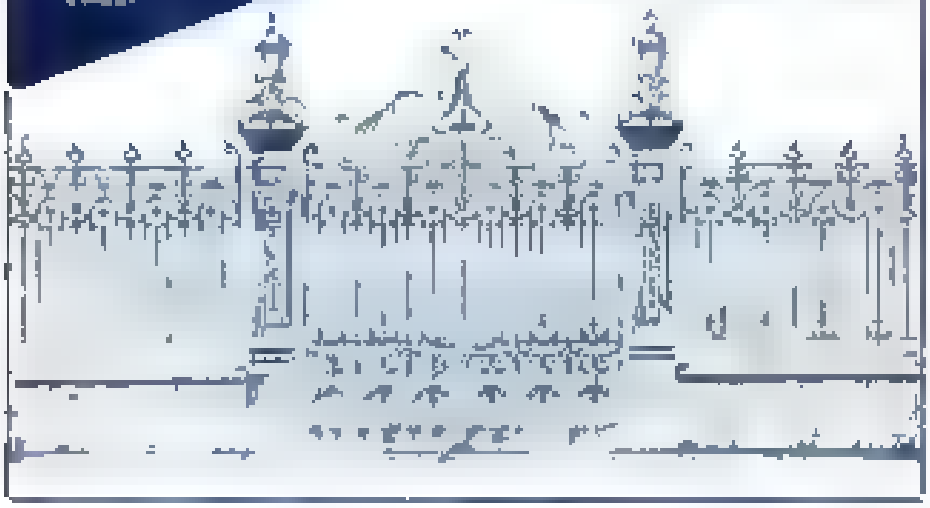

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THE Committee are making an earnest appeal for a sum of £20,000 (towards which only £11,300 has been at present received), to defray the cost of the urgently necessary additions and improvements to the Hospital recently carried out.

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